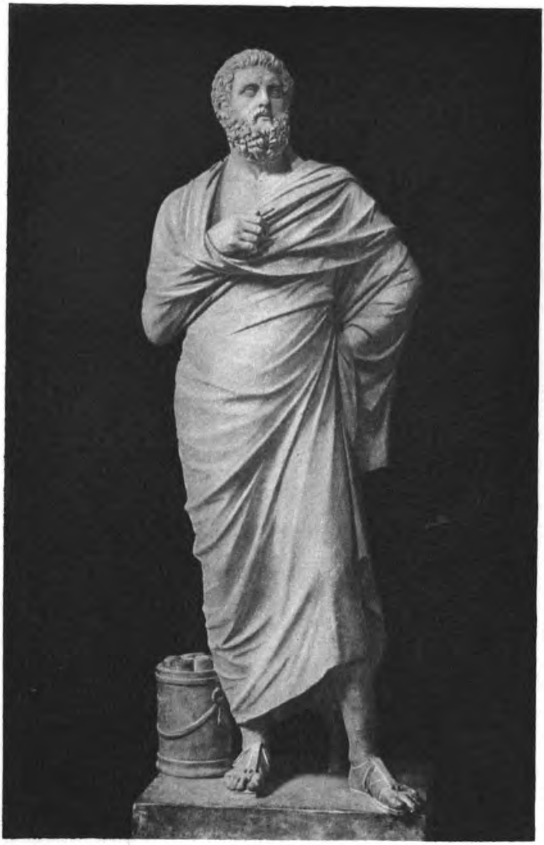
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SOPHOCLES

I



SOPHOCLES.

STATUE IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM, ROME.

SOPHOCLES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

F. STORR, B.A.

FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

IN TWO VOLUMES

I

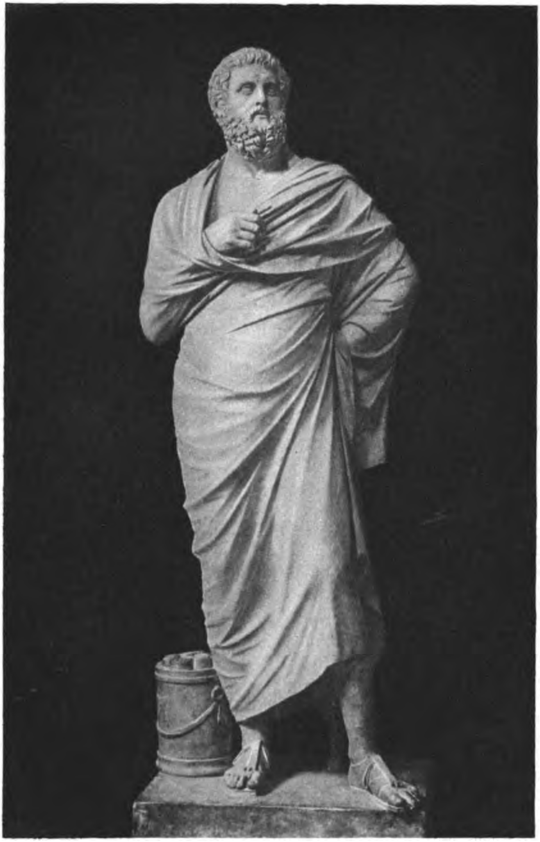
OEDIPUS THE KING
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS
ANTIGONE

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
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SOPHOCLES
STATUE IN THE LATERAN MUS[E...]

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

SALAMIS, one of the decisive battles of the world, which saved not only Greece but western civilization, is a connecting link between the three great Attic tragedians. Aeschylus, then in his prime, fought himself and celebrated the victory in his *Persae*; Sophocles, a boy of fifteen, was chosen for his beauty and musical skill as leader of the youthful choir who danced and sang a paean round the trophy; and Euripides, according to tradition, was born on the very day of the battle.

In his art, no less than in his age, Sophocles stands half way between the primitive faith and large utterance of Aeschylus, the "superman," and the lyric pathos, "the touch of all things human," of Euripides the Rationalist.

Of his private life, if we neglect later myth and gossip, there is little to tell. As Phrynicus wrote shortly after his death, "Thus happily ended a life without one mishap." He was born at Colonus (495 B.C.), that deme of Athens which he afterwards immortalized in what Cicero pronounced the sweetest

of all lyrics, and his father Sophilus, a well-to-do Athenian (probably a master-cutler) gave him the best education of the day in music, dancing, and gymnastics. Endowed with every gift of nature, both physical and mental, from the very first, he carried all before him. When he began to dramatize we know not, but in 468 he won the first prize, probably with the *Triptolemus*, a lost play, and there is no reason to doubt the story that it was awarded to him by Cimon, the successful general to whom the Archon Eponymus of the year deferred the decision.

The year 440 B.C. was to Sophocles what 1850 A.D. was to Tennyson, the grand climacteric of his life. After, and partly at least in consequence of his *Antigone*, which took the town by storm, he was appointed one of the ten strategi sent with Pericles to reduce the aristocratic revolt in Samos. If the poet won no fresh laurels in the field he did not forfeit the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, who conferred on him various posts of distinction, just as the age of Queen Anne rewarded Addison and Prior with secretaryships, or as the United States sent us Lowell as ambassador. He was President of the Ἑλληνοταμίαι or Imperial Treasurers of the tribute. After the Sicilian disaster in 413 he was

appointed a member of the Πρόβουλοι or Committee of Public Safety. The pretty story told by Cicero in the *De Senectute* of his last appearance in public in extreme old age and his triumphant acquittal by the jury is too familiar to be repeated, and is probably a fiction, but it serves as evidence of his popularity to the very end. He had seen the rise of Athens and identified himself with her glory, and he was spared by a happy death from witnessing her final fall at the battle of Aegospotami (405 B.C.).

"His life was gentle." *Gentle* is the word by which critics ancient and modern have agreed to characterize him. The epitaph is Shakespeare's, and Ben Jonson applies it to Shakespeare himself, but it fits even more aptly the sweet singer of Colonus, in whom "the elements were so mixed" as to form what the Greeks expressed by εὔκολος. In the famous line of Aristophanes:

> ὁ δ' εὔκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὔκολος δ' ἐκεῖ.
> Sweet-tempered as on earth, so here below.

The one aspersion on his character is that in his younger days he was a passionate lover, but the charge rests on a passage in the opening scene of the *Republic* of Plato which will bear a milder interpretation. When Sophocles, as there reported, expressed his satisfaction

at escaping from a savage and tyrannous monster, he surely did not mean that he had been a libertine, but that old age had removed him from temptations to which he may never have succumbed. In all antiquity there is not a purer-minded poet, and (as in the case of Virgil and Shakespeare) we may discredit and ignore the unsavoury gossip of Athenaeus and the scandal-mongers of a later age.

Since his death the fame of Sophocles has grown and never suffered eclipse. To Aristotle no less than to Aristophanes he is the greatest of dramatists, and in the Poetics the *Oedipus Rex* is held up as the model of a tragedy. To Virgil who freely imitated him "the buskin of Sophocles" is a synonym for dramatic perfection. Racine and Lessing prized him no less highly, and Sophocles was the volume that Shelley carried with him to his watery grave.

The *Merope* of Matthew Arnold is a far-off echo of the *Electra* of Sophocles, and no finer or truer tribute has been paid to a poet than the sonnet in which Arnold renders his special thanks to him

"Whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and its child."

INTRODUCTION

For a discussion of the genius of Sophocles as a dramatist and a poet, his relation to his older and younger contemporary, his religious and political creed, we must be content to refer our readers to the Bibliography, but a few words may be permitted on his language as it affects the translator. Dr. Warren has pronounced Sophocles "the least translatable and the least imitable of the Greeks," and it is in the second epithet that the translator may find his best excuse for attempting the impossible. Greek critics assigned to Sophocles in his maturity "the common or middle diction," that is, a diction half way between the pomp of Aeschylus and the language of everyday prose, and Wordsworth might have taken him to illustrate the canon laid down in his Preface to "Lyrical Ballads." Coleridge might no less have chosen Sophocles to refute that canon. The words themselves are familiar in men's ears, but in Sophocles they have gained a new significance, sometimes simply from their collocation, sometimes by a reversion to their first meanings, oftener because (as in Virgil) they denote one thing and connote others. It is no paradox to say that the ease, the simplicity, the seeming transparency of the language, constitute the translator's main difficulty. In the present instance he is painfully conscious of his

failure to preserve this simplicity and transfer these latent meanings, but he has sought to be faithful and the prospect of the text facing him has been a righteous terror. At the same time he has held as a first principle that, whatever else it is, a translation must be English, that is to say, it must be intelligible and enjoyable without a knowledge of the original.

One or two instances may be given from the *Oedipus Rex*. Line 67 is literally rendered by Jebb, "I have gone many ways in the wanderings of thought," but to a Greek scholar it is no less sublime than, in another style, Milton's "thoughts that wander through eternity." To convey this sublimity in another tongue is as hard as it would be to render in French "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean." Lines 736–7 are the turning point, the climax, as it were, of the play, but in language they hardly differ from prose :—"As I heard you speak just now, lady, what wandering of the soul, what upheaval of the mind, have come upon me!"

The second point may be illustrated from a recent version of the play by an eminent Professor. He begins,

> "Fresh brood of bygone Cadmus, children dear,
> What is this posture of your sessions here
> —Betufted on your supplicating rods?"

We defy any Englishman without a knowledge of the Greek to make any sense of the third line. So with the Choruses. To preserve in rhyme the correspondence of Strophe and Antistrophe (Turn and Counterturn they are here called), is at best an exhibition of tight-rope dancing.

These seven plays are all that are left to us of some 120, except in fragments and a considerable portion of a Satyric Drama, the Ἰχνευταί or Trackers. The order in which they were composed and produced is largely a matter of conjecture. All we know for certain is that the *Antigone* was the first (some, however, put the *Ajax* before it), and the *Oedipus Coloneus*, produced by the poet's grandson, three years after the death of Sophocles, was the last of the seven. The following may be taken as an approximation:—*Antigone, Electra, Ajax, Oedipus Rex, Trachiniae, Philoctetes, Oedipus Coloneus.*

The Greek text is based on Dindorf (latest edition), but this has been carefully collated with Jebb's edition and in most cases the English has been preferred to the German editor.

It remains to express my deep obligations not only to the text but to the commentary and prose translation of the great scholar who for more than forty years honoured me with his friendship. I have not

consciously borrowed from his rendering, but there is hardly a line in which I am not indebted to him for a fuller appreciation of the meaning and significance.

To three other life-long friends, all three rival translators of Sophocles in whole or in part, I am indebted for generous help and counsel. Sir George Young, Mr. E. D. A. Morshead, and Professor Gilbert Murray read and freely criticized my first essay which has been kept for more than the statutory nine years or Horace, and it was their encouragement that made me persevere in what has proved the pleasantest of all holiday tasks.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

ARGUMENT

To *Laïus, King of Thebes, an oracle foretold that the child born to him by his queen Jocasta would slay his father and wed his mother. So when in time a son was born the infant's feet were riveted together and he was left to die on Mount Cithaeron. But a shepherd found the babe and tended him, and delivered him to another shepherd who took him to his master, the King of Corinth. Polybus being childless adopted the boy, who grew up believing that he was indeed the King's son. Afterwards doubting his parentage he inquired of the Delphic god and heard himself the weird declared before to Laïus. Wherefore he fled from what he deemed his father's house and in his flight he encountered and unwittingly slew his father Laïus. Arriving at Thebes he answered the riddle of the Sphinx and the grateful Thebans made their deliverer king. So he reigned in the room of Laïus, and espoused the widowed queen. Children were born to them and Thebes prospered under his rule, but again a grievous plague fell upon the city. Again the oracle was consulted and it bade them purge themselves of blood-*

guiltiness. Oedipus denounces the crime of which he is unaware, and undertakes to track out the criminal. Step by step it is brought home to him that he is the man. The closing scene reveals Jocasta slain by her own hand and Oedipus blinded by his own act and praying for death or exile.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ΙΕΡΕΥΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ ΘΗΒΑΙΩΝ
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΛΑΙΟΥ
ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OEDIPUS.
THE PRIEST OF ZEUS.
CREON.
CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS.
TEIRESIAS.
JOCASTA.
MESSENGER.
HERD OF LAÏUS.
SECOND MESSENGER.

SCENE:—Thebes. Before the Palace of Oedipus.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Ὦ τέκνα, Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι νέα τροφή,
τίνας ποθ' ἕδρας τάσδε μοι θοάζετε
ἱκτηρίοις κλάδοισιν ἐξεστεμμένοι;
πόλις δ' ὁμοῦ μὲν θυμιαμάτων γέμει,
ὁμοῦ δὲ παιάνων τε καὶ στεναγμάτων·
ἁγὼ δικαιῶν μὴ παρ' ἀγγέλων, τέκνα,
ἄλλων ἀκούειν αὐτὸς ὧδ' ἐλήλυθα,
ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Οἰδίπους καλούμενος.
ἀλλ' ὦ γεραιέ, φράζ', ἐπεὶ πρέπων ἔφυς
πρὸ τῶνδε φωνεῖν, τίνι τρόπῳ καθέστατε,
δείσαντες ἢ στέρξαντες; ὡς θέλοντος ἂν
ἐμοῦ προσαρκεῖν πᾶν· δυσάλγητος γὰρ ἂν
εἴην τοιάνδε μὴ οὐ κατοικτίρων ἕδραν.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ὦ κρατύνων Οἰδίπους χώρας ἐμῆς,
ὁρᾷς μὲν ἡμᾶς ἡλίκοι προσήμεθα
βωμοῖσι τοῖς σοῖς· οἱ μὲν οὐδέπω μακρὰν
πτέσθαι σθένοντες, οἱ δὲ σὺν γήρᾳ βαρεῖς,
ἱερῆς, ἐγὼ μὲν Ζηνός, οἵδε τ' ᾐθέων
λεκτοί· τὸ δ' ἄλλο φῦλον ἐξεστεμμένον
ἀγοραῖσι θακεῖ πρός τε Παλλάδος διπλοῖς
ναοῖς, ἐπ' Ἰσμηνοῦ τε μαντείᾳ σποδῷ.

OEDIPUS THE KING

Suppliants of all ages are seated round the altar at the palace doors, at their head a PRIEST OF ZEUS. *To them enter* OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS

My children, latest born to Cadmus old,
Why sit ye here as suppliants, in your hands
Branches of olive filleted with wool?
What means this reek of incense everywhere,
And everywhere laments and litanies?
Children, it were not meet that I should learn
From others, and am hither come, myself,
I Oedipus, your world-renownèd king.
Ho! aged sire, whose venerable locks
Proclaim thee spokesman of this company,
Explain your mood and purport. Is it dread
Of ill that moves you or a boon ye crave?
My zeal in your behalf ye cannot doubt;
Ruthless indeed were I and obdurate
If such petitioners as you I spurned.

PRIEST

Yea, Oedipus, my sovereign lord and king,
Thou seest how both extremes of age besiege
Thy palace altars—fledglings hardly winged,
And greybeards bowed with years; priests, as am I
Of Zeus, and these the flower of our youth.
Meanwhile, the common folk, with wreathèd boughs
Crowd our two market-places, or before
Both shrines of Pallas congregate, or where
Ismenus gives his oracles by fire.

πόλις γάρ, ὥσπερ καὐτὸς εἰσορᾷς, ἄγαν
ἤδη σαλεύει κἀνακουφίσαι κάρα
βυθῶν ἔτ' οὐχ οἵα τε φοινίου σάλου,
φθίνουσα μὲν κάλυξιν ἐγκάρποις χθονός,
φθίνουσα δ' ἀγέλαις βουνόμοις τόκοισί τε
ἀγόνοις γυναικῶν· ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς
σκήψας ἐλαύνει, λοιμὸς ἔχθιστος, πόλιν,
ὑφ' οὗ κενοῦται δῶμα Καδμεῖον, μέλας δ'
Ἅιδης στεναγμοῖς καὶ γόοις πλουτίζεται.
θεοῖσι μέν νυν οὐκ ἰσούμενόν σ' ἐγὼ
οὐδ' οἵδε παῖδες ἑζόμεσθ' ἐφέστιοι,
ἀνδρῶν δὲ πρῶτον ἔν τε συμφοραῖς βίου
κρίνοντες ἔν τε δαιμόνων συναλλαγαῖς·
ὅς γ' ἐξέλυσας ἄστυ Καδμεῖον μολὼν
σκληρᾶς ἀοιδοῦ δασμὸν ὃν παρείχομεν,
καὶ ταῦθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἐξειδὼς πλέον
οὐδ' ἐκδιδαχθείς, ἀλλὰ προσθήκῃ θεοῦ
λέγει νομίζει θ' ἡμὶν ὀρθῶσαι βίον·
νῦν τ', ὦ κράτιστον πᾶσιν Οἰδίπου κάρα,
ἱκετεύομέν σε πάντες οἵδε πρόστροποι
ἀλκήν τιν' εὑρεῖν ἡμίν, εἴτε του θεῶν
φήμην ἀκούσας εἴτ' ἀπ' ἀνδρὸς οἶσθά του·
ὡς τοῖσιν ἐμπείροισι καὶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς
ζώσας ὁρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων.
ἴθ', ὦ βροτῶν ἄριστ', ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν,
ἴθ', εὐλαβήθηθ'· ὡς σὲ νῦν μὲν ἥδε γῆ
σωτῆρα κλῄζει τῆς πάρος προθυμίας·
ἀρχῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς μηδαμῶς μεμνώμεθα

For, as thou seest thyself, our ship of State,
Sore buffeted, can no more lift her head,
Foundered beneath a weltering surge of blood.
A blight is on our harvest in the ear,
A blight upon the grazing flocks and herds,
A blight on wives in travail; and withal
Armed with his blazing torch the God of Plague
Hath swooped upon our city emptying
The house of Cadmus, and the murky realm
Of Pluto is full fed with groans and tears.
Therefore, O King, here at thy hearth we sit,
I and these children; not as deeming thee
An equal of the gods, but first of men;
First in the common accidents of life,
And first in visitations of the Gods.
Art thou not he who coming to the town
Of Cadmus freed us from the tax we paid
To the fell songstress? Nor hadst thou received
Prompting from us or been by others schooled;
No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,
And testify) thou didst renew our life.
And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,
All we thy votaries beseech thee, find
Some succour, whether by a voice from heaven
Whispered, or haply known by human wit.
Tried counsellors, methinks, are aptest found [1]
To furnish for the future pregnant rede.
Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!
Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore
Our country's saviour thou art justly hailed:
O never may we thus record thy reign:—

[1] Dr. Kennedy and others render "Since to men of experience I see that also comparisons of their counsels are in most lively use."

στάντες τ' ἐς ὀρθὸν καὶ πεσόντες ὕστερον.
ἀλλ' ἀσφαλείᾳ τήνδ' ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν·
ὄρνιθι γὰρ καὶ τὴν τότ' αἰσίῳ τύχην
παρέσχες ἡμῖν, καὶ τανῦν ἴσος γενοῦ.
ὡς εἴπερ ἄρξεις τῆσδε γῆς, ὥσπερ κρατεῖς,
ξὺν ἀνδράσιν κάλλιον ἢ κενῆς κρατεῖν·
ὡς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς
ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ παῖδες οἰκτροί, γνωτὰ κοὐκ ἀγνῶτά μοι
προσήλθεθ' ἱμείροντες· εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι
νοσεῖτε πάντες, καὶ νοσοῦντες, ὡς ἐγὼ
οὐκ ἔστιν ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐξ ἴσου νοσεῖ.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ ὑμῶν ἄλγος εἰς ἕν' ἔρχεται
μόνον καθ' αὑτὸν κοὐδέν' ἄλλον, ἡ δ' ἐμὴ
ψυχὴ πόλιν τε κἀμὲ καὶ σ' ὁμοῦ στένει.
ὥστ' οὐχ ὕπνῳ γ' εὕδοντά μ' ἐξεγείρετε,
ἀλλ' ἴστε πολλὰ μέν με δακρύσαντα δή,
πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις·
ἣν δ' εὖ σκοπῶν ηὕρισκον ἴασιν μόνην,
ταύτην ἔπραξα· παῖδα γὰρ Μενοικέως
Κρέοντ', ἐμαυτοῦ γαμβρόν, ἐς τὰ Πυθικὰ
ἔπεμψα Φοίβου δώμαθ', ὡς πύθοιθ' ὅ τι
δρῶν ἢ τί φωνῶν τήνδε ῥυσαίμην πόλιν.
καί μ' ἦμαρ ἤδη ξυμμετρούμενον χρόνῳ
λυπεῖ τί πράσσει· τοῦ γὰρ εἰκότος πέρα
ἄπεστι πλείω τοῦ καθήκοντος χρόνου.
ὅταν δ' ἵκηται, τηνικαῦτ' ἐγὼ κακὸς
μὴ δρῶν ἂν εἴην πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δηλοῖ θεός.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' εἰς καλὸν σύ τ' εἶπας οἵδε τ' ἀρτίως
Κρέοντα προσστείχοντα σημαίνουσί μοι.

"He raised us up only to cast us down."
Uplift us, build our city on a rock.
Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,
O let it not decline! If thou wouldst rule
This land, as now thou reignest, better sure
To rule a peopled than a desert realm.
Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,
If men to man and guards to guard them fail.

OEDIPUS

Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,
The quest that brings you hither and your need.
Ye sicken all, well wot I, yet my pain,
How great soever yours, outtops it all.
Your sorrow touches each man severally,
Him and none other, but I grieve at once
Both for the general and myself and you.
Therefore ye rouse no sluggard from day-dreams.
Many, my children, are the tears I've wept,
And threaded many a maze of weary thought.
Thus pondering one clue of hope I caught,
And tracked it up; I have sent Menoeceus' son,
Creon, my consort's brother, to inquire
Of Pythian Phoebus at his Delphic shrine,
How I might save the State by act or word.
And now I reckon up the tale of days
Since he set forth, and marvel how he fares.
'Tis strange, this endless tarrying, passing strange.
But when he comes, then I were base indeed,
If I perform not all the god declares.

PRIEST

Thy words are well timed; even as thou speakest
That shouting tells me Creon is at hand.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦναξ Ἄπολλον, εἰ γὰρ ἐν τύχῃ γέ τῳ
σωτῆρι βαίη λαμπρὸς ὥσπερ ὄμματι.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' εἰκάσαι μέν, ἡδύς· οὐ γὰρ ἂν κάρα
πολυστεφὴς ὧδ' εἷρπε παγκάρπου δάφνης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τάχ' εἰσόμεσθα· ξύμμετρος γὰρ ὡς κλύειν.
ἄναξ, ἐμὸν κήδευμα, παῖ Μενοικέως,
τίν' ἡμὶν ἥκεις τοῦ θεοῦ φήμην φέρων;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐσθλήν· λέγω γὰρ καὶ τὰ δύσφορ', εἰ τύχοι
κατ' ὀρθὸν ἐξελθόντα, πάντ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔστιν δὲ ποῖον τοὔπος; οὔτε γὰρ θρασὺς
οὔτ' οὖν προδείσας εἰμὶ τῷ γε νῦν λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τῶνδε χρῄζεις πλησιαζόντων κλύειν,
ἕτοιμος εἰπεῖν, εἴτε καὶ στείχειν ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐς πάντας αὔδα· τῶνδε γὰρ πλέον φέρω
τὸ πένθος ἢ καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγοιμ' ἂν οἷ' ἤκουσα τοῦ θεοῦ πάρα.
ἄνωγεν ἡμᾶς Φοῖβος ἐμφανῶς ἄναξ
μίασμα χώρας, ὡς τεθραμμένον χθονὶ
ἐν τῇδ', ἐλαύνειν μηδ' ἀνήκεστον τρέφειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίῳ καθαρμῷ; τίς ὁ τρόπος τῆς ξυμφορᾶς;

OEDIPUS

O King Apollo! may his joyous looks
Be presage of the joyous news he brings!

PRIEST

As I surmise, 'tis welcome; else his head
Had scarce been crowned with berry-laden bays.

OEDIPUS

We soon shall know; he's now in earshot range.
Enter CREON
My royal cousin, say, Menoeceus' child,
What message hast thou brought us from the god?

CREON

Good news, for e'en intolerable ills,
Finding right issue, tend to naught but good.

OEDIPUS

How runs the oracle? thus far thy words
Give me no ground for confidence or fear.

CREON

If thou wouldst hear my message publicly,
I'll tell thee straight, or with thee pass within.

OEDIPUS

Speak before all; the burden that I bear
Is more for these my subjects than myself.

CREON

Let me report then all the god declared.
King Phoebus bids us straitly extirpate
A fell pollution that infests the land,
And no more harbour an inveterate sore.

OEDIPUS

What expiation means he? What's amiss?

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀνδρηλατοῦντας ἢ φόνῳ φόνον πάλιν
λύοντας, ὡς τόδ' αἷμα χειμάζον πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τήνδε μηνύει τύχην;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἦν ἡμίν, ὦναξ, Λάϊός ποθ' ἡγεμὼν
γῆς τῆσδε, πρὶν σὲ τήνδ' ἀπευθύνειν πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔξοιδ' ἀκούων· οὐ γὰρ εἰσεῖδόν γέ πω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τούτου θανόντος νῦν ἐπιστέλλει σαφῶς
τοὺς αὐτοέντας χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν τινας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἳ δ' εἰσὶ ποῦ γῆς; ποῦ τόδ' εὑρεθήσεται
ἴχνος παλαιᾶς δυστέκμαρτον αἰτίας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐν τῇδ' ἔφασκε γῇ· τὸ δὲ ζητούμενον
ἁλωτόν, ἐκφεύγειν δὲ τἀμελούμενον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα δ' ἐν οἴκοις ἢ 'ν ἀγροῖς ὁ Λάϊος
ἢ γῆς ἐπ' ἄλλης τῷδε συμπίπτει φόνῳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

θεωρός, ὡς ἔφασκεν, ἐκδημῶν, πάλιν
πρὸς οἶκον οὐκέθ' ἵκεθ', ὡς ἀπεστάλη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐδ' ἄγγελός τις οὐδὲ συμπράκτωρ ὁδοῦ
κατεῖδ', ὅτου τις ἐκμαθὼν ἐχρήσατ' ἄν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

θνῄσκουσι γάρ, πλὴν εἷς τις, ὃς φόβῳ φυγὼν
ὧν εἶδε πλὴν ἓν οὐδὲν εἶχ' εἰδὼς φράσαι.

CREON

Banishment, or the shedding blood for blood.
This stain of blood makes shipwreck of our state.

OEDIPUS

Whom can he mean, the miscreant thus denounced?

CREON

Before thou didst assume the helm of State,
The sovereign of this land was Laïus.

OEDIPUS

So have I heard; I never saw the man.

CREON

He fell; and now the god's command is plain:
Punish his takers-off, whoe'er they be.

OEDIPUS

Where are they? Where in the wide world to find
The far, faint traces of a bygone crime?

CREON

In this land, said the god; "who seeks shall find;
Who sits with folded hands or sleeps is blind."

OEDIPUS

Was he within his palace, or afield,
Or travelling, when Laïus met his fate?

CREON

Abroad; he started, so he told us, bound
For Delphi, but he never thence returned.

OEDIPUS

Came there no news, no fellow-traveller
To give some clue that might be followed up?

CREON

But one escaped, who flying for dear life,
Could tell of all he saw but one thing sure.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸ ποῖον; ἓν γὰρ πόλλ' ἂν ἐξεύροι μαθεῖν,
ἀρχὴν βραχεῖαν εἰ λάβοιμεν ἐλπίδος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λῃστὰς ἔφασκε συντυχόντας οὐ μιᾷ
ῥώμῃ κτανεῖν νιν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πλήθει χερῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς οὖν ὁ λῃστής, εἴ τι μὴ ξὺν ἀργύρῳ
ἐπράσσετ' ἐνθένδ', ἐς τόδ' ἂν τόλμης ἔβη;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δοκοῦντα ταῦτ' ἦν· Λαΐου δ' ὀλωλότος
οὐδεὶς ἀρωγὸς ἐν κακοῖς ἐγίγνετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κακὸν δὲ ποῖον ἐμποδών, τυραννίδος
οὕτω πεσούσης, εἶργε τοῦτ' ἐξειδέναι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἡ ποικιλῳδὸς Σφὶγξ τὸ πρὸς ποσὶν σκοπεῖν
μεθέντας ἡμᾶς τἀφανῆ προσήγετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐξ ὑπαρχῆς αὖθις αὔτ' ἐγὼ φανῶ·
ἐπαξίως γὰρ Φοῖβος, ἀξίως δὲ σὺ
πρὸ τοῦ θανόντος τήνδ' ἔθεσθ' ἐπιστροφήν·
ὥστ' ἐνδίκως ὄψεσθε κἀμὲ σύμμαχον
γῇ τῇδε τιμωροῦντα τῷ θεῷ θ' ἅμα.
ὑπὲρ γὰρ οὐχὶ τῶν ἀπωτέρω φίλων,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ τοῦτ' ἀποσκεδῶ μύσος.
ὅστις γὰρ ἦν ἐκεῖνον ὁ κτανών, τάχ' ἂν
κἄμ' ἂν τοιαύτῃ χειρὶ τιμωροῦνθ' ἕλοι.
κείνῳ προσαρκῶν οὖν ἐμαυτὸν ὠφελῶ.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα, παῖδες, ὑμεῖς μὲν βάθρων
ἵστασθε, τούσδ' ἄραντες ἱκτῆρας κλάδους,

OEDIPUS

And what was that? One clue might lead us far,
With but a spark of hope to guide our quest.

CREON

Robbers, he told us, not one bandit but
A troop of knaves, attacked and murdered him,

OEDIPUS

And how could robbers dare so bold a stroke,
Unless indeed they were suborned from Thebes?

CREON

So 'twas surmised, but none was found to avenge
His murder mid the trouble that ensued.

OEDIPUS

What trouble can have hindered a full quest,
When royalty had fallen thus miserably?

CREON

The riddling Sphinx compelled us to let slide
The dim past and attend to instant needs.

OEDIPUS

Well, *I* will start afresh and once again
Make dark things clear. Right worthy the concern
Of Phoebus, worthy thine too, for the dead;
I also, as is meet, will lend my aid
To avenge this wrong to Thebes and to the god.
Not for some far-off kinsman, but myself,
Shall I expel this poison in the blood;
For whoso slew that king might have a mind
To strike me too with his assassin hand.
Therefore in righting him I serve myself.
Up, children, haste ye, quit these altar stairs,
Take hence your suppliant wands, go summon
hither

ἄλλος δὲ Κάδμου λαὸν ὧδ' ἀθροιζέτω,
ὡς πᾶν ἐμοῦ δράσοντος· ἢ γὰρ εὐτυχεῖς
σὺν τῷ θεῷ φανούμεθ' ἢ πεπτωκότες.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ

ὦ παῖδες, ἱστώμεσθα· τῶνδε γὰρ χάριν
καὶ δεῦρ' ἔβημεν ὧν ὅδ' ἐξαγγέλλεται.
Φοῖβος δ' ὁ πέμψας τάσδε μαντείας ἅμα
σωτήρ δ' ἵκοιτο καὶ νόσου παυστήριος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ — στρ. α'

ὦ Διὸς ἁδυεπὲς φάτι, τίς ποτε τᾶς πολυ-
    χρύσου
Πυθῶνος ἀγλαὰς ἔβας
Θήβας; ἐκτέταμαι φοβερὰν φρένα, δείματι
    πάλλων,
ἰήιε Δάλιε Παιάν,
ἀμφὶ σοὶ ἁζόμενος τί μοι ἢ νέον
ἢ περιτελλομέναις ὥραις πάλιν ἐξανύσεις
    χρέος.
εἰπέ μοι, ὦ χρυσέας τέκνον Ἐλπίδος, ἄμβροτε
    Φάμα.

ἀντ. α'

πρῶτα σὲ κεκλόμενος, θύγατερ Διός, ἄμβροτ'
    Ἀθάνα,
γαιάοχόν τ' ἀδελφεὰν
Ἄρτεμιν, ἃ κυκλόεντ' ἀγορᾶς θρόνον εὐκλέα
    θάσσει,
καὶ Φοῖβον ἑκαβόλον, ἰὼ
τρισσοὶ ἀλεξίμοροι προφάνητέ μοι,
εἴ ποτε καὶ προτέρας ἄτας ὕπερ ὀρνυμένας
    πόλει
ἠνύσατ' ἐκτοπίαν φλόγα πήματος, ἔλθετε
    καὶ νῦν.

The Theban commons. With the god's good help
Success is sure; 'tis ruin if we fail.

[*Exeunt* OEDIPUS *and* CREON

PRIEST

Come, children, let us hence; these gracious words
Forestall the very purpose of our suit.
And may the god who sent this oracle
Save us withal and rid us of this pest.

[*Exeunt* PRIEST *and* SUPPLIANTS

CHORUS (*Str.* 1)

Sweet-voiced daughter of Zeus from thy gold-paved Pythian shrine
Wafted to Thebes divine,
What dost thou bring me? My soul is racked and shivers with fear.
(Healer of Delos, hear!)
Hast thou some pain unknown before,
Or with the circling years renewest a penance of yore?
Offspring of golden Hope, thou voice immortal, O tell me.

(*Ant.* 1)

First on Athenè I call; O Zeus-born goddess, defend!
Goddess and sister, befriend,
Artemis, Lady of Thebes, high-throned in the midst of our mart!
Lord of the death-winged dart!
Your threefold aid I crave
From death and ruin our city to save.
If in the days of old when we nigh had perished, ye drave
From our land the fiery plague, be near us now and defend us!

ὦ πόποι, ἀνάριθμα γὰρ φέρω στρ. β′
πήματα· νοσεῖ δέ μοι πρόπας στόλος, οὐδ᾽ ἔνι
φροντίδος ἔγχος
ᾧ τις ἀλέξεται. οὔτε γὰρ ἔκγονα
κλυτᾶς χθονὸς αὔξεται οὔτε τόκοισιν
ἰηίων καμάτων ἀνέχουσι γυναῖκες·
ἄλλον δ᾽ ἂν ἄλλῳ προσίδοις ἅπερ εὔπτερον ὄρνιν
κρεῖσσον ἀμαιμακέτου πυρὸς ὄρμενον
ἀκτὰν πρὸς ἑσπέρου θεοῦ.

ὧν πόλις ἀνάριθμος ὄλλυται· ἀντ. β′
νηλέα δὲ γένεθλα πρὸς πέδῳ θαναταφόρα κεῖται
ἀνοίκτως·
ἐν δ᾽ ἄλοχοι πολιαί τ᾽ ἔπι ματέρες
ἀχὰν παραβώμιον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαν
λυγρῶν πόνων ἱκετῆρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν.
παιὰν δὲ λάμπει στονόεσσά τε γῆρυς ὅμαυλος
ὧν ὕπερ, ὦ χρυσέα θύγατερ Διός,
εὐῶπα πέμψον ἀλκάν.

στρ. γ′
Ἀρεά τε τὸν μαλερόν, ὃς νῦν ἄχαλκος ἀσπίδων
φλέγει με περιβόατον, ἀντιάζω
παλίσσυτον δράμημα νωτίσαι πάτρας
ἔπουρον, εἴτ᾽ ἐς μέγαν θάλαμον Ἀμφιτρίτας
εἴτ᾽ ἐς τὸν ἀπόξενον ὅρμων
Θρῄκιον κλύδωνα·
τελεῖν[1] γὰρ εἴ τι νὺξ ἀφῇ,
τοῦτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἦμαρ ἔρχεται·
τόν, ὦ τᾶν πυρφόρων
ἀστραπᾶν κράτη νέμων,
ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὑπὸ σῷ φθίσον κεραυνῷ.

[1] τέλει MSS., τελεῖν Hermann.

(*Str.* 2)

Ah me, what countless woes are mine!
All our host is in decline;
Weaponless my spirit lies.
Earth her gracious fruits denies;
Women wail in barren throes;
Life on life downstricken goes,
Swifter than the wild bird's flight,
Swifter than the Fire-God's might,
To the westering shores of Night.

(*Ant.* 2)

Wasted thus by death on death
All our city perisheth.
Corpses spread infection round;
None to tend or mourn is found.
Wailing on the altar stair
Wives and grandams rend the air—
Long-drawn moans and piercing cries
Blent with prayers and litanies.
Golden child of Zeus, O hear
Let thine angel face appear!

(*Str.* 3)

And grant that Ares whose hot breath I feel,
Though without targe or steel
He stalks, whose voice is as the battle shout,
May turn in sudden rout,
To the unharboured Thracian waters sped,
Or Amphitritè's bed.
For what night leaves undone,
Smit by the morrow's sun
Perisheth. Father Zeus, whose hand
Doth wield the lightning brand,
Slay him beneath thy levin bolt, we pray,
Slay him, O slay!

ἀντ. γʹ

Λύκει' ἄναξ, τά τε σὰ χρυσοστρόφων ἀπ' ἀγκυλᾶν
βέλεα θέλοιμ' ἂν ἀδάματ' ἐνδατεῖσθαι
ἀρωγὰ προσταχθέντα τάς τε πυρφόρους
'Αρτέμιδος αἴγλας, ξὺν αἷς Λύκι' ὄρεα διᾴσσει·
τὸν χρυσομίτραν τε κικλήσκω,
τᾶσδ' ἐπώνυμον γᾶς,
οἰνῶπα Βάκχον εὔιον,
Μαινάδων ὁμόστολον,
πελασθῆναι φλέγοντ'
ἀγλαῶπι ⏑́ ⏑ — [1]
πεύκᾳ 'πὶ τὸν ἀπότιμον ἐν θεοῖς θεόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αἰτεῖς· ἃ δ' αἰτεῖς, τἄμ' ἐὰν θέλῃς ἔπη
κλύων δέχεσθαι τῇ νόσῳ θ' ὑπηρετεῖν,
ἀλκὴν λάβοις ἂν κἀνακούφισιν κακῶν·
ἁγὼ ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγου τοῦδ' ἐξερῶ,
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραχθέντος· οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν
ἴχνευον αὐτός, μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον,
νῦν δ', ὕστερος γὰρ ἀστὸς εἰς ἀστοὺς τελῶ,
ὑμῖν προφωνῶ πᾶσι Καδμείοις τάδε·
ὅστις ποθ' ὑμῶν Λάϊον τὸν Λαβδάκου
κάτοιδεν ἀνδρὸς ἐκ τίνος διώλετο,
τοῦτον κελεύω πάντα σημαίνειν ἐμοί·
κεἰ μὲν φοβεῖται, τοὐπίκλημ' ὑπεξελεῖν [2]
αὐτὸν καθ' αὑτοῦ· πείσεται γὰρ ἄλλο μὲν
ἀστεργὲς οὐδέν. γῆς δ' ἄπεισιν ἀσφαλής.
εἰ δ' αὖ τις ἄλλον οἶδεν ἐξ ἄλλης χθονὸς
τὸν αὐτόχειρα, μὴ σιωπάτω· τὸ γὰρ

[1] σύμμαχον coni. G. Wolff.
[2] MSS. ὑπεξελὼν αὐτός, corr. K. Halm.

(*Ant.* 3)

O that thine arrows too, Lycean King,
From the taut bow's gold string,
Might fly abroad, the champions of our rights;
Yea, and the flashing lights
Of Artemis, wherewith the huntress sweeps
Across the Lycian steeps.
Thee too I call with golden-snooded hair,
Whose name our land doth bear,
Bacchus to whom thy Maenads Evoē shout;
Come with thy bright torch, rout,
Blithe god whom we adore,
The god whom gods abhor.

Enter OEDIPUS

OEDIPUS

Ye pray; 'tis well, but would ye hear my words
And heed them and apply the remedy,
Ye might perchance find comfort and relief.
Mind you, I speak as one who comes a stranger
To this report, no less than to the crime;
For how unaided could I track it far
Without a clue? Which lacking (for too late
Was I enrolled a citizen of Thebes)
This proclamation I address to all:—
Thebans, if any knows the man by whom
Laïus, son of Labdacus, was slain,
I summon him to make clean shrift to me.
And if he shrinks, let him reflect that thus
Confessing he shall 'scape the capital charge;
For the worst penalty that shall befall him
Is banishment—unscathed he shall depart.
But if an alien from a foreign land
Be known to any as the murderer,

κέρδος τελῶ 'γὼ χἠ χάρις προσκείσεται.
εἰ δ' αὖ σιωπήσεσθε, καί τις ἢ φίλου
δείσας ἀπώσει τοὔπος ἢ χαὐτοῦ τόδε,
ἁκ τῶνδε δράσω, ταῦτα χρὴ κλύειν ἐμοῦ.
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπαυδῶ τοῦτον, ὅστις ἐστί, γῆς
τῆσδ', ἧς ἐγὼ κράτη τε καὶ θρόνους νέμω,
μήτ' εἰσδέχεσθαι μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα,
μήτ' ἐν θεῶν εὐχαῖσι μήτε θύμασιν
κοινὸν ποεῖσθαι, μήτε χέρνιβας νέμειν·
ὠθεῖν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων πάντας, ὡς μιάσματος
τοῦδ' ἡμὶν ὄντος, ὡς τὸ Πυθικὸν θεοῦ
μαντεῖον ἐξέφηνεν ἀρτίως ἐμοί.
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τοιόσδε τῷ τε δαίμονι
τῷ τ' ἀνδρὶ τῷ θανόντι σύμμαχος πέλω·
κατεύχομαι δὲ τὸν δεδρακότ', εἴτε τις
εἷς ὢν λέληθεν εἴτε πλειόνων μέτα,
κακὸν κακῶς νιν ἄμορον ἐκτρῖψαι βίον·
ἐπεύχομαι δ', οἴκοισιν εἰ ξυνέστιος
ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ συνειδότος,
παθεῖν ἅπερ τοῖσδ' ἀρτίως ἠρασάμην.
ὑμῖν δὲ ταῦτα πάντ' ἐπισκήπτω τελεῖν,
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτοῦ τοῦ θεοῦ τε τῆσδέ τε
γῆς ὧδ' ἀκάρπως κἀθέως ἐφθαρμένης.
οὐδ' εἰ γὰρ ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμα μὴ θεήλατον,
ἀκάθαρτον ὑμᾶς εἰκὸς ἦν οὕτως ἐᾶν,
ἀνδρός γ' ἀρίστου βασιλέως τ' ὀλωλότος,
ἀλλ' ἐξερευνᾶν· νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ κυρῶ γ' ἐγὼ
ἔχων μὲν ἀρχὰς ἃς ἐκεῖνος εἶχε πρίν,
ἔχων δὲ λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖχ' ὁμόσπορον,
κοινῶν τε παίδων κοίν' ἄν, εἰ κείνῳ γένος
μὴ 'δυστύχησεν, ἦν ἂν ἐκπεφυκότα·
νῦν δ' ἐς τὸ κείνου κρᾶτ' ἐνήλαθ' ἡ τύχη·

Let him who knows speak out, and he shall have
Due recompense from me and thanks to boot.
But if ye still keep silence, if through fear
For self or friends ye disregard my hest,
Hear what I then resolve: I lay my ban
On the assassin whosoe'er he be.
Let no man in this land, whereof I hold
The sovereign rule, harbour or speak to him;
Give him no part in prayer or sacrifice
Or lustral rites, but hound him from your homes.
For this is our defilement, so the god
Hath lately shewn to me by oracles.
Thus as their champion I maintain the cause
Both of the god and of the murdered King.
And on the murderer this curse I lay
(On him and all the partners in his guilt):—
Wretch, may he pine in utter wretchedness!
And for myself, if with my privity
He gain admittance to my hearth, I pray
The curse I laid on others fall on me.
See that ye give effect to all my hest,
For my sake and the god's and for our land,
A desert blasted by the wrath of heaven.
For, let alone the god's express command,
It were a scandal ye should leave unpurged
The murder of a great man and your king,
Nor track it home. And now that I am lord,
Successor to his throne, his bed, his wife,
(And had he not been frustrate in the hope
Of issue, common children of one womb
Had forged a closer bond twixt him and me,
But Fate swooped down upon him), therefore I

ἀνθ' ὧν ἐγὼ τάδ', ὡσπερεὶ τοὐμοῦ πατρός,
ὑπερμαχοῦμαι κἀπὶ πᾶν ἀφίξομαι,
ζητῶν τὸν αὐτόχειρα τοῦ φόνου λαβεῖν,
τῷ Λαβδακείῳ παιδὶ Πολυδώρου τε καὶ
τοῦ πρόσθε Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι τ' Ἀγήνορος.
καὶ ταῦτα τοῖς μὴ δρῶσιν εὔχομαι θεοὺς
μήτ' ἄροτον αὐτοῖς γῆς ἀνιέναι τινὰ
μήτ' οὖν γυναικῶν παῖδας, ἀλλὰ τῷ πότμῳ
τῷ νῦν φθερεῖσθαι κἄτι τοῦδ' ἐχθίονι·
ὑμῖν δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοισι Καδμείοις, ὅσοις
τάδ' ἔστ' ἀρέσκονθ', ἥ τε σύμμαχος Δίκη
χοἰ πάντες εὖ ξυνεῖεν εἰσαεὶ θεοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥσπερ μ' ἀραῖον ἔλαβες, ὧδ', ἄναξ, ἐρῶ.
οὔτ' ἔκτανον γὰρ οὔτε τὸν κτανόντ' ἔχω
δεῖξαι. τὸ δὲ ζήτημα τοῦ πέμψαντος ἦν
Φοίβου τόδ' εἰπεῖν, ὅστις εἴργασταί ποτε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δίκαι' ἔλεξας· ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσαι θεοὺς
ἂν μὴ θέλωσιν οὐδ' ἂν εἷς δύναιτ' ἀνήρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰ δεύτερ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἂν λέγοιμ' ἁμοὶ δοκεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἰ καὶ τρίτ' ἐστί, μὴ παρῇς τὸ μὴ οὐ φράσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄνακτ' ἄνακτι ταὔθ' ὁρῶντ' ἐπίσταμαι
μάλιστα Φοίβῳ Τειρεσίαν, παρ' οὗ τις ἂν
σκοπῶν τάδ', ὦναξ, ἐκμάθοι σαφέστατα.

His blood-avenger will maintain his cause
As though he were my sire, and leave no stone
Unturned to track the assassin or avenge
The son of Labdacus, of Polydore,
Of Cadmus, and Agenor first of the race.
And for the disobedient thus I pray:
May the gods send them neither timely fruits
Of earth, nor teeming increase of the womb,
But may they waste and pine, as now they waste,
Aye and worse stricken; but to all of you,
My loyal subjects who approve my acts,
May Justice, our ally, and all the gods
Be gracious and attend you evermore.

CHORUS

The oath thou profferest, sire, I take and swear.
I slew him not myself, nor can I name
The slayer. For the quest, 'twere well, methinks
That Phoebus, who proposed the riddle, himself
Should give the answer—who the murderer was.

OEDIPUS

Well argued; but no living man can hope
To force the gods to speak against their will.

CHORUS

May I then say what seems next best to me?

OEDIPUS

Aye, if there be a third best, tell it too.

CHORUS

My liege, if any man sees eye to eye
With our lord Phoebus, 'tis our prophet, lord
Teiresias; he of all men best might guide
A searcher of this matter to the light.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐν ἀργοῖς οὐδὲ τοῦτ' ἐπραξάμην.
ἔπεμψα γὰρ Κρέοντος εἰπόντος διπλοῦς
πομπούς· πάλαι δὲ μὴ παρὼν θαυμάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν τά γ' ἄλλα κωφὰ καὶ παλαί' ἔπη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα; πάντα γὰρ σκοπῶ λόγον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θανεῖν ἐλέχθη πρός τινων ὁδοιπόρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἤκουσα κἀγώ· τὸν δ' ἰδόντ' οὐδεὶς ὁρᾷ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἴ τι μὲν δὴ δείματός γ' ἔχει μέρος,
τὰς σὰς ἀκούων οὐ μενεῖ τοιάσδ' ἀράς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ᾧ μή 'στι δρῶντι τάρβος, οὐδ' ἔπος φοβεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὑξελέγξων αὐτὸν ἔστιν· οἵδε γὰρ
τὸν θεῖον ἤδη μάντιν ὧδ' ἄγουσιν, ᾧ
τἀληθὲς ἐμπέφυκεν ἀνθρώπων μόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πάντα νωμῶν Τειρεσία, διδακτά τε
ἄρρητά τ', οὐράνιά τε καὶ χθονοστιβῆ,
πόλιν μέν, εἰ καὶ μὴ βλέπεις, φρονεῖς δ' ὅμως
οἵᾳ νόσῳ σύνεστιν· ἧς σὲ προστάτην
σωτῆρά τ', ὦναξ, μοῦνον ἐξευρίσκομεν.

OEDIPUS

Here too my zeal has nothing lagged, for twice
At Creon's instance have I sent to fetch him,
And long I marvel why he is not here.

CHORUS

I mind me too of rumours long ago—
Mere gossip.

OEDIPUS

Tell them, I would fain know all.

CHORUS

'Twas said he fell by travellers.

OEDIPUS

So I heard,
But none has seen the man who saw him fall.

CHORUS

Well, if he knows what fear is, he will quail
And flee before the terror of thy curse.

OEDIPUS

Words scare not him who blenches not at deeds.

CHORUS

But here is one to arraign him. Lo, at length
They bring the god-inspired seer in whom
Above all other men is truth inborn.
Enter TEIRESIAS, *led by a boy.*

OEDIPUS

Teiresias, seer who comprehendest all,
Lore of the wise and hidden mysteries,
High things of heaven and low things of the earth,
Thou knowest, though thy blinded eyes see naught,
What plague infects our city; and we turn

Φοῖβος γάρ, εἴ τι μὴ κλύεις τῶν ἀγγέλων,
πέμψασιν ἡμῖν ἀντέπεμψεν, ἔκλυσιν
μόνην ἂν ἐλθεῖν τοῦδε τοῦ νοσήματος,
εἰ τοὺς κτανόντας Λάϊον μαθόντες εὖ
κτείναιμεν ἢ γῆς φυγάδας ἐκπεμψαίμεθα.
σύ νυν φθονήσας μήτ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν φάτιν
μήτ' εἴ τιν' ἄλλην μαντικῆς ἔχεις ὁδόν,
ῥῦσαι σεαυτὸν καὶ πόλιν, ῥῦσαι δ' ἐμέ,
ῥῦσαι δὲ πᾶν μίασμα τοῦ τεθνηκότος.
ἐν σοὶ γὰρ ἐσμέν· ἄνδρα δ' ὠφελεῖν ἀφ' ὧν
ἔχοι τε καὶ δύναιτο, κάλλιστος πόνων.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, φρονεῖν ὡς δεινὸν ἔνθα μὴ τέλη
λύῃ φρονοῦντι· ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς ἐγὼ
εἰδὼς διώλεσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἂν δεῦρ' ἱκόμην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὡς ἄθυμος εἰσελήλυθας.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἄφες μ' ἐς οἴκους· ῥᾷστα γὰρ τὸ σόν τε σὺ
κἀγὼ διοίσω τοὐμόν, ἢν ἐμοὶ πίθῃ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὔτ' ἔννομ' εἶπας οὔτε προσφιλῆ πόλει
τῇδ', ἥ σ' ἔθρεψε, τήνδ' ἀποστερῶν φάτιν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ὁρῶ γὰρ οὐδὲ σοὶ τὸ σὸν φώνημ' ἰὸν
πρὸς καιρόν· ὡς οὖν μηδ' ἐγὼ ταὐτὸν πάθω—

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν φρονῶν γ' ἀποστραφῇς, ἐπεὶ
πάντες σε προσκυνοῦμεν οἵδ' ἱκτήριοι.

To thee, O seer, our one defence and shield.
The purport of the answer that the God
Returned to us who sought his oracle,
The messengers have doubtless told thee—how
One course alone could rid us of the pest,
To find the murderers of Laïus,
And slay them or expel them from the land.
Therefore begrudging neither augury
Nor other divination that is thine,
O save thyself, thy country, and thy king,
Save all from this defilement of blood shed.
On thee we rest. This is man's highest end,
To others' service all his powers to lend.

TEIRESIAS

Alas, alas, what misery to be wise
When wisdom profits nothing! This old lore
I had forgotten; else I were not here.

OEDIPUS

What ails thee? Why this melancholy mood?

TEIRESIAS

Let me go home; prevent me not; 'twere best
That thou shouldst bear thy burden and I mine.

OEDIPUS

For shame! no true-born Theban patriot
Would thus withhold the word of prophecy.

TEIRESIAS

Thy words, O king, are wide of the mark, and I
For fear lest I too trip like thee . . .

OEDIPUS

Oh speak,
Withhold not, I adjure thee, if thou know'st,
Thy knowledge. We are all thy suppliants.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

πάντες γὰρ οὐ φρονεῖτ᾽· ἐγὼ δ᾽ οὐ μή ποτε
τἄμ᾽, ὡς ἂν εἴπω μὴ τὰ σ᾽, ἐκφήνω κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί φής; ξυνειδὼς οὐ φράσεις, ἀλλ᾽ ἐννοεῖς
ἡμᾶς προδοῦναι καὶ καταφθεῖραι πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἐγὼ οὔτ᾽ ἐμαυτὸν οὔτε σ᾽ ἀλγυνῶ. τί ταῦτ᾽
ἄλλως ἐλέγχεις; οὐ γὰρ ἂν πύθοιό μου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ, ὦ κακῶν κάκιστε, καὶ γὰρ ἂν πέτρου
φύσιν σύ γ᾽ ὀργάνειας, ἐξερεῖς ποτε,
ἀλλ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἄτεγκτος κἀτελεύτητος φανεῖ;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ὀργὴν ἐμέμψω τὴν ἐμήν, τὴν σὴν δ᾽ ὁμοῦ
ναίουσαν οὐ κατεῖδες, ἀλλ᾽ ἐμὲ ψέγεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς γὰρ τοιαῦτ᾽ ἂν οὐκ ἂν ὀργίζοιτ᾽ ἔπη
κλύων, ἃ νῦν σὺ τήνδ᾽ ἀτιμάζεις πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἥξει γὰρ αὐτά, κἂν ἐγὼ σιγῇ στέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκοῦν ἅ γ᾽ ἥξει καὶ σὲ χρὴ λέγειν ἐμοί.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐκ ἂν πέρα φράσαιμι. πρὸς τάδ᾽, εἰ θέλεις,
θυμοῦ δι᾽ ὀργῆς ἥτις ἀγριωτάτη.

TEIRESIAS

Aye, for ye all are witless, but my voice
Will ne'er reveal my miseries—or thine.[1]

OEDIPUS

What then, thou knowest, and yet thou willst not
speak!
Wouldst thou betray us and destroy the State?

TEIRESIAS

I will not vex myself nor thee. Why ask
Thus idly what from me thou shalt not learn?

OEDIPUS

Monster! thy silence would incense a flint.
Will nothing loose thy tongue? Can nothing melt
thee,
Or shake thy dogged taciturnity?

TEIRESIAS

Thou blam'st my mood and seest not thine own
Wherewith thou art mated; no, thou taxest me.

OEDIPUS

And who could stay his choler when he heard
How insolently thou dost flout the State?

TEIRESIAS

Well, it will come what will, though I be mute.

OEDIPUS

Since come it must, thy duty is to tell me.

TEIRESIAS

I have no more to say; storm as thou willst,
And give the rein to all thy pent-up rage.

[1] Literally "not to call them thine," but the Greek may be rendered "In order not to reveal thine."

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ μὴν παρήσω γ᾽ οὐδέν, ὡς ὀργῆς ἔχω,
ἅπερ ξυνίημ᾽· ἴσθι γὰρ δοκῶν ἐμοὶ
καὶ ξυμφυτεῦσαι τοὔργον εἰργάσθαι θ᾽, ὅσον
μὴ χερσὶ καίνων· εἰ δ᾽ ἐτύγχανες βλέπων,
καὶ τοὔργον ἂν σοῦ τοῦτ᾽ ἔφην εἶναι μόνου.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἄληθες; ἐννέπω σὲ τῷ κηρύγματι
ᾧπερ προεῖπας ἐμμένειν, κἀφ᾽ ἡμέρας
τῆς νῦν προσαυδᾶν μήτε τούσδε μήτ᾽ ἐμέ,
ὡς ὄντι γῆς τῆσδ᾽ ἀνοσίῳ μιάστορι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὕτως ἀναιδῶς ἐξεκίνησας τόδε
τὸ ῥῆμα; καὶ ποῦ τοῦτο φεύξεσθαι δοκεῖς;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

πέφευγα· τἀληθὲς γὰρ ἰσχῦον τρέφω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρὸς τοῦ διδαχθείς; οὐ γὰρ ἔκ γε τῆς τέχνης.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

πρὸς σοῦ· σὺ γάρ μ᾽ ἄκοντα προυτρέψω λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποῖον λόγον; λέγ᾽ αὖθις, ὡς μᾶλλον μάθω.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐχὶ ξυνῆκας πρόσθεν; ἢ ᾽κπειρᾶ λέγων;[1]

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐχ ὥστε γ᾽ εἰπεῖν γνωστόν· ἀλλ᾽ αὖθις φράσον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φονέα σε φημὶ τἀνδρὸς οὗ ζητεῖς κυρεῖν.

[1] λέγειν L., λέγων Hartung.

OEDIPUS

Yea, I am wroth, and will not stint my words,
But speak my whole mind. Thou methinks art he,
Who planned the crime, aye, and performed it too,
All save the assassination; and if thou
Hadst not been blind, I had been sworn to boot
That thou alone didst do the bloody deed.

TEIRESIAS

Is it so? then I charge thee to abide
By thine own proclamation; from this day
Speak not to these or me. Thou art the man,
Thou the accursed polluter of this land.

OEDIPUS

Vile slanderer, thou blurtest forth these taunts,
And think'st forsooth as seer to go scot free.

TEIRESIAS

Yea, I am free, strong in the strength of truth.

OEDIPUS

Who was thy teacher? not methinks thy art.

TEIRESIAS

Thou, goading me against my will to speak.

OEDIPUS

What speech? repeat it and resolve my doubt.

TEIRESIAS

Didst miss my sense or wouldst thou goad me on?

OEDIPUS

I but half caught thy meaning; say it again.

TEIRESIAS

I say thou art the murderer of the man
Whose murderer thou pursuest.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὔ τι χαίρων δίς γε πημονὰς ἐρεῖς.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἴπω τι δῆτα κἄλλ', ἵν' ὀργίζῃ πλέον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅσον γε χρῄζεις· ὡς μάτην εἰρήσεται.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

λεληθέναι σε φημὶ σὺν τοῖς φιλτάτοις
αἴσχισθ' ὁμιλοῦντ', οὐδ' ὁρᾶν ἵν' εἶ κακοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ καὶ γεγηθὼς ταῦτ' ἀεὶ λέξειν δοκεῖς;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἴπερ τί γ' ἐστὶ τῆς ἀληθείας σθένος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἔστι, πλὴν σοί· σοὶ δὲ τοῦτ' οὐκ ἔστ', ἐπεὶ
τυφλὸς τά τ' ὦτα τόν τε νοῦν τά τ' ὄμματ' εἶ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

σὺ δ' ἄθλιός γε ταῦτ' ὀνειδίζων, ἃ σοὶ
οὐδεὶς ὃς οὐχὶ τῶνδ' ὀνειδιεῖ τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μιᾶς τρέφει πρὸς νυκτός, ὥστε μήτ' ἐμὲ
μήτ' ἄλλον, ὅστις φῶς ὁρᾷ, βλάψαι ποτ' ἄν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐ γάρ σε μοῖρα πρός γ' ἐμοῦ πεσεῖν, ἐπεὶ
ἱκανὸς Ἀπόλλων, ᾧ τάδ' ἐκπρᾶξαι μέλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Κρέοντος ἢ σοῦ ταῦτα τἀξευρήματα;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

Κρέων δέ σοι πῆμ' οὐδέν, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς σὺ σοί.

OEDIPUS

Thou shalt rue it
Twice to repeat so gross a calumny.

TEIRESIAS

Must I say more to aggravate thy rage?

OEDIPUS

Say all thou wilt; it is but waste of breath.

TEIRESIAS

I say thou livest with thy nearest kin
In infamy, unwitting of thy shame.

OEDIPUS

Think'st thou for aye unscathed to wag thy tongue?

TEIRESIAS

Yea, if the might of truth can aught prevail.

OEDIPUS

With other men, but not with thee, for thou
In ear, wit, eye, in everything art blind.

TEIRESIAS

Poor fool to utter gibes at me which all
Here present will cast back on thee ere long.

OEDIPUS

Offspring of endless Night, thou hast no power
O'er me or any man who sees the sun.

TEIRESIAS

No, for thy weird is not to fall by me.
I leave to Apollo what concerns the god.

OEDIPUS

Is this a plot of Creon, or thine own?

TEIRESIAS

Not Creon, thou thyself art thine own bane.

380 Solo-Speech to wealth + Tyranny

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πλοῦτε καὶ τυραννὶ καὶ τέχνη τέχνης
ὑπερφέρουσα τῷ πολυζήλῳ βίῳ,
ὅσος παρ' ὑμῖν ὁ φθόνος φυλάσσεται,
εἰ τῆσδέ γ' ἀρχῆς οὕνεχ', ἣν ἐμοὶ πόλις
δωρητόν, οὐκ αἰτητόν, εἰσεχείρισεν,
ταύτης Κρέων ὁ πιστός, οὑξ ἀρχῆς φίλος,
λάθρᾳ μ' ὑπελθὼν ἐκβαλεῖν ἱμείρεται,
ὑφεὶς μάγον τοιόνδε μηχανορράφον,
δόλιον ἀγύρτην, ὅστις ἐν τοῖς κέρδεσιν
μόνον δέδορκε, τὴν τέχνην δ' ἔφυ τυφλός.
ἐπεί, φέρ' εἰπέ, ποῦ σὺ μάντις εἶ σαφής;
πῶς οὐκ, ὅθ' ἡ ῥαψῳδὸς ἐνθάδ' ἦν κύων,
ηὔδας τι τοῖσδ' ἀστοῖσιν ἐκλυτήριον;
καίτοι τό γ' αἴνιγμ' οὐχὶ τοὐπιόντος ἦν
ἀνδρὸς διειπεῖν, ἀλλὰ μαντείας ἔδει·
ἣν οὔτ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν σὺ προὐφάνης ἔχων
οὔτ' ἐκ θεῶν του γνωτόν· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ μολών,
ὁ μηδὲν εἰδὼς Οἰδίπους, ἔπαυσά νιν,
γνώμῃ κυρήσας οὐδ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν μαθών·
ὃν δὴ σὺ πειρᾷς ἐκβαλεῖν, δοκῶν θρόνοις
παραστατήσειν τοῖς Κρεοντείοις πέλας.
κλαίων δοκεῖς μοι καὶ σὺ χὠ συνθεὶς τάδε
ἀγηλατήσειν· εἰ δὲ μὴ 'δόκεις γέρων
εἶναι, παθὼν ἔγνως ἂν οἷά περ φρονεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μὲν εἰκάζουσι καὶ τὰ τοῦδ' ἔπη
ὀργῇ λελέχθαι καὶ τὰ σ', Οἰδίπους, δοκεῖ.
δεῖ δ' οὐ τοιούτων, ἀλλ' ὅπως τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ
μαντεῖ' ἄριστα λύσομεν, τόδε σκοπεῖν.

OEDIPUS

O wealth and empiry and skill by skill
Outwitted in the battlefield of life,
What spite and envy follow in your train!
See, for this crown the State conferred on me,
A gift, a thing I sought not, for this crown
The trusty Creon, my familiar friend,
Hath lain in wait to oust me and suborned
This mountebank, this juggling charlatan,
This tricksy beggar-priest, for gain alone
Keen-eyed, but in his proper art stone-blind.
Say, sirrah, hast thou ever proved thyself
A prophet? When the riddling Sphinx was here
Why hadst thou no deliverance for this folk?
And yet the riddle was not to be solved
By guess-work but required the prophet's art;
Wherein thou wast found lacking; neither birds
Nor sign from heaven helped thee, but *I* came,
The simple Oedipus; *I* stopped her mouth
By mother wit, untaught of auguries.
This is the man whom thou wouldst undermine,
In hope to reign with Creon in my stead.
Methinks that thou and thine abettor soon
Will rue your plot to drive the scapegoat out.
Thank thy grey hairs that thou hast still to learn
What chastisement such arrogance deserves.

CHORUS

To us it seems that both the seer and thou,
O Oedipus, have spoken angry words.
This is no time to wrangle but consult
How best we may fulfil the oracle.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἰ καὶ τυραννεῖς, ἐξισωτέον τὸ γοῦν
ἴσ' ἀντιλέξαι· τοῦδε γὰρ κἀγὼ κρατῶ.
οὐ γάρ τι σοὶ ζῶ δοῦλος, ἀλλὰ Λοξίᾳ·
ὥστ' οὐ Κρέοντος προστάτου γεγράψομαι.
λέγω δ', ἐπειδὴ καὶ τυφλόν μ' ὠνείδισας·
σὺ καὶ δέδορκας κοὐ βλέπεις ἵν' εἶ κακοῦ,
οὐδ' ἔνθα ναίεις, οὐδ' ὅτων οἰκεῖς μέτα.
ἆρ' οἶσθ' ἀφ' ὧν εἶ; καὶ λέληθας ἐχθρὸς ὢν
τοῖς σοῖσιν αὐτοῦ νέρθε κἀπὶ γῆς ἄνω,
καί σ' ἀμφιπλὴξ μητρός τε καὶ τοῦ σοῦ πατρὸς
ἐλᾷ ποτ' ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε δεινόπους ἀρά,
βλέποντα νῦν μὲν ὄρθ', ἔπειτα δὲ σκότον.
βοῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ποῖος οὐκ ἔσται λιμήν,
ποῖος Κιθαιρὼν οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,
ὅταν καταίσθῃ τὸν ὑμέναιον, ὃν δόμοις
ἄνορμον εἰσέπλευσας, εὐπλοίας τυχών;
ἄλλων δὲ πλῆθος οὐκ ἐπαισθάνει κακῶν,
ἅ σ' ἐξισώσει σοί τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖς τέκνοις.
πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ Κρέοντα καὶ τοὐμὸν στόμα
προπηλάκιζε· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν βροτῶν
κάκιον ὅστις ἐκτριβήσεταί ποτε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ ταῦτα δῆτ' ἀνεκτὰ πρὸς τούτου κλύειν;
οὐκ εἰς ὄλεθρον; οὐχὶ θᾶσσον; οὐ πάλιν
ἄψορρος οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀποστραφεὶς ἄπει;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐδ' ἱκόμην ἔγωγ' ἄν, εἰ σὺ μὴ 'κάλεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ γάρ τί σ' ᾔδη μῶρα φωνήσοντ', ἐπεὶ
σχολῇ σ' ἂν οἴκους τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐστειλάμην.

TEIRESIAS

King as thou art, free speech at least is mine
To make reply; in this I am thy peer.
I own no lord but Loxias; him I serve
And ne'er can stand enrolled as Creon's man.
Thus then I answer: since thou hast not spared
To twit me with my blindness—thou hast eyes,
Yet see'st not in what misery thou art fallen,
Nor where thou dwellest nor with whom for mate.
Dost know thy lineage? Nay, thou know'st it not,
And all unwitting art a double foe
To thine own kin, the living and the dead;
Aye and the dogging curse of mother and sire
One day shall drive thee, like a two-edged sword,
Beyond our borders, and the eyes that now
See clear shall see henceforward endless night.
Ah whither shall thy bitter cry not reach,
What crag in all Cithaeron but shall then
Reverberate thy wail, when thou hast found
With what a hymeneal thou wast borne
Home, but to no fair haven, on the gale!
Aye, and a flood of ills thou guessest not
Shall set thyself and children in one line.
Flout then both Creon and my words, for none
Of mortals shall be stricken worse than thou.

OEDIPUS

Must I endure this fellow's insolence?
A murrain on thee! Get thee hence! Begone!
Avaunt! and never cross my threshold more.

TEIRESIAS

I ne'er had come hadst thou not bidden me.

OEDIPUS

I knew not thou wouldst utter folly, else
Long hadst thou waited to be summoned here.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἡμεῖς τοιοίδ᾽ ἔφυμεν, ὡς μὲν σοὶ δοκεῖ,
μῶροι, γονεῦσι δ᾽, οἵ σ᾽ ἔφυσαν, ἔμφρονες.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίοισι; μεῖνον. τίς δέ μ᾽ ἐκφύει βροτῶν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἥδ᾽ ἡμέρα φύσει σε καὶ διαφθερεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς πάντ᾽ ἄγαν αἰνικτὰ κἀσαφῆ λέγεις.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὔκουν σὺ ταῦτ᾽ ἄριστος εὑρίσκειν ἔφυς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τοιαῦτ᾽ ὀνείδιζ᾽, οἷς ἔμ᾽ εὑρήσεις μέγαν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

αὕτη γε μέντοι σ᾽ ἡ τύχη διώλεσεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ εἰ πόλιν τήνδ᾽ ἐξέσωσ᾽, οὔ μοι μέλει.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἄπειμι τοίνυν· καὶ σύ, παῖ, κόμιζέ με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κομιζέτω δῆθ᾽· ὡς παρὼν σύ γ᾽ ἐμποδὼν
ὀχλεῖς, συθείς τ᾽ ἂν οὐκ ἂν ἀλγύνοις πλέον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἰπὼν ἄπειμ᾽ ὧν οὕνεκ᾽ ἦλθον, οὐ τὸ σὸν
δείσας πρόσωπον· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ᾽ ὅπου μ᾽ ὀλεῖς.
λέγω δέ σοι· τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, ὃν πάλαι
ζητεῖς ἀπειλῶν κἀνακηρύσσων φόνον
τὸν Λαΐειον, οὗτός ἐστιν ἐνθάδε,
ξένος λόγῳ μέτοικος, εἶτα δ᾽ ἐγγενὴς
φανήσεται Θηβαῖος, οὐδ᾽ ἡσθήσεται
τῇ ξυμφορᾷ· τυφλὸς γὰρ ἐκ δεδορκότος

TEIRESIAS

Such am I—as it seems to thee a fool,
But to the parents who begat thee, wise.

OEDIPUS

What sayest thou—"parents"? Who begat me, say?

TEIRESIAS

This day shall be thy cradle-day, and grave.

OEDIPUS

Thou lov'st to speak in riddles and dark words.

TEIRESIAS

In reading riddles who so skilled as thou?

OEDIPUS

Twit me with that wherein my greatness lies.

TEIRESIAS

And yet this very greatness proved thy bane.

OEDIPUS

No matter if I saved the commonwealth.

TEIRESIAS

'Tis time I went. Come, boy, and take me home.

OEDIPUS

Aye, take him quickly, for his presence irks
And lets me; gone, thou canst not plague me more.

TEIRESIAS

I go, but first will tell thee why I came.
Thy frown I dread not, for thou canst not harm me.
Hear then: this man whom thou hast sought to arrest
With threats and warrants this long while, the wretch
Who murdered Laïus—that man is here.
He passes for an alien in the land
But soon shall prove a Theban, native born.
And yet his fortune brings him little joy;
For blind of seeing, clad in beggar's weeds,

καὶ πτωχὸς ἀντὶ πλουσίου ξένην ἔπι
σκήπτρῳ προδεικνὺς γαῖαν ἐμπορεύσεται.
φανήσεται δὲ παισὶ τοῖς αὑτοῦ ξυνὼν
ἀδελφὸς αὑτὸς καὶ πατήρ, κἀξ ἧς ἔφυ
γυναικὸς υἱὸς καὶ πόσις, καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς
ὁμόσπορός τε καὶ φονεύς. καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἰὼν
εἴσω λογίζου· κἂν λάβῃς ἐψευσμένον,
φάσκειν ἔμ᾽ ἤδη μαντικῇ μηδὲν φρονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α΄

τίς ὅντιν᾽ ἁ θεσπιέπεια Δελφὶς εἶπε πέτρα
ἄρρητ᾽ ἀρρήτων τελέσαντα φοινίαισι χερσίν;
ὥρα νιν ἀελλάδων
ἵππων σθεναρώτερον
φυγᾷ πόδα νωμᾶν.
ἔνοπλος γὰρ ἐπ᾽ αὐτὸν ἐπενθρῴσκει
πυρὶ καὶ στεροπαῖς ὁ Διὸς γενέτας,
δειναὶ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕπονται
κῆρες ἀναπλάκητοι.

ἀντ. α΄

ἔλαμψε γὰρ τοῦ νιφόεντος ἀρτίως φανεῖσα
φάμα Παρνασοῦ τὸν ἄδηλον ἄνδρα πάντ᾽ ἰχνεύειν.
φοιτᾷ γὰρ ὑπ᾽ ἀγρίαν
ὕλαν ἀνά τ᾽ ἄντρα καὶ
πέτρας ἰσόταυρος [1]
μέλεος μελέῳ ποδὶ χηρεύων,
τὰ μεσόμφαλα γᾶς ἀπονοσφίζων
μαντεῖα· τὰ δ᾽ ἀεὶ
ζῶντα περιποτᾶται.

[1] πετραῖος ὁ ταῦρος L., corr. J. F. Martin.

For purple robes, and leaning on his staff,
To a strange land he soon shall grope his way.
And of the children, inmates of his home,
He shall be proved the brother and the sire,
Of her who bare him son and husband both,
Co-partner and assassin of his sire.
Go in and ponder this, and if thou find
That I have missed the mark, henceforth declare
I have no wit nor skill in prophecy.

[*Exeunt* TEIRESIAS *and* OEDIPUS

CHORUS (*Str.* 1)

Who is he by voice immortal named from Pythia's rocky cell,
Doer of foul deeds of bloodshed, horrors that no tongue can tell?
A foot for flight he needs
Fleeter than storm-swift steeds,
For on his heels doth follow,
Armed with the lightnings of his Sire, Apollo.
Like sleuth-hounds too
The Fates pursue.

(*Ant.* 1)

Yea, but now flashed forth the summons from Parnassus' snowy peak,
"Near and far the undiscovered doer of this murder seek!"
Now like a sullen bull he roves
Through forest brakes and upland groves,
And vainly seeks to fly
The doom that ever nigh
Flits o'er his head,
Still by the avenging Phoebus sped,
The voice divine,
From Earth's mid shrine.

στρ. β΄

δεινὰ μὲν οὖν, δεινὰ ταράσσει σοφὸς οἰωνοθέτας
οὔτε δοκοῦντ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἀποφάσκονθ᾽· ὅ τι λέξω δ᾽ ἀπορῶ.
πέτομαι δ᾽ ἐλπίσιν οὔτ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ὁρῶν οὔτ᾽ ὀπίσω.
τί γὰρ ἢ Λαβδακίδαις
ἢ τῷ Πολύβου νεῖκος ἔκειτ᾽, οὔτε πάροιθέν ποτ᾽ ἔγωγ᾽
ἔμαθον, πρὸς ὅτου δὴ βασανίζων[1] βασάνῳ
ἐπὶ τὰν ἐπίδαμον φάτιν εἶμ᾽ Οἰδιπόδα Λαβδακίδαις
ἐπίκουρος ἀδήλων θανάτων.

ἀντ. β΄

ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν οὖν Ζεὺς ὅ τ᾽ Ἀπόλλων ξυνετοὶ καὶ τὰ βροτῶν
εἰδότες· ἀνδρῶν δ᾽ ὅτι μάντις πλέον ἢ ᾽γὼ φέρεται,
κρίσις οὐκ ἔστιν ἀλαθής· σοφίᾳ δ᾽ ἂν σοφίαν
παραμείψειεν ἀνήρ.
ἀλλ᾽ οὔποτ᾽ ἔγωγ᾽ ἄν, πρὶν ἴδοιμ᾽ ὀρθὸν ἔπος, μεμφομένων ἂν καταφαίην.
φανερὰ γὰρ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ πτερόεσσ᾽ ἦλθε κόρα
ποτέ, καὶ σοφὸς ὤφθη βασάνῳ θ᾽ ἁδύπολις· τῷ ἀπ᾽ ἐμᾶς
φρενὸς οὔποτ᾽ ὀφλήσει κακίαν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄνδρες πολῖται, δείν᾽ ἔπη πεπυσμένος
κατηγορεῖν μου τὸν τύραννον Οἰδίπουν,

[1] Jebb adds βασανίζων.

(*Str.* 2)

Sore perplexèd am I by the words of the master seer.
Are they true, are they false? I know not and bridle my tongue for fear,
Fluttered with vague surmise; nor present nor future is clear.
Quarrel of ancient date or in days still near know I none
Twixt the Labdacidan house and our ruler, Polybus' son.
Proof is there none: how then can I challenge our King's good name,
How in a blood-feud join for an untracked deed of shame?

(*Ant.* 2)

All wise are Zeus and Apollo, and nothing is hid from their ken;
They are gods; and in wits a man may surpass his fellow men;
But that a mortal seer knows more than I know—where
Hath this been proven? Or how without sign assured, can I blame
Him who saved our State when the wingèd songstress came,
Tested and tried in the light of us all, like gold assayed?
How can I now assent when a crime is on Oedipus laid?

CREON

Friends, countrymen, I learn King Oedipus
Hath laid against me a most grievous charge,

πάρειμ' ἀτλητῶν. εἰ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς ξυμφοραῖς
ταῖς νῦν νομίζει πρός γ' ἐμοῦ πεπονθέναι
λόγοισιν εἴτ' ἔργοισιν εἰς βλάβην φέρον,
οὔτοι βίου μοι τοῦ μακραίωνος πόθος,
φέροντι τήνδε βάξιν. οὐ γὰρ εἰς ἁπλοῦν
ἡ ζημία μοι τοῦ λόγου τούτου φέρει,
ἀλλ' ἐς μέγιστον, εἰ κακὸς μὲν ἐν πόλει,
κακὸς δὲ πρὸς σοῦ καὶ φίλων κεκλήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἦλθε μὲν δὴ τοῦτο τοὔνειδος τάχ' ἂν
ὀργῇ βιασθὲν μᾶλλον ἢ γνώμῃ φρενῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοὔπος δ' ἐφάνθη, ταῖς ἐμαῖς γνώμαις ὅτι
πεισθεὶς ὁ μάντις τοὺς λόγους ψευδεῖς λέγοι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ηὐδᾶτο μὲν τάδ', οἶδα δ' οὐ γνώμῃ τίνι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐξ ὀμμάτων δ' ὀρθῶν τε κἀξ ὀρθῆς φρενὸς
κατηγορεῖτο τοὐπίκλημα τοῦτό μου;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἃ γὰρ δρῶσ' οἱ κρατοῦντες οὐχ ὁρῶ.
αὐτὸς δ' ὅδ' ἤδη δωμάτων ἔξω περᾷ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος σύ, πῶς δεῦρ' ἦλθες; ἦ τοσόνδ' ἔχεις
τόλμης πρόσωπον ὥστε τὰς ἐμὰς στέγας
ἵκου, φονεὺς ὢν τοῦδε τἀνδρὸς ἐμφανῶς
λῃστής τ' ἐναργὴς τῆς ἐμῆς τυραννίδος;
φέρ' εἰπὲ πρὸς θεῶν, δειλίαν ἢ μωρίαν
ἰδών τιν' ἔν μοι ταῦτ' ἐβουλεύσω ποεῖν;
ἢ τοὔργον ὡς οὐ γνωριοῖμί σου τόδε

And come to you protesting. If he deems
That I have harmed or injured him in aught
By word or deed in this our present trouble,
I care not to prolong my span of life,
Thus ill-reputed ; for the calumny
Hits not a single blot, but blasts my name,
If by the general voice I am denounced
False to the State and false by you my friends.

CHORUS

This taunt, it well may be, was blurted out
In petulance, not spoken advisedly.

CREON

Did any dare pretend that it was I
Prompted the seer to utter a forged charge?

CHORUS

Such things were said; with what intent I know not.

CREON

Were not his wits and vision all astray
When upon me he fixed this monstrous charge ?

CHORUS

I know not ; to my sovereign's acts I am blind.
But lo, he comes to answer for himself.

Enter OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS

Sirrah, what mak'st thou here ? Dost thou presume
To approach my doors, thou brazen-facèd rogue,
My murderer and the filcher of my crown ?
Come, answer this, didst thou detect in me
Some touch of cowardice or witlessness,
That made thee undertake this enterprise ?
I seemed forsooth too simple to perceive
The serpent stealing on me in the dark,

δόλῳ προσέρπον ἢ οὐκ[1] ἀλεξοίμην μαθών;
ἆρ' οὐχὶ μῶρόν ἐστι τοὐγχείρημά σου,
ἄνευ τε πλήθους καὶ φίλων τυραννίδα
θηρᾶν, ὃ πλήθει χρήμασίν θ' ἁλίσκεται;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἶσθ' ὡς πόησον; ἀντὶ τῶν εἰρημένων
ἴσ' ἀντάκουσον, κᾆτα κρῖν' αὐτὸς μαθών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

λέγειν σὺ δεινός, μανθάνειν δ' ἐγὼ κακὸς
σοῦ· δυσμενῆ γὰρ καὶ βαρύν σ' ηὕρηκ' ἐμοί.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ νῦν μου πρῶτ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἐρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ μή μοι φράζ', ὅπως οὐκ εἶ κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἴ τοι νομίζεις κτῆμα τὴν αὐθαδίαν
εἶναί τι τοῦ νοῦ χωρίς, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἴ τοι νομίζεις ἄνδρα συγγενῆ κακῶς
δρῶν οὐχ ὑφέξειν τὴν δίκην, οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ξύμφημί σοι ταῦτ' ἔνδικ' εἰρῆσθαι· τὸ δὲ
πάθημ' ὁποῖον φῂς παθεῖν, δίδασκέ με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔπειθες ἢ οὐκ ἔπειθες, ὡς χρείη μ' ἐπὶ
τὸν σεμνόμαντιν ἄνδρα πέμψασθαί τινα;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ νῦν ἔθ' αὑτός εἰμι τῷ βουλεύματι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πόσον τιν' ἤδη δῆθ' ὁ Λάϊος χρόνον

[1] ἢ οὐκ, Spengel's correction for MSS. κοὐκ.

Or else too weak to scotch it when I saw.
'Tis *thou* art witless seeking to possess
Without a following or friends the crown,
A prize that followers and wealth must win.

CREON

Attend me. Thou hast spoken, 'tis my turn
To make reply. Then having heard me, judge.

OEDIPUS

Thou art glib of tongue, but I am slow to learn
Of thee; I know too well thy venomous hate.

CREON

First I would argue out this very point.

OEDIPUS

O argue not that thou art not a rogue.

CREON

If thou dost count a virtue stubbornness,
Unschooled by reason, thou art much astray.

OEDIPUS

If thou dost hold a kinsman may be wronged,
And no pains follow, thou art much to seek.

CREON

Therein thou judgest rightly, but this wrong
That thou allegest—tell me what it is.

OEDIPUS

Didst thou or didst thou not advise that I
Should call the priest?

CREON

Yes, and I stand to it.

OEDIPUS

Tell me how long is it since Laïus . . .

ΚΡΕΩΝ
δέδρακε ποῖον ἔργον; οὐ γὰρ ἐννοῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἄφαντος ἔρρει θανασίμῳ χειρώματι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
μακροὶ παλαιοί τ' ἂν μετρηθεῖεν χρόνοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τότ' οὖν ὁ μάντις οὗτος ἦν ἐν τῇ τέχνῃ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοφός γ' ὁμοίως κἀξ ἴσου τιμώμενος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐμνήσατ' οὖν ἐμοῦ τι τῷ τότ' ἐν χρόνῳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὔκουν ἐμοῦ γ' ἑστῶτος οὐδαμοῦ πέλας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔρευναν τοῦ κτανόντος ἔσχετε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
παρέσχομεν, πῶς δ' οὐχί; κοὐκ ἠκούσαμεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς οὖν τόθ' οὗτος ὁ σοφὸς οὐκ ηὔδα τάδε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐφ' οἷς γὰρ μὴ φρονῶ σιγᾶν φιλῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τοσόνδε γ' οἶσθα καὶ λέγοις ἂν εὖ φρονῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ποῖον τόδ'; εἰ γὰρ οἶδά γ', οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁθούνεκ', εἰ μὴ σοὶ ξυνῆλθε, τάσδ' ἐμὰς
οὐκ ἄν ποτ' εἶπε Λαΐου διαφθοράς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
εἰ μὲν λέγει τάδ', αὐτὸς οἶσθ'· ἐγὼ δὲ σοῦ
μαθεῖν δικαιῶ ταὔθ' ἅπερ κἀμοῦ σὺ νῦν.

CREON

Since Laïus . . . ? I follow not thy drift.

OEDIPUS

By violent hands was spirited away.

CREON

In the dim past, a many years agone.

OEDIPUS

Did this same prophet then pursue his craft?

CREON

Yes, skilled as now and in no less repute.

OEDIPUS

Did he at that time ever glance at me?

CREON

Not to my knowledge, not when I was by.

OEDIPUS

But was no search and inquisition made?

CREON

Surely full quest was made, but nothing learnt.

OEDIPUS

Why failed the seer to tell his story *then*?

CREON

I know not, and not knowing hold my tongue.

OEDIPUS

This much thou knowest and canst surely tell.

CREON

What mean'st thou? All I know I will declare.

OEDIPUS

But for thy prompting never had the seer
Ascribed to me the death of Laïus.

CREON

If so he says thou knowest best; but I
Would put thee to the question in my turn.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐκμάνθαν'· οὐ γὰρ δὴ φονεὺς ἁλώσομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δῆτ'; ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν γήμας ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄρνησις οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὧν ἀνιστορεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄρχεις δ' ἐκείνῃ ταὐτὰ γῆς ἴσον νέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἂν ᾖ θέλουσα πάντ' ἐμοῦ κομίζεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔκουν ἰσοῦμαι σφῷν ἐγὼ δυοῖν τρίτος;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ καὶ κακὸς φαίνει φίλος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔκ, εἰ διδοίης γ' ὡς ἐγὼ σαυτῷ λόγον.
σκέψαι δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον, εἴ τιν' ἂν δοκεῖς
ἄρχειν ἑλέσθαι ξὺν φόβοισι μᾶλλον ἢ
ἄτρεστον εὕδοντ', εἰ τά γ' αὔθ' ἕξει κράτη.
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὔτ' αὐτὸς ἱμείρων ἔφυν
τύραννος εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννα δρᾶν,
οὔτ' ἄλλος ὅστις σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται.
νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ πάντ' ἄνευ φόβου φέρω,
εἰ δ' αὐτὸς ἦρχον, πολλὰ κἂν ἄκων ἔδρων.
πῶς δῆτ' ἐμοὶ τυραννὶς ἡδίων ἔχειν
ἀρχῆς ἀλύπου καὶ δυναστείας ἔφυ;
οὔπω τοσοῦτον ἠπατημένος κυρῶ
ὥστ' ἄλλα χρῄζειν ἢ τὰ σὺν κέρδει καλά.
νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω, νῦν με πᾶς ἀσπάζεται,
νῦν οἱ σέθεν χρῄζοντες ἐκκαλοῦσί με·
τὸ γὰρ τυχεῖν αὐτοῖσι πᾶν ἐνταῦθ' ἔνι.

OEDIPUS

Question and prove me murderer if thou canst.

CREON

Then let me ask thee, didst thou wed my sister?

OEDIPUS

A fact so plain I cannot well deny.

CREON

And as thy consort queen she shares the throne?

OEDIPUS

I grant her freely all her heart desires.

CREON

And with you twain I share the triple rule?

OEDIPUS

Yea, this it is that proves thee a false friend.

CREON

Not so, if thou wouldst reason with thyself,
As I with myself. First, I bid thee think,
Would any mortal choose a troubled reign
Of terrors rather than secure repose,
If the same power were given him? As for me,
I have no natural craving for the name
Of king, preferring to do kingly deeds,
And so thinks every sober-minded man.
Now all my needs are satisfied through thee,
And I have nought to fear; but were I king,
My acts would oft run counter to my will.
How could a title then have charms for me
Above the sweets of boundless influence?
I am not so infatuate as to grasp
The shadow when I hold the substance fast.
Now all men cry me Godspeed! wish me well,
And every suitor seeks to gain my ear,
If he would hope to win a grace from thee.

πῶς δῆτ᾽ ἐγὼ κεῖν᾽ ἂν λάβοιμ᾽ ἀφεὶς τάδε;
οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο νοῦς κακὸς καλῶς φρονῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἐραστὴς τῆσδε τῆς γνώμης ἔφυν
οὔτ᾽ ἂν μετ᾽ ἄλλου δρῶντος ἂν τλαίην ποτέ.
καὶ τῶνδ᾽ ἔλεγχον τοῦτο μὲν Πυθώδ᾽ ἰὼν
πεύθου τὰ χρησθέντ᾽ εἰ σαφῶς ἤγγειλά σοι·
τοῦτ᾽ ἄλλ᾽, ἐάν με τῷ τερασκόπῳ λάβῃς
κοινῇ τι βουλεύσαντα, μή μ᾽ ἁπλῇ κτάνῃς
ψήφῳ, διπλῇ δέ, τῇ τ᾽ ἐμῇ καὶ σῇ, λαβών·
γνώμῃ δ᾽ ἀδήλῳ μή με χωρὶς αἰτιῶ.
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον οὔτε τοὺς κακοὺς μάτην
χρηστοὺς νομίζειν οὔτε τοὺς χρηστοὺς κακούς.
φίλον γὰρ ἐσθλὸν ἐκβαλεῖν ἴσον λέγω
καὶ τὸν παρ᾽ αὑτῷ βίοτον, ὃν πλεῖστον φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐν χρόνῳ γνώσει τάδ᾽ ἀσφαλῶς, ἐπεὶ
χρόνος δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν μόνος·
κακὸν δὲ κἂν ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γνοίης μιᾷ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξεν εὐλαβουμένῳ πεσεῖν,
ἄναξ· φρονεῖν γὰρ οἱ ταχεῖς οὐκ ἀσφαλεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν ταχύς τις οὑπιβουλεύων λάθρᾳ
χωρῇ, ταχὺν δεῖ κἀμὲ βουλεύειν πάλιν·
εἰ δ᾽ ἡσυχάζων προσμενῶ, τὰ τοῦδε μὲν
πεπραγμέν᾽ ἔσται, τἀμὰ δ᾽ ἡμαρτημένα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δῆτα χρῄζεις; ἦ με γῆς ἔξω βαλεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἥκιστα· θνῄσκειν, οὐ φυγεῖν σε βούλομαι.
ὡς ἂν προδείξῃς οἷόν ἐστι τὸ φθονεῖν.[1]

[1] MSS. give 624 to Creon and 625 to Oedipus. Jebb corrects and supposes a line to have fallen out between 625 and 626.

Why should I leave the better, choose the worse?
That were sheer madness, and I am not mad.
No such ambition ever tempted me,
Nor would I have a share in such intrigue.
And if thou doubt me, first to Delphi go,
There ascertain if my report was true
Of the god's answer; next investigate
If with the seer I plotted or conspired,
And if it prove so, sentence me to death,
Not by thy voice alone, but mine and thine.
But O condemn me not, without appeal,
On bare suspicion. 'Tis not right to adjudge
Bad men at random good, or good men bad.
I would as lief a man should cast away
The thing he counts most precious, his own life,
As spurn a true friend. Thou wilt learn in time
The truth, for time alone reveals the just;
A villain is detected in a day.

CHORUS

To one who walketh warily his words
Commend themselves; swift counsels are not sure.

OEDIPUS

When with swift strides the stealthy plotter stalks
I must be quick too with my counterplot.
To wait his onset passively, for him
Is sure success, for me assured defeat.

CREON

What then's thy will? To banish me the land?

OEDIPUS

I would not have thee banished, no, but dead,
That men may mark the wages envy reaps.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὡς οὐχ ὑπείξων οὐδὲ πιστεύσων λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

*　　*　　*　　*　　*　　*

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ γὰρ φρονοῦντά σ' εὖ βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸ γοῦν ἐμόν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἐξ ἴσου δεῖ κἀμόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἔφυς κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ δὲ ξυνίης μηδέν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀρκτέον γ' ὅμως.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔτοι κακῶς γ' ἄρχοντος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πόλις πόλις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κἀμοὶ πόλεως μέτεστιν, οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθ', ἄνακτες· καιρίαν δ' ὑμῖν ὁρῶ
τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων στείχουσαν Ἰοκάστην, μεθ' ἧς
τὸ νῦν παρεστὸς νεῖκος εὖ θέσθαι χρεών.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί τὴν ἄβουλον, ὦ ταλαίπωροι, στάσιν
γλώσσης ἐπήρασθ' οὐδ' ἐπαισχύνεσθε γῆς
οὕτω νοσούσης ἴδια κινοῦντες κακά;

CREON

I see thou wilt not yield, nor credit me.

OEDIPUS

[None but a fool would credit such as thou.]

CREON

Thou art not wise.

OEDIPUS

Wise for myself at least.

CREON

Why not for me too?

OEDIPUS

Why for such a knave?

CREON

Suppose thou lackest sense.

OEDIPUS

Yet kings must rule.

CREON

Not if they rule ill.

OEDIPUS

O my Thebans, hear him!

CREON

Thy Thebans? am not I a Theban too?

CHORUS

Cease, princes; lo there comes, and none too soon
Jocasta from the palace. Who so fit
As peacemaker to reconcile your feud?

Enter JOCASTA.

JOCASTA

Misguided princes, why have ye upraised
This wordy wrangle? Are ye not ashamed,
While the whole land lies stricken, thus to voice
Your private injuries? Go in, my lord;

οὐκ εἶ σύ τ' οἴκους σύ τε, Κρέων, κατὰ στέγας,
καὶ μὴ τὸ μηδὲν ἄλγος εἰς μέγ' οἴσετε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅμαιμε, δεινά μ' Οἰδίπους ὁ σὸς πόσις
δρᾶσαι δικαιοῖ δυοῖν ἀποκρίνας κακοῖν,
ἢ γῆς ἀπῶσαι πατρίδος ἢ κτεῖναι λαβών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ξύμφημι· δρῶντα γάρ νιν, ὦ γύναι, κακῶς
εἴληφα τοὐμὸν σῶμα σὺν τέχνῃ κακῇ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

μή νυν ὀναίμην, ἀλλ' ἀραῖος, εἴ σέ τι
δέδρακ', ὀλοίμην, ὧν ἐπαιτιᾷ με δρᾶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ὦ πρὸς θεῶν πίστευσον, Οἰδίπους, τάδε,
μάλιστα μὲν τόνδ' ὅρκον αἰδεσθεὶς θεῶν,
ἔπειτα κἀμὲ τούσδε θ' οἳ πάρεισί σοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ — στρ. α'

πιθοῦ θελήσας φρονήσας τ', ἄναξ, λίσσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί σοι θέλεις δῆτ' εἰκάθω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸν οὔτε πρὶν νήπιον νῦν τ' ἐν ὅρκῳ μέγαν καταί-
δεσαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἶσθ' οὖν ἃ χρῄζεις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φράζε δὴ τί φής.

Go home, my brother, and forbear to make
A public scandal of a petty grief.

CREON

My royal sister, Oedipus, thy lord,
Hath bid me choose (O dread alternative !)
An outlaw's exile or a felon's death.

OEDIPUS

Yes, lady; I have caught him practising
Against my royal person his vile arts.

CREON

May I ne'er speed but die accursed, if I
In any way am guilty of this charge.

JOCASTA

Believe him, I adjure thee, Oedipus,
First for his solemn oath's sake, then for mine,
And for thine elders' sake who wait on thee.

CHORUS (*Str.* 1)

Hearken, King, reflect, we pray thee, be not stubborn
but relent.

OEDIPUS

Say to what should I consent?

CHORUS

Respect a man whose probity and troth
Are known to all and now confirmed by oath,

OEDIPUS

Dost know what grace thou cravest?

CHORUS

Yea, I know.

OEDIPUS

Declare it then and make thy meaning plain.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸν ἐναγῆ φίλον μήποτ' ἐν αἰτίᾳ
σὺν ἀφανεῖ λόγῳ σ' ἄτιμον βαλεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εὖ νυν ἐπίστω, ταῦθ' ὅταν ζητῇς, ἐμοὶ
ζητῶν ὄλεθρον ἢ φυγὴν ἐκ τῆσδε γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ τὸν πάντων θεῶν θεὸν πρόμον στρ. β'
Ἅλιον· ἐπεὶ ἄθεος ἄφιλος ὅ τι πύματον
ὀλοίμαν, φρόνησιν εἰ τάνδ' ἔχω.
ἀλλά μοι δυσμόρῳ γᾶ φθινὰς
τρύχει ψυχάν, τάδ' εἰ κακοῖς κακὰ
προσάψει τοῖς πάλαι τὰ πρὸς σφῷν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ δ' οὖν ἴτω, κεἰ χρή με παντελῶς θανεῖν
ἢ γῆς ἄτιμον τῆσδ' ἀπωσθῆναι βίᾳ.
τὸ γὰρ σόν, οὐ τὸ τοῦδ', ἐποικτίρω στόμα
ἐλεινόν· οὗτος δ' ἔνθ' ἂν ᾖ στυγήσεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

στυγνὸς μὲν εἴκων δῆλος εἶ, βαρὺς δ', ὅταν
θυμοῦ περάσῃς· αἱ δὲ τοιαῦται φύσεις
αὑταῖς δικαίως εἰσὶν ἄλγισται φέρειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὔκουν μ' ἐάσεις κἀκτὸς εἶ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πορεύσομαι,
σοῦ μὲν τυχὼν ἀγνῶτος, ἐν δὲ τοῖσδ' ἴσος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀντ. α'
γύναι, τί μέλλεις κομίζειν δόμων τόνδ' ἔσω;

CHORUS

Brand not a friend whom babbling tongues assail;
Let not suspicion 'gainst his oath prevail.

OEDIPUS

Bethink you that in seeking this ye seek
In very sooth my death or banishment?

CHORUS

No, by the leader of the host divine! (*Str.* 2)
Witness, thou Sun, such thought was never mine,
Unblest, unfriended may I perish,
If ever I such wish did cherish!
But O my heart is desolate
Musing on our stricken State,
Doubly fall'n should discord grow
Twixt you twain, to crown our woe.

OEDIPUS

Well, let him go, no matter what it cost me,
Or certain death or shameful banishment,
For your sake I relent, not his; and him,
Where'er he be, my heart shall still abhor.

CREON

Thou art as sullen in thy yielding mood
As in thine anger thou wast truculent.
Such tempers justly plague themselves the most.

OEDIPUS

Leave me in peace and get thee gone.

CREON

I go,
By thee misjudged, but justified by these.

[*Exit* CREON.

CHORUS (*Ant.* 1)

Lady, lead indoors thy consort; wherefore longer here delay?

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μαθοῦσά γ' ἥτις ἡ τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δόκησις ἀγνὼς λόγων ἦλθε, δάπτει δὲ καὶ τὸ μὴ
'νδικον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀμφοῖν ἀπ' αὐτοῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ναίχι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ τίς ἦν λόγος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἅλις ἔμοιγ', ἅλις, γᾶς προπονουμένας,
φαίνεται ἔνθ' ἔληξεν αὐτοῦ μένειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁρᾷς ἵν' ἥκεις, ἀγαθὸς ὢν γνώμην ἀνήρ,
τοὐμὸν παριεὶς καὶ καταμβλύνων κέαρ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦναξ, εἶπον μὲν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον, ἀντ. β′
ἴσθι δὲ παραφρόνιμον, ἄπορον ἐπὶ φρόνιμα
πεφάνθαι μ' ἄν, εἴ σ' ἐνοσφιζόμαν,
ὅς τ' ἐμὰν γᾶν φίλαν ἐν πόνοις
ἀλύουσαν κατ' ὀρθὸν οὔρισας,
τανῦν τ' εὔπομπος, ἂν γένοιο.[1]

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πρὸς θεῶν δίδαξον κἄμ', ἄναξ, ὅτου ποτὲ
μῆνιν τοσήνδε πράγματος στήσας ἔχεις.

[1] εἰ δύναιο γενοῦ MSS., ἂν γένοιο Blaydes.

JOCASTA

Tell me first how rose the fray.

CHORUS

Rumours bred unjust suspicions and injustice rankles sore.

JOCASTA

Were both at fault then?

CHORUS

Both.

JOCASTA

What was the tale?

CHORUS

Ask me no more. The land is sore distressed;
'Twere better sleeping ills to leave at rest.

OEDIPUS

Strange counsel, friend! I know thou mean'st me well,
And yet would'st mitigate and blunt my zeal.

CHORUS (*Ant.* 2)

King, I say it once again,
Witless were I proved, insane,
If I lightly put away
Thee my country's prop and stay,
Pilot who, in danger sought,
To a quiet haven brought
Our distracted State; and now
Who can guide us right but thou?

JOCASTA

Let me too, I adjure thee, know, O king,
What cause has stirred this unrelenting wrath.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐρῶ· σὲ γὰρ τῶνδ' ἐς πλέον, γύναι, σέβω·
Κρέοντος, οἷά μοι βεβουλευκὼς ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

λέγ', εἰ σαφῶς τὸ νεῖκος ἐγκαλῶν ἐρεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φονέα με φησὶ Λαΐου καθεστάναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

αὐτὸς ξυνειδὼς ἢ μαθὼν ἄλλου πάρα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μάντιν μὲν οὖν κακοῦργον εἰσπέμψας, ἐπεὶ
τό γ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν πᾶν ἐλευθεροῖ στόμα.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

σύ νυν ἀφεὶς σεαυτὸν ὧν λέγεις πέρι
ἐμοῦ 'πάκουσον καὶ μάθ' οὕνεκ' ἐστί σοι
βρότειον οὐδὲν μαντικῆς ἔχον τέχνης.
φανῶ δέ σοι σημεῖα τῶνδε σύντομα.
χρησμὸς γὰρ ἦλθε Λαΐῳ ποτ', οὐκ ἐρῶ
Φοίβου γ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ, τῶν δ' ὑπηρετῶν ἄπο,
ὡς αὐτὸν ἕξοι μοῖρα πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν,
ὅστις γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀκείνου πάρα.
καὶ τὸν μέν, ὥσπερ γ' ἡ φάτις, ξένοι ποτὲ
λῃσταὶ φονεύουσ' ἐν τριπλαῖς ἁμαξιτοῖς·
παιδὸς δὲ βλάστας οὐ διέσχον ἡμέραι
τρεῖς, καί νιν ἄρθρα κεῖνος ἐνζεύξας ποδοῖν
ἔρριψεν ἄλλων χερσὶν ἄβατον εἰς ὄρος.
κἀνταῦθ' Ἀπόλλων οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον ἤνυσεν
φονέα γενέσθαι πατρὸς οὔτε Λάϊον
τὸ δεινὸν οὑφοβεῖτο πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν.

OEDIPUS

I will, for thou art more to me than these.
Lady, the cause is Creon and his plots.

JOCASTA

But what provoked the quarrel? make this clear.

OEDIPUS

He points me out as Laïus' murderer.

JOCASTA

Of his own knowledge or upon report?

OEDIPUS

He is too cunning to commit himself,
And makes a mouthpiece of a knavish seer.

JOCASTA

Then thou mayst ease thy conscience on that score.
Listen and I'll convince thee that no man
Hath scot or lot in the prophetic art.
Here is the proof in brief. An oracle
Once came to Laïus (I will not say
'Twas from the Delphic god himself, but from
His ministers) declaring he was doomed
To perish by the hand of his own son,
A child that should be born to him by me.
Now Laïus—so at least report affirmed—
Was murdered on a day by highwaymen,
No natives, at a spot where three roads meet.
As for the child, it was but three days old,
When Laïus, its ankles pierced and pinned
Together, gave it to be cast away
By others on the trackless mountain side.
So then Apollo brought it not to pass
The child should be his father's murderer,
Or the dread terror find accomplishment,
And Laïus be slain by his own son.

τοιαῦτα φῆμαι μαντικαὶ διώρισαν,
ὧν ἐντρέπου σὺ μηδέν· ὧν γὰρ ἂν θεὸς
χρείαν ἐρευνᾷ, ῥᾳδίως αὐτὸς φανεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἷόν μ' ἀκούσαντ' ἀρτίως ἔχει, γύναι,
ψυχῆς πλάνημα κἀνακίνησις φρενῶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ποίας μερίμνης τοῦθ' ὑποστραφεὶς λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔδοξ' ἀκοῦσαι σοῦ τόδ', ὡς ὁ Λάϊος
κατασφαγείη πρὸς τριπλαῖς ἁμαξιτοῖς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ηὐδᾶτο γὰρ ταῦτ' οὐδέ πω λήξαντ' ἔχει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ ποῦ 'σθ' ὁ χῶρος οὗτος οὗ τόδ' ἦν πάθος;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

Φωκὶς μὲν ἡ γῆ κλῄζεται, σχιστὴ δ' ὁδὸς
ἐς ταὐτὸ Δελφῶν κἀπὸ Δαυλίας ἄγει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ τίς χρόνος τοῖσδ' ἐστὶν οὑξεληλυθώς;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

σχεδόν τι πρόσθεν ἢ σὺ τῆσδ' ἔχων χθονὸς
ἀρχὴν ἐφαίνου, τοῦτ' ἐκηρύχθη πόλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί μου δρᾶσαι βεβούλευσαι πέρι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ' ἐστί σοι τοῦτ', Οἰδίπους, ἐνθύμιον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μήπω μ' ἐρώτα· τὸν δὲ Λάϊον φύσιν
τίν' ἦλθε φράζε, τίνα δ' ἀκμὴν ἥβης ἔχων.

Such was the prophet's horoscope. O king,
Regard it not. Whate'er the god deems fit
To search, himself unaided will reveal.

OEDIPUS

What memories, what wild tumult of the soul
Came o'er me, lady, as I heard thee speak!

JOCASTA

What mean'st thou? What has shocked and startled
thee?

OEDIPUS

Methought I heard thee say that Laïus
Was murdered at the meeting of three roads.

JOCASTA

So ran the story that is current still.

OEDIPUS

Where did this happen? Dost thou know the place?

JOCASTA

Phocis the land is called; the spot is where
Branch roads from Delphi and from Daulis meet.

OEDIPUS

And how long is it since these things befell?

JOCASTA

'Twas but a brief while ere thou wast proclaimed
Our country's ruler that the news was brought.

OEDIPUS

O Zeus, what hast thou willed to do with me!

JOCASTA

What is it, Oedipus, that moves thee so?

OEDIPUS

Ask me not yet; tell me the build and height
Of Laïus? Was he still in manhood's prime?

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μέγας, χνοάζων ἄρτι λευκανθὲς κάρα,
μορφῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς οὐκ ἀπεστάτει πολύ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴμοι τάλας· ἔοικ᾽ ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀρὰς
δεινὰς προβάλλων ἀρτίως οὐκ εἰδέναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πῶς φῄς; ὀκνῶ τοι πρός σ᾽ ἀποσκοποῦσ᾽, ἄναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δεινῶς ἀθυμῶ μὴ βλέπων ὁ μάντις ᾖ·
δείξεις δὲ μᾶλλον, ἢν ἓν ἐξείπῃς ἔτι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ μὴν ὀκνῶ μέν, ἃ δ᾽ ἂν ἔρῃ μαθοῦσ᾽ ἐρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερον ἐχώρει βαιὸς ἢ πολλοὺς ἔχων
ἄνδρας λοχίτας, οἷ᾽ ἀνὴρ ἀρχηγέτης;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πέντ᾽ ἦσαν οἱ ξύμπαντες, ἐν δ᾽ αὐτοῖσιν ἦν
κῆρυξ· ἀπήνη δ᾽ ἦγε Λάϊον μία.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αἰαῖ, τάδ᾽ ἤδη διαφανῆ. τίς ἦν ποτε
ὁ τούσδε λέξας τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν, γύναι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

οἰκεύς τις, ὅσπερ ἵκετ᾽ ἐκσωθεὶς μόνος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ κἀν δόμοισι τυγχάνει τανῦν παρών;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

οὐ δῆτ᾽· ἀφ᾽ οὗ γὰρ κεῖθεν ἦλθε καὶ κράτη
σέ τ᾽ εἶδ᾽ ἔχοντα Λάϊόν τ᾽ ὀλωλότα,
ἐξικέτευσε τῆς ἐμῆς χειρὸς θιγὼν

JOCASTA

Tall was he, and his hair was lightly strewn
With silver; and not unlike thee in form.

OEDIPUS

O woe is me! Methinks unwittingly
I laid but now a dread curse on myself.

JOCASTA

What say'st thou? When I look on thee, my king,
I tremble.

OEDIPUS

'Tis a dread presentiment
That in the end the seer will prove not blind.
One further question to resolve my doubt.

JOCASTA

I quail; but ask, and I will answer all.

OEDIPUS

Had he but few attendants or a train
Of armed retainers with him, like a prince?

JOCASTA

They were but five in all, and one of them
A herald; Laïus in a mule-car rode.

OEDIPUS

Alas! 'tis clear as noonday now. But say,
Lady, who carried this report to Thebes?

JOCASTA

A serf, the sole survivor who returned.

OEDIPUS

Haply he is at hand or in the house?

JOCASTA

No, for as soon as he returned and found
Thee reigning in the stead of Laïus slain,
He clasped my hand and supplicated me

ἀγρούς σφε πέμψαι κἀπὶ ποιμνίων νομάς,
ὡς πλεῖστον εἴη τοῦδ᾽ ἄποπτος ἄστεως.
κἄπεμψ᾽ ἐγώ νιν· ἄξιος γὰρ οἷ᾽ ἀνὴρ
δοῦλος φέρειν ἦν τῆσδε καὶ μείζω χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς ἂν μόλοι δῆθ᾽ ἡμὶν ἐν τάχει πάλιν;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πάρεστιν· ἀλλὰ πρὸς τί τοῦτ᾽ ἐφίεσαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δέδοικ᾽ ἐμαυτόν, ὦ γύναι, μὴ πόλλ᾽ ἄγαν
εἰρημέν᾽ ᾖ μοι δι᾽ ἅ νιν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀλλ᾽ ἵξεται μέν· ἀξία δέ που μαθεῖν
κἀγὼ τά γ᾽ ἐν σοὶ δυσφόρως ἔχοντ᾽, ἄναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κοὐ μὴ στερηθῇς γ᾽, ἐς τοσοῦτον ἐλπίδων
ἐμοῦ βεβῶτος· τῷ γὰρ ἂν καὶ μείζονι
λέξαιμ᾽ ἂν ἢ σοί, διὰ τύχης τοιᾶσδ᾽ ἰών;
ἐμοὶ πατὴρ μὲν Πόλυβος ἦν Κορίνθιος,
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρίς. ἠγόμην δ᾽ ἀνὴρ
ἀστῶν μέγιστος τῶν ἐκεῖ, πρίν μοι τύχη
τοιάδ᾽ ἐπέστη, θαυμάσαι μὲν ἀξία,
σπουδῆς γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς οὐκ ἀξία.
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἐν δείπνοις μ᾽ ὑπερπλησθεὶς μέθῃ
καλεῖ παρ᾽ οἴνῳ, πλαστὸς ὡς εἴην πατρί.
κἀγὼ βαρυνθεὶς τὴν μὲν οὖσαν ἡμέραν
μόλις κατέσχον, θἀτέρᾳ δ᾽ ἰὼν πέλας
μητρὸς πατρός τ᾽ ἤλεγχον· οἱ δὲ δυσφόρως
τοὔνειδος ἦγον τῷ μεθέντι τὸν λόγον.
κἀγὼ τὰ μὲν κείνοιν ἐτερπόμην, ὅμως δ᾽
ἔκνιζέ μ᾽ ἀεὶ τοῦθ᾽· ὑφεῖρπε γὰρ πολύ.

To send him to the alps and pastures, where
He might be farthest from the sight of Thebes.
And so I sent him. 'Twas an honest slave
And well deserved some better recompense.

OEDIPUS

Fetch him at once. I fain would see the man.

JOCASTA

He shall be brought; but wherefore summon him?

OEDIPUS

Lady, I fear my tongue has overrun
Discretion; therefore I would question him.

JOCASTA

Well, he shall come, but may not I too claim
To share this burden of thy heart, my king?

OEDIPUS

And thou shalt not be frustrate of thy wish,
Now my imaginings have gone so far.
Who has a higher claim than thou to hear
My tale of dire adventures? Listen then.
My sire was Polybus of Corinth, and
My mother Meropè, a Dorian;
And I was held the foremost citizen,
Till a strange thing befell me, strange indeed,
Yet scarce deserving all the heat it stirred.
A roisterer at some banquet, flown with wine,
Shouted "Thou art no true son of thy sire."
It irked me, but I stomached for the nonce
The insult; on the morrow I sought out
My mother and my sire and questioned them.
They were indignant at the random slur
Cast on my parentage and did their best
To comfort me, but still the venomed barb
Rankled, for still the scandal spread and grew.

λάθρᾳ δὲ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς πορεύομαι
Πυθώδε, καί μ' ὁ Φοῖβος ὧν μὲν ἱκόμην
ἄτιμον ἐξέπεμψεν, ἄλλα δ' ἄθλια
καὶ δεινὰ καὶ δύστηνα προύφηνεν λέγων,[1]
ὡς μητρὶ μὲν χρείη με μιχθῆναι, γένος δ'
ἄτλητον ἀνθρώποισι δηλώσοιμ' ὁρᾶν,
φονεὺς δ' ἐσοίμην τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.
κἀγὼ 'πακούσας ταῦτα τὴν Κορινθίαν,
ἄστροις τὸ λοιπὸν ἐκμετρούμενος, χθόνα
ἔφευγον, ἔνθα μήποτ' ὀψοίμην κακῶν
χρησμῶν ὀνείδη τῶν ἐμῶν τελούμενα.
στείχων δ' ἱκνοῦμαι τούσδε τοὺς χώρους, ἐν οἷς
σὺ τὸν τύραννον τοῦτον ὄλλυσθαι λέγεις.
καί σοι, γύναι, τἀληθὲς ἐξερῶ. τριπλῆς
ὅτ' ἦ κελεύθου τῆσδ' ὁδοιπορῶν πέλας,
ἐνταῦθά μοι κῆρύξ τε κἀπὶ πωλικῆς
ἀνὴρ ἀπήνης ἐμβεβώς, οἷον σὺ φῄς,
ξυνηντίαζον· κἀξ ὁδοῦ μ' ὅ θ' ἡγεμὼν
αὐτός θ' ὁ πρέσβυς πρὸς βίαν ἠλαυνέτην.
κἀγὼ τὸν ἐκτρέποντα, τὸν τροχηλάτην,
παίω δι' ὀργῆς· καί μ' ὁ πρέσβυς ὡς ὁρᾷ,
ὄχου, παραστείχοντα τηρήσας, μέσον
κάρα διπλοῖς κέντροισί μου καθίκετο.
οὐ μὴν ἴσην γ' ἔτισεν, ἀλλὰ συντόμως
σκήπτρῳ τυπεὶς ἐκ τῆσδε χειρὸς ὕπτιος
μέσης ἀπήνης εὐθὺς ἐκκυλίνδεται·
κτείνω δὲ τοὺς ξύμπαντας. εἰ δὲ τῷ ξένῳ
τούτῳ προσήκει Λαΐου τι συγγενές,
τίς τοῦδέ γ' ἀνδρὸς ἐστιν ἀθλιώτερος;
τίς ἐχθροδαίμων μᾶλλον ἂν γένοιτ' ἀνήρ;

[1] MSS. προυφάνη, corr. Hermann.

So privily without their leave I went
To Delphi, and Apollo sent me back
Baulked of the knowledge that I came to seek.
But other grievous things he prophesied,
Woes, lamentations, mourning, portents dire;
To wit I should defile my mother's bed
And raise up seed too loathsome to behold,
And slay the father from whose loins I sprang.
Warned by the oracle I turned and fled,—
And Corinth henceforth was to me unknown
Save as I knew its region by the stars;—
Whither, I cared not, so I never might
Behold my doom of infamy fulfilled.
And in my wanderings I reached the place
Where, as thy story runs, the king was slain.
Then, lady,—thou shalt hear the very truth—
As I drew near the triple-branching roads,
A herald met me and a man who sat
In a car drawn by colts—as in thy tale—
The man in front and the old man himself
Threatened to thrust me rudely from the path,
Then jostled by the charioteer in wrath
I struck him, and the old man, seeing this,
Watched till I passed and from his car brought down
Full on my head the double-pointed goad.
Yet was I quits with him and more; one stroke
Of my good staff sufficed to fling him clean
Out of the chariot seat and laid him prone.
And so I slew them every one. But if
Betwixt this stranger there was aught in common
With Laïus, who more miserable than I,
What mortal could you find more god-abhorred?
Wretch whom no sojourner, no citizen

ὃν μὴ ξένων ἔξεστι μηδ᾽ ἀστῶν τινι[1]
δόμοις δέχεσθαι μηδὲ προσφωνεῖν τινα,
ὠθεῖν δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ οἴκων. καὶ τάδ᾽ οὔτις ἄλλος ἦν
ἢ ᾽γὼ ᾽π᾽ ἐμαυτῷ τάσδ᾽ ἀρὰς ὁ προστιθείς.
λέχη δὲ τοῦ θανόντος ἐκ χεροῖν ἐμαῖν
χραίνω, δι᾽ ὧνπερ ὤλετ᾽· ἆρ᾽ ἔφυν κακός;
ἆρ᾽ οὐχὶ πᾶς ἄναγνος; εἴ με χρὴ φυγεῖν,
καί μοι φυγόντι μἤστι τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἰδεῖν
μηδ᾽ ἐμβατεύειν πατρίδος, ἢ γάμοις με δεῖ
μητρὸς ζυγῆναι καὶ πατέρα κατακτανεῖν
Πόλυβον, ὃν ἐξέφυσε κἀξέθρεψέ με.
ἆρ᾽ οὐκ ἀπ᾽ ὠμοῦ ταῦτα δαίμονός τις ἂν
κρίνων ἐπ᾽ ἀνδρὶ τῷδ᾽ ἂν ὀρθοίη λόγον;
μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ᾽, ὦ θεῶν ἁγνὸν σέβας,
ἴδοιμι ταύτην ἡμέραν, ἀλλ᾽ ἐκ βροτῶν
βαίην ἄφαντος πρόσθεν ἢ τοιάνδ᾽ ἰδεῖν
κηλῖδ᾽ ἐμαυτῷ συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μέν, ὦναξ, ταῦτ᾽ ὀκνήρ᾽· ἕως δ᾽ ἂν οὖν
πρὸς τοῦ παρόντος ἐκμάθῃς, ἔχ᾽ ἐλπίδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ μὴν τοσοῦτόν γ᾽ ἐστί μοι τῆς ἐλπίδος,
τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν βοτῆρα προσμεῖναι μόνον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πεφασμένου δὲ τίς ποθ᾽ ἡ προθυμία;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐγὼ διδάξω σ᾽· ἢν γὰρ εὑρεθῇ λέγων
σοὶ ταὔτ᾽, ἔγωγ᾽ ἂν ἐκπεφευγοίην πάθος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ποῖον δέ μου περισσὸν ἤκουσας λόγον;

[1] MSS. ᾧ . . . *τινα*, corr. Dindorf.

May harbour or address, whom all are bound
To harry from their homes. And this same curse
Was laid on me, and laid by none but me.
Yea with these hands all gory I pollute
The bed of him I slew. Say, am I vile?
Am I not utterly unclean, a wretch
Doomed to be banished, and in banishment
Forgo the sight of all my dearest ones,
And never tread again my native earth;
Or else to wed my mother and slay my sire,
Polybus, who begat me and upreared?
If one should say, this is the handiwork
Of some inhuman power, who could blame
His judgment? But, ye pure and awful gods,
Forbid, forbid that I should see that day!
May I be blotted out from living men
Ere such a plague spot set on me its brand!

CHORUS

We too, O king, are troubled; but till thou
Hast questioned the survivor, still hope on.

OEDIPUS

My hope is faint, but still enough survives
To bid me bide the coming of this herd.

JOCASTA

Suppose him here, what wouldst thou learn of him?

OEDIPUS

I'll tell thee, lady; if his tale agrees
With thine, I shall have scaped calamity.

JOCASTA

And what of special import did I say?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ληστὰς ἔφασκες αὐτὸν ἄνδρας ἐννέπειν
ὥς νιν κατακτείνειαν. εἰ μὲν οὖν ἔτι
λέξει τὸν αὐτὸν ἀριθμόν, οὐκ ἐγὼ 'κτανον·
οὐ γὰρ γένοιτ' ἂν εἷς γε τοῖς πολλοῖς ἴσος·
εἰ δ' ἄνδρ' ἕν' οἰόζωνον αὐδήσει, σαφῶς
τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἤδη τοὔργον εἰς ἐμὲ ῥέπον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀλλ' ὡς φανέν γε τοὔπος ὧδ' ἐπίστασο,
κοὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῷ τοῦτό γ' ἐκβαλεῖν πάλιν·
πόλις γὰρ ἤκουσ', οὐκ ἐγὼ μόνη, τάδε.
εἰ δ' οὖν τι κἀκτρέποιτο τοῦ πρόσθεν λόγου,
οὔτοι ποτ', ὦναξ, σόν γε Λαΐου φόνον
φανεῖ δικαίως ὀρθόν, ὅν γε Λοξίας
διεῖπε χρῆναι παιδὸς ἐξ ἐμοῦ θανεῖν.
καίτοι νιν οὐ κεῖνός γ' ὁ δύστηνός ποτε
κατέκταν', ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πάροιθεν ὤλετο.
ὥστ' οὐχὶ μαντείας γ' ἂν οὔτε τῇδ' ἐγὼ
βλέψαιμ' ἂν εἵνεκ' οὔτε τῇδ' ἂν ὕστερον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καλῶς νομίζεις· ἀλλ' ὅμως τὸν ἐργάτην
πέμψον τινὰ στελοῦντα μηδὲ τοῦτ' ἀφῇς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πέμψω ταχύνασ'· ἀλλ' ἴωμεν ἐς δόμους·
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἂν πράξαιμ' ἂν ὧν οὐ σοὶ φίλον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴ μοι ξυνείη φέροντι   στρ. α'
μοῖρα τὰν εὔσεπτον ἁγνείαν λόγων
ἔργων τε πάντων, ὧν νόμοι πρόκεινται
ὑψίποδες, οὐρανίαν
δι' αἰθέρα τεκνωθέντες, ὧν Ὄλυμπος
πατὴρ μόνος, οὐδέ νιν

OEDIPUS

In thy report of what the herdsman said
Laïus was slain by robbers ; now if he
Still speaks of robbers, not a robber, I
Slew him not ; "one" with "many" cannot square.
But if he says one lonely wayfarer,
The last link wanting to my guilt is forged.

JOCASTA

Well, rest assured, his tale ran thus at first,
Nor can he now retract what then he said ;
Not I alone but all our townsfolk heard it.
E'en should he vary somewhat in his story,
He cannot make the death of Laïus
In any wise jump with the oracle.
For Loxias said expressly he was doomed
To die by my child's hand, but he, poor babe,
He shed no blood, but perished first himself.
So much for divination. Henceforth I
Will look for signs neither to right nor left.

OEDIPUS

Thou reasonest well. Still I would have thee send
And fetch the bondsman hither. See to it.

JOCASTA

That will I straightway. Come, let us within.
I would do nothing that my lord mislikes.

CHORUS

My lot be still to lead (*Str.* 1)
    The life of innocence and fly
Irreverence in word or deed,
    To follow still those laws ordained on high
Whose birthplace is the bright ethereal sky.
    No mortal birth they own,
    Olympus their progenitor alone :

θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων
ἔτικτεν οὐδὲ μή ποτε λάθα[1] *κατακοιμάσῃ·*
μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεὸς οὐδὲ γηράσκει.

ὕβρις φυτεύει τύραννον· *ἀντ. α′*
ὕβρις, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῇ μάταν,
ἃ μὴ 'πίκαιρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
ἀκρότατον[2] *εἰσαναβᾶσ'*
αἶπος ἀπότομον[3] *ὤρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν,*
ἔνθ' οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῳ
χρῆται. τὸ καλῶς δ' ἔχον
πόλει πάλαισμα μήποτε λῦσαι θεὸν αἰτοῦμαι.
θεὸν οὐ λήξω ποτὲ προστάταν ἴσχων.

στρ. β′
εἰ δέ τις ὑπέροπτα χερσὶν ἢ λόγῳ πορεύεται,
δίκας ἀφόβητος οὐδὲ δαιμόνων ἕδη σέβων,
κακά νιν ἕλοιτο μοῖρα,
δυσπότμου χάριν χλιδᾶς,
εἰ μὴ τὸ κέρδος κερδανεῖ δικαίως
καὶ τῶν ἀσέπτων ἕρξεται
ἢ τῶν ἀθίκτων θίξεται[4] *ματᾴζων.*
τίς ἔτι ποτ' ἐν τοῖσδ' ἀνὴρ θεῶν[5] *βέλη*
εὔξεται ψυχᾶς ἀμύνειν;
εἰ γὰρ αἱ τοιαίδε πράξεις τίμιαι,
τί δεῖ με χορεύειν;

[1] MSS. οὐδὲ μήν ποτε λάθραι, corr. Elmsley.
[2] MSS. ἀκροτάταν.
[3] MSS. ἀπότομον, Arndt adds αἶπος.
[4] MSS. ἕξεται, corr. Blaydes.
[5] MSS. θυμῷ, or θυμοῦ, corr. Hermann.

Ne'er shall they slumber in oblivion cold,
The god in them is strong and grows not old.

Of insolence is bred (*Ant.* 1)
The tyrant; insolence full blown,
With empty riches surfeited,
Scales the precipitous height and grasps the throne,
Then topples o'er and lies in ruin prone;
No foothold on that dizzy steep.
But O may Heaven the true patriot keep
Who burns with emulous zeal to serve the State.
God is my help and hope, on him I wait.

(*Str.* 2)

But the proud sinner, or in word or deed,
That will not Justice heed,
Nor reverence the shrine
Of images divine,
Perdition seize his vain imaginings,
If, urged by greed profane,
He grasps at ill-got gain,
And lays an impious hand on holiest things.
Who when such deeds are done
Can hope heaven's bolts to shun?
If sin like this to honour can aspire,
Why dance I still and lead the sacred choir?

ἀντ. β'

οὐκέτι τὸν ἄθικτον εἶμι γᾶς ἐπ' ὀμφαλὸν σέβων
οὐδ' ἐς τὸν Ἀβαῖσι ναὸν οὐδὲ τὰν Ὀλυμπίαν,
εἰ μὴ τάδε χειρόδεικτα
πᾶσιν ἁρμόσει βροτοῖς.
ἀλλ', ὦ κρατύνων, εἴπερ ὄρθ' ἀκούεις,
Ζεῦ, πάντ' ἀνάσσων, μὴ λάθοι
σὲ τάν τε σὰν ἀθάνατον αἰὲν ἀρχάν.
φθίνοντα γὰρ Λαΐου παλαίφατα[1]
θέσφατ' ἐξαιροῦσιν ἤδη,
κοὐδαμοῦ τιμαῖς Ἀπόλλων ἐμφανής·
ἔρρει δὲ τὰ θεῖα.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

χώρας ἄνακτες, δόξα μοι παρεστάθη
ναοὺς ἱκέσθαι δαιμόνων, τάδ' ἐν χεροῖν
στέφη λαβούσῃ κἀπιθυμιάματα.
ὑψοῦ γὰρ αἴρει θυμὸν Οἰδίπους ἄγαν
λύπαισι παντοίαισιν· οὐδ' ὁποῖ' ἀνὴρ
ἔννους τὰ καινὰ τοῖς πάλαι τεκμαίρεται,
ἀλλ' ἐστὶ τοῦ λέγοντος, εἰ φόβους λέγοι.
ὅτ' οὖν παραινοῦσ' οὐδὲν ἐς πλέον ποιῶ,
πρὸς σ', ὦ Λύκει' Ἄπολλον, ἄγχιστος γὰρ εἶ,
ἱκέτις ἀφῖγμαι τοῖσδε σὺν κατεύγμασιν,
ὅπως λύσιν τιν' ἡμὶν εὐαγῆ πόρῃς·
ὡς νῦν ὀκνοῦμεν πάντες ἐκπεπληγμένον
κεῖνον βλέποντες ὡς κυβερνήτην νεώς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἆρ' ἂν παρ' ὑμῶν, ὦ ξένοι, μάθοιμ' ὅπου
τὰ τοῦ τυράννου δώματ' ἐστὶν Οἰδίπου;
μάλιστα δ' αὐτὸν εἴπατ', εἰ κάτισθ' ὅπου.

[1] MSS. παλαιά, corr. Arndt.

(*Ant.* 2)

No more I'll seek earth's central oracle,
Or Abae's hallowed cell,
Nor to Olympia bring
My votive offering,
If before all God's truth be not made plain.
O Zeus, reveal thy might,
King, if thou'rt named aright
Omnipotent, all-seeing, as of old;
For Laïus is forgot;
His weird, men heed it not;
Apollo is forsook and faith grows cold.

Enter JOCASTA.

JOCASTA

My lords, ye look amazed to see your queen
With wreaths and gifts of incense in her hands.
I had a mind to visit the high shrines,
For Oedipus is overwrought, alarmed
With terrors manifold. He will not use
His past experience, like a man of sense,
To judge the present need, but lends an ear
To any croaker if he augurs ill.
Since then my counsels nought avail, I turn
To thee, our present help in time of trouble,
Apollo, Lord Lycean, and to thee
My prayers and supplications here I bring.
Lighten us, lord, and cleanse us from this curse!
For now we all are cowed like mariners
Who see their helmsman dumbstruck in the storm.

Enter CORINTHIAN MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My masters, tell me where the palace is
Of Oedipus; or better, where's the king.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στέγαι μὲν αἵδε, καὐτὸς ἔνδον, ὦ ξένε·
γυνὴ δὲ μήτηρ ἥδε τῶν κείνου τέκνων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ὀλβία τε καὶ ξὺν ὀλβίοις ἀεὶ
γένοιτ᾽, ἐκείνου γ᾽ οὖσα παντελὴς δάμαρ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

αὔτως δὲ καὶ σύ γ᾽, ὦ ξέν᾽· ἄξιος γὰρ εἶ
τῆς εὐεπείας εἵνεκ᾽· ἀλλὰ φράζ᾽ ὅτου
χρῄζων ἀφῖξαι χὤ τι σημῆναι θέλων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀγαθὰ δόμοις τε καὶ πόσει τῷ σῷ, γύναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα; παρὰ τίνος δ᾽ ἀφιγμένος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου· τὸ δ᾽ ἔπος οὑξερῶ τάχα,
ἥδοιο μέν, πῶς δ᾽ οὐκ ἄν, ἀσχάλλοις δ᾽ ἴσως.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ᾽ ἔστι; ποίαν δύναμιν ὧδ᾽ ἔχει διπλῆν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τύραννον αὐτὸν οὑπιχώριοι χθονὸς
τῆς Ἰσθμίας στήσουσιν, ὡς ηὐδᾶτ᾽ ἐκεῖ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ᾽; οὐχ ὁ πρέσβυς Πόλυβος ἐγκρατὴς ἔτι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ᾽, ἐπεί νιν θάνατος ἐν τάφοις ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πῶς εἶπας; ἦ τέθνηκε Πόλυβος, ὦ γέρον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

εἰ μὴ λέγω τἀληθές, ἀξιῶ θανεῖν.

CHORUS

Here is the palace and he bides within;
This is his queen the mother of his children

MESSENGER

All happiness attend her and the house,
Blessed is her husband and her marriage-bed.

JOCASTA

My greetings to thee, stranger; thy fair words
Deserve a like response. But tell me why
Thou comest—what thy need or what thy news.

MESSENGER

Good for thy consort and the royal house.

JOCASTA

What may it be? Whose messenger art thou?

MESSENGER

From Corinth I. The message wherewithal
I stand entrusted thou shalt hear anon.
'Twill please thee surely, yet perchance offend.

JOCASTA

Declare it and explain this double sense.

MESSENGER

The Isthmian commons have resolved to make
Thy husband king—so 'twas reported there.

JOCASTA

What! is not aged Polybus still king?

MESSENGER

No, verily; he's dead and in his grave.

JOCASTA

What! is he dead, the sire of Oedipus?

MESSENGER

If I speak falsely, may I die myself.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ὦ πρόσπολ', οὐχὶ δεσπότῃ τάδ' ὡς τάχος
μολοῦσα λέξεις; ὦ θεῶν μαντεύματα,
ἵν' ἐστέ· τοῦτον Οἰδίπους πάλαι τρέμων
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἔφευγε μὴ κτάνοι, καὶ νῦν ὅδε
πρὸς τῆς τύχης ὄλωλεν οὐδὲ τοῦδ' ὕπο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλτατον γυναικὸς Ἰοκάστης κάρα,
τί μ' ἐξεπέμψω δεῦρο τῶνδε δωμάτων;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἄκουε τἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, καὶ σκόπει κλύων
τὰ σέμν' ἵν' ἥκει τοῦ θεοῦ μαντεύματα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος δὲ τίς ποτ' ἐστὶ καὶ τί μοι λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου, πατέρα τὸν σὸν ἀγγελῶν
ὡς οὐκέτ' ὄντα Πόλυβον, ἀλλ' ὀλωλότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί φῄς, ξέν'; αὐτός μοι σὺ σημάντωρ γενοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

εἰ τοῦτο πρῶτον δεῖ μ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι σαφῶς,
εὖ ἴσθ' ἐκεῖνον θανάσιμον βεβηκότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα δόλοισιν ἢ νόσου ξυναλλαγῇ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σώματ' εὐνάζει ῥοπή.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

νόσοις ὁ τλήμων, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔφθιτο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

καὶ τῷ μακρῷ γε συμμετρούμενος χρόνῳ.

JOCASTA

Quick, maiden, bear these tidings to my lord.
Ye god-sent oracles, where stand ye now!
This is the man whom Oedipus long shunned,
In dread to prove his murderer; and now
He dies in nature's course, not by his hand.
Enter OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS

My wife, my queen, Jocasta, why hast thou
Summoned me from my palace?

JOCASTA

Hear this man,
And as thou hearest judge what has become
Of all those awe-inspiring oracles.

OEDIPUS

Who is this man, and what his news for me?

JOCASTA

He comes from Corinth and his message this:
Thy father Polybus hath passed away.

OEDIPUS

What? let me have it, stranger, from thy mouth

MESSENGER

If I must first make plain beyond a doubt
My message, know that Polybus is dead.

OEDIPUS

By treachery, or by sickness visited?

MESSENGER

One touch will send an old man to his rest.

OEDIPUS

So of some malady he died, poor man.

MESSENGER

Yes, having measured the full span of years.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, τί δῆτ' ἄν, ὦ γύναι, σκοποῖτό τις
τὴν Πυθόμαντιν ἑστίαν ἢ τοὺς ἄνω
κλάζοντας ὄρνεις, ὧν ὑφηγητῶν ἐγὼ
κτενεῖν ἔμελλον πατέρα τὸν ἐμόν; ὁ δὲ θανὼν
κεύθει κάτω δὴ γῆς· ἐγὼ δ' ὅδ' ἐνθάδε
ἄψαυστος ἔγχους· εἴ τι μὴ τὠμῷ πόθῳ
κατέφθιθ'· οὕτω δ' ἂν θανὼν εἴη 'ξ ἐμοῦ.
τὰ δ' οὖν παρόντα συλλαβὼν θεσπίσματα
κεῖται παρ' Ἅιδῃ Πόλυβος ἄξι' οὐδενός.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

οὔκουν ἐγώ σοι ταῦτα προὔλεγον πάλαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ηὔδας· ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ φόβῳ παρηγόμην.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' αὐτῶν μηδὲν ἐς θυμὸν βάλῃς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ πῶς τὸ μητρὸς οὐκ ὀκνεῖν λέχος με δεῖ;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ' ἂν φοβοῖτ' ἄνθρωπος ᾧ τὰ τῆς τύχης
κρατεῖ, πρόνοια δ' ἐστὶν οὐδενὸς σαφής;
εἰκῇ κράτιστον ζῆν, ὅπως δύναιτό τις.
σὺ δ' εἰς τὰ μητρὸς μὴ φοβοῦ νυμφεύματα·
πολλοὶ γὰρ ἤδη κἀν ὀνείρασιν βροτῶν
μητρὶ ξυνηυνάσθησαν. ἀλλὰ ταῦθ' ὅτῳ
παρ' οὐδέν ἐστι, ῥᾷστα τὸν βίον φέρει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καλῶς ἅπαντα ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξείρητό σοι,
εἰ μὴ 'κύρει ζῶσ' ἡ τεκοῦσα· νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ
ζῇ, πᾶσ' ἀνάγκη, κεἰ καλῶς λέγεις, ὀκνεῖν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ μὴν μέγας γ' ὀφθαλμὸς οἱ πατρὸς τάφοι.

OEDIPUS

Out on it, lady! why should one regard
The Pythian hearth or birds that scream i' the air?
Did they not point at me as doomed to slay
My father? but he's dead and in his grave
And here am I who ne'er unsheathed a sword;
Unless the longing for his absent son
Killed him and so *I* slew him in a sense.
But, as they stand, the oracles are dead—
Dust, ashes, nothing, dead as Polybus.

JOCASTA

Say, did not I foretell this long ago?

OEDIPUS

Thou didst: but I was misled by my fear.

JOCASTA

Then let it no more weigh upon thy soul.

OEDIPUS

Must I not fear my mother's marriage bed.

JOCASTA

Why should a mortal man, the sport of chance,
With no assured foreknowledge, be afraid?
Best live a careless life from hand to mouth.
This wedlock with thy mother fear not thou.
How oft it chances that in dreams a man
Has wed his mother! He who least regards
Such brainsick phantasies lives most at ease.

OEDIPUS

I should have shared in full thy confidence,
Were not my mother living; since she lives
Though half convinced I still must live in dread.

JOCASTA

And yet thy sire's death lights our darkness much.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μέγας, ξυνίημ'· ἀλλὰ τῆς ζώσης φόβος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποίας δὲ καὶ γυναικὸς ἐκφοβεῖσθ' ὕπερ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
Μερόπης, γεραιέ, Πόλυβος ἧς ᾤκει μέτα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τί δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνης ὑμὶν ἐς φόβον φέρον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
θεήλατον μάντευμα δεινόν, ὦ ξένε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἦ ῥητόν; ἦ οὐχὶ θεμιτὸν ἄλλον εἰδέναι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μάλιστά γ'· εἶπε γάρ με Λοξίας ποτὲ
χρῆναι μιγῆναι μητρὶ τἠμαυτοῦ τό τε
πατρῷον αἷμα χερσὶ ταῖς ἐμαῖς ἑλεῖν.
ὧν οὕνεχ' ἡ Κόρινθος ἐξ ἐμοῦ πάλαι
μακρὰν ἀπῳκεῖτ'· εὐτυχῶς μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τὰ τῶν τεκόντων ὄμμαθ' ἥδιστον βλέπειν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἦ γὰρ τάδ' ὀκνῶν κεῖθεν ἦσθ' ἀπόπτολις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πατρός τε χρῄζων μὴ φονεὺς εἶναι, γέρον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τί δῆτ' ἐγὼ οὐχὶ τοῦδε τοῦ φόβου σ', ἄναξ,
ἐπείπερ εὔνους ἦλθον, ἐξελυσάμην;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ μὴν χάριν γ' ἂν ἀξίαν λάβοις ἐμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
καὶ μὴν μάλιστα τοῦτ' ἀφικόμην, ὅπως
σοῦ πρὸς δόμους ἐλθόντος εὖ πράξαιμί τι.

OEDIPUS

Much, but my fear is touching her who lives.

MESSENGER

Who may this woman be whom thus you fear?

OEDIPUS

Meropè, stranger, wife of Polybus.

MESSENGER

And what of her can cause you any fear?

OEDIPUS

A heaven-sent oracle of dread import.

MESSENGER

A mystery, or may a stranger hear it?

OEDIPUS

Aye, 'tis no secret. Loxias once foretold
That I should mate with mine own mother, and
Shed with my own hands my own father's blood.
Hence Corinth was for many a year to me
A home far distant; and I throve abroad,
But missed the sweetest sight, my parents' face.

MESSENGER

Was this the fear that exiled thee from home?

OEDIPUS

Yea, and the dread of slaying my own sire.

MESSENGER

Why, since I came to give thee pleasure, King,
Have I not rid thee of this second fear?

OEDIPUS

Well, thou shalt have due guerdon for thy pains.

MESSENGER

Well, I confess what chiefly made me come
Was hope to profit by thy coming home.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ᾽ οὔποτ᾽ εἶμι τοῖς φυτεύσασίν γ᾽ ὁμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὦ παῖ, καλῶς εἶ δῆλος οὐκ εἰδὼς τί δρᾷς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς, ὦ γεραιέ; πρὸς θεῶν δίδασκέ με.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
εἰ τῶνδε φεύγεις οὕνεκ᾽ εἰς οἴκους μολεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ταρβῶν γε μή μοι Φοῖβος ἐξέλθῃ σαφής.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἦ μὴ μίασμα τῶν φυτευσάντων λάβῃς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τοῦτ᾽ αὐτό, πρέσβυ, τοῦτό μ᾽ εἰσαεὶ φοβεῖ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἆρ᾽ οἶσθα δῆτα πρὸς δίκης οὐδὲν τρέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς δ᾽ οὐχί, παῖς γ᾽ εἰ τῶνδε γεννητῶν ἔφυν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὁθούνεκ᾽ ἦν σοι Πόλυβος οὐδὲν ἐν γένει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς εἶπας; οὐ γὰρ Πόλυβος ἐξέφυσέ με;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐ μᾶλλον οὐδὲν τοῦδε τἀνδρός, ἀλλ᾽ ἴσον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ πῶς ὁ φύσας ἐξ ἴσου τῷ μηδενί;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀλλ᾽ οὔ σ᾽ ἐγείνατ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἐκεῖνος οὔτ᾽ ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ᾽ ἀντὶ τοῦ δὴ παῖδά μ᾽ ὠνομάζετο;

OEDIPUS

Nay, I will ne'er go near my parents more.

MESSENGER

My son, 'tis plain, thou know'st not what thou doest.

OEDIPUS

How so, old man? For heaven's sake tell me all.

MESSENGER

If this is why thou dreadest to return.

OEDIPUS

Yea, lest the god's word be fulfilled in me.

MESSENGER

Lest through thy parents thou shouldst be accursed?

OEDIPUS

This and none other is my constant dread

MESSENGER

Dost thou not know thy fears are baseless all?

OEDIPUS

How baseless, if I am their very son?

MESSENGER

Since Polybus was naught to thee in blood.

OEDIPUS

What say'st thou? was not Polybus my sire?

MESSENGER

As much thy sire as I am, and no more.

OEDIPUS

My sire no more to me than one who is naught!

MESSENGER

Since I begat thee not, no more did he.

OEDIPUS

What reason had he then to call me son?

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

δῶρόν ποτ᾽, ἴσθι, τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν λαβών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κᾆθ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἄλλης χειρὸς ἔστερξεν μέγα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡ γὰρ πρὶν αὐτὸν ἐξέπεισ᾽ ἀπαιδία.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

σὺ δ᾽ ἐμπολήσας ἢ τυχών[1] *μ᾽ αὐτῷ δίδως;*

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

εὑρὼν ναπαίαις ἐν Κιθαιρῶνος *πτυχαῖς.*

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡδοιπόρεις δὲ πρὸς τί τούσδε τοὺς τόπους;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐνταῦθ᾽ ὀρείοις ποιμνίοις ἐπεστάτουν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποιμὴν γὰρ ἦσθα κἀπὶ θητείᾳ πλάνης;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σοῦ τ᾽, ὦ τέκνον, σωτήρ γε τῷ τότ᾽ ἐν χρόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ᾽ ἄλγος ἴσχοντ᾽ ἀγκάλαις[2] *με λαμβάνεις;*

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ποδῶν ἂν ἄρθρα μαρτυρήσειεν τὰ σά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴμοι, τί τοῦτ᾽ ἀρχαῖον ἐννέπεις κακόν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

λύω σ᾽ ἔχοντα διατόρους ποδοῖν ἀκμάς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δεινόν γ᾽ ὄνειδος σπαργάνων ἀνειλόμην.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὥστ᾽ ὠνομάσθης ἐκ τύχης ταύτης ὃς εἶ.

[1] *τεκών*, MSS. corr. Bothe.
[2] MSS. *ἐν κακοῖς* or *ἐν καιροῖς*, corr. Kock.

MESSENGER
Know that he took thee from my hands, a gift.

OEDIPUS
Yet, if no child of his, he loved me well.

MESSENGER
A childless man till then, he warmed to thee.

OEDIPUS
A foundling or a purchased slave, this child?

MESSENGER
I found thee in Cithaeron's wooded glens.

OEDIPUS
What led thee to explore those upland glades?

MESSENGER
My business was to tend the mountain flocks.

OEDIPUS
A vagrant shepherd journeying for hire?

MESSENGER
True, but thy saviour in that hour, my son.

OEDIPUS
My saviour? from what harm? what ailed me then?

MESSENGER
Those ankle joints are evidence enow.

OEDIPUS
Ah, why remind me of that ancient sore?

MESSENGER
I loosed the pin that riveted thy feet.

OEDIPUS
Yes, from my cradle that dread brand I bore.

MESSENGER
Whence thou deriv'st the name that still is thine.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πρὸς θεῶν, πρὸς μητρὸς ἢ πατρός; φράσον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὁ δοὺς δὲ ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ λῷον φρονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ γὰρ παρ' ἄλλου μ' ἔλαβες οὐδ' αὐτὸς τυχών;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ ποιμὴν ἄλλος ἐκδίδωσί μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς οὗτος; ἦ κάτοισθα δηλῶσαι λόγῳ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τῶν Λαΐου δήπου τις ὠνομάζετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ τοῦ τυράννου τῆσδε γῆς πάλαι ποτέ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

μάλιστα· τούτου τἀνδρὸς οὗτος ἦν βοτήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ κἄστ' ἔτι ζῶν οὗτος, ὥστ ἰδεῖν ἐμέ;

ΑΓΓΕΔΟΣ

ὑμεῖς γ' ἄριστ' εἰδεῖτ' ἂν οὑπιχώριοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔστιν τις ὑμῶν τῶν παρεστώτων πέλας,
ὅστις κάτοιδε τὸν βοτῆρ' ὃν ἐννέπει,
εἴτ' οὖν ἐπ' ἀγρῶν εἴτε κἀνθάδ' εἰσιδών;
σημήναθ', ὡς ὁ καιρὸς ηὑρῆσθαι τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμαι μὲν οὐδέν' ἄλλον ἢ τὸν ἐξ ἀγρῶν,
ὃν κἀμάτευες πρόσθεν εἰσιδεῖν· ἀτὰρ
ἥδ' ἂν τάδ' οὐχ ἥκιστ' ἂν Ἰοκάστη λέγοι.

OEDIPUS

Who did it? I adjure thee, tell me who.
Say, was it father, mother?

MESSENGER

I know not.
The man from whom I had thee may know more.

OEDIPUS

What, did another find me, not thyself?

MESSENGER

Not I; another shepherd gave thee me.

OEDIPUS

Who was he? Would'st thou know again the man?

MESSENGER

He passed indeed for one of Laïus' house.

OEDIPUS

The king who ruled the country long ago?

MESSENGER

The same: he was a herdsman of the king.

OEDIPUS

And is he living still for me to see him?

MESSENGER

His fellow-countrymen should best know that.

OEDIPUS

Doth any bystander among you know
The herd he speaks of, or by seeing him
Afield or in the city? answer straight!
The hour hath come to clear this business up.

CHORUS

Methinks he means none other than the hind
Whom thou anon wert fain to see; but that
Our queen Jocasta best of all could tell.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γύναι, νοεῖς ἐκεῖνον, ὅντιν' ἀρτίως
μολεῖν ἐφιέμεσθα; τόνδ' οὗτος λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ' ὅντιν' εἶπε; μηδὲν ἐντραπῇς· τὰ δὲ
ῥηθέντα βούλου μηδὲ μεμνῆσθαι μάτην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο τοῦθ' ὅπως ἐγὼ λαβὼν
σημεῖα τοιαῦτ' οὐ φανῶ τοὐμὸν γένος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, εἴπερ τι τοῦ σαυτοῦ βίου
κήδει, ματεύσῃς τοῦθ'· ἅλις νοσοῦσ' ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θάρσει· σὺ μὲν γὰρ οὐδ' ἐὰν τρίτης ἐγὼ [1]
μητρὸς φανῶ τρίδουλος, ἐκφανεῖ κακή.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ὅμως πιθοῦ μοι, λίσσομαι· μὴ δρᾶ τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην μὴ οὐ τάδ' ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ μὴν φρονοῦσά γ' εὖ τὰ λῷστά σοι λέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὰ λῷστα τοίνυν ταῦτά μ' ἀλγύνει πάλαι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ὦ δύσποτμ', εἴθε μήποτε γνοίης ὃς εἶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄξει τις ἐλθὼν δεῦρο τὸν βοτῆρά μοι;
ταύτην δ' ἐᾶτε πλουσίῳ χαίρειν γένει.

[1] οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ τρίτης ἐγώ, MSS. corr. Hermann.

OEDIPUS

Madam, dost know the man we sent to fetch?
Is he the same of whom the stranger speaks?

JOCASTA

Who is the man? What matter? Let it be.
'Twere waste of thought to weigh such idle words.

OEDIPUS

No, with such guiding clues I cannot fail
To bring to light the secret of my birth.

JOCASTA

Oh, as thou carest for thy life, give o'er
This quest. Enough the anguish *I* endure.

OEDIPUS

Be of good cheer; though I be proved the son
Of a bondwoman, aye, through three descents
Triply a slave, thy honour is unsmirched.

JOCASTA

Yet humour me, I pray thee; do not this.

OEDIPUS

I cannot; I must probe this matter home.

JOCASTA

'Tis for thy sake I advise thee for the best.

OEDIPUS

I grow impatient of this best advice.

JOCASTA

Ah mayst thou ne'er discover who thou art!

OEDIPUS

Go, fetch me here the herd, and leave yon woman
To glory in her pride of ancestry.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἰοὺ ἰού, δύστηνε· τοῦτο γάρ σ' ἔχω
μόνον προσειπεῖν, ἄλλο δ' οὔποθ' ὕστερον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτε βέβηκεν, Οἰδίπους, ὑπ' ἀγρίας
ᾄξασα λύπης ἡ γυνή; δέδοιχ' ὅπως
μὴ 'κ τῆς σιωπῆς τῆσδ' ἀναρρήξει κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁποῖα χρῄζει ῥηγνύτω· τοὐμὸν δ' ἐγώ,
κεἰ σμικρόν ἐστι, σπέρμ' ἰδεῖν βουλήσομαι.
αὕτη δ' ἴσως, φρονεῖ γὰρ ὡς γυνὴ μέγα,
τὴν δυσγένειαν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰσχύνεται.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτὸν παῖδα τῆς Τύχης νέμων
τῆς εὖ διδούσης οὐκ ἀτιμασθήσομαι.
τῆς γὰρ πέφυκα μητρός· οἱ δὲ συγγενεῖς
μῆνές με μικρὸν καὶ μέγαν διώρισαν.
τοιόσδε δ' ἐκφὺς οὐκ ἂν ἐξέλθοιμ' ἔτι
ποτ' ἄλλος, ὥστε μὴ 'κμαθεῖν τοὐμὸν γένος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ.

εἴπερ ἐγὼ μάντις εἰμὶ καὶ κατὰ γνώμαν ἴδρις,
οὐ τὸν Ὄλυμπον ἀπείρων, ὦ Κιθαιρών,
οὐκ ἔσει τὰν αὔριον ·
πανσέληνον, μὴ οὐ σέ γε καὶ πατριώταν
Οἰδίπουν
καὶ τροφὸν καὶ ματέρ' αὔξειν,
καὶ χορεύεσθαι πρὸς ἡμῶν, ὡς ἐπὶ ἦρα φέροντα
τοῖς ἐμοῖς τυράννοις.
ἰήιε Φοῖβε, σοὶ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀρέστ' εἴη.

JOCASTA

O woe is thee, poor wretch! With that last word
I leave thee, henceforth silent evermore.

[*Exit* JOCASTA.

CHORUS

Why, Oedipus, why stung with passionate grief
Hath the queen thus departed? Much I fear
From this dead calm will burst a storm of woes.

OEDIPUS

Let the storm burst, my fixed resolve still holds,
To learn my lineage, be it ne'er so low.
It may be she with all a woman's pride
Thinks scorn of my base parentage. But I
Who rank myself as Fortune's favourite child,
The giver of good gifts, shall not be shamed.
She is my mother and the changing moons
My brethren, and with them I wax and wane.
Thus sprung why should I fear to trace my birth?
Nothing can make me other than I am.

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

If my soul prophetic err not, if my wisdom aught avail,
Thee, Cithaeron, I shall hail,
As the nurse and foster-mother of our Oedipus shall greet
Ere to-morrow's full moon rises, and exalt thee as is meet.
Dance and song shall hymn thy praises, lover of our royal race.
Phoebus, may my words find grace!

ἀντ.

τίς σε, τέκνον, τίς σ' ἔτικτε τᾶν[1] μακραιώνων
    ἄρα
Πανὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα πατρὸς πελασθεῖσ';[2]
ἢ σέ γ' εὐνάτειρά[3] τις
Λοξίου; τῷ γὰρ πλάκες ἀγρόνομοι πᾶσαι φίλαι·
εἴθ' ὁ Κυλλάνας ἀνάσσων,
εἴθ' ὁ Βακχεῖος θεὸς ναίων ἐπ' ἄκρων ὀρέων σ'
    εὕρημα δέξατ' ἔκ του
Νυμφᾶν Ἑλικωνίδων,[4] αἷς πλεῖστα συμπαίζει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἰ χρή τι κἀμὲ μὴ συναλλάξαντά πω,
πρέσβεις, σταθμᾶσθαι, τὸν βοτῆρ' ὁρᾶν δοκῶ,
ὅνπερ πάλαι ζητοῦμεν· ἔν τε γὰρ μακρῷ
γήρᾳ ξυνᾴδει τῷδε τἀνδρὶ σύμμετρος,
ἄλλως τε τοὺς ἄγοντας ὥσπερ οἰκέτας
ἔγνωκ' ἐμαυτοῦ· τῇ δ' ἐπιστήμῃ σύ μου
προύχοις τάχ' ἄν που, τὸν βοτῆρ' ἰδὼν πάρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔγνωκα γάρ, σάφ' ἴσθι· Λαΐου γὰρ ἦν
εἴπερ τις ἄλλος πιστὸς ὡς νομεὺς ἀνήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

σὲ πρῶτ' ἐρωτῶ, τὸν Κορίνθιον ξένον,
ἦ τόνδε φράζεις;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τοῦτον, ὅνπερ εἰσορᾷς.

[1] MSS. τῶν, corr. Heimsoeth.
[2] MSS. προσπελασθεῖσ', corr. Lachmann.
[3] MSS. ἢ σὲ θυγάτηρ, corr. Arndt.
[4] MSS. ἑλικωνιάδων, corr. Porson.

(*Ant.*)

Child, who bare thee, nymph or goddess? sure thy sire was more than man,
Haply the hill-roamer Pan.
Or did Loxias beget thee, for he haunts the upland wold;
Or Cyllenè's lord, or Bacchus, dweller on the hill-tops cold?
Did some Heliconian Oread give him thee, a new-born joy,
Nymphs with whom he loves to toy?

OEDIPUS

Elders, if I, who never yet before
Have met the man, may make a guess, methinks
I see the herdsman whom we long have sought;
His time-worn aspect matches with the years
Of yonder agèd messenger; besides
I seem to recognise the men who bring him
As servants of my own. But you, perchance,
Having in past days known or seen the herd,
May better by sure knowledge my surmise.

CHORUS

I recognise him; one of Laïus' house;
A simple hind, but true as any man.

Enter HERDSMAN.

OEDIPUS

Corinthian, stranger, I address thee first,
Is this the man thou meanest!

MESSENGER

This is he.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος σύ, πρέσβυ, δεῦρό μοι φώνει βλέπων
ὅσ' ἄν σ' ἐρωτῶ. Λαΐου ποτ' ἦσθα σύ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἦ δοῦλος οὐκ ὠνητός, ἀλλ' οἴκοι τραφείς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔργον μεριμνῶν ποῖον ἢ βίον τίνα;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ποίμναις τὰ πλεῖστα τοῦ βίου συνειπόμην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

χώροις μάλιστα πρὸς τίσι ξύναυλος ὤν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἦν μὲν Κιθαιρών, ἦν δὲ πρόσχωρος τόπος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδ' οὖν οἶσθα τῇδέ που μαθών;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δρῶντα; ποῖον ἄνδρα καὶ λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τόνδ' ὃς πάρεστιν· ἦ ξυναλλάξας τί πω;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐχ ὥστε γ' εἰπεῖν ἐν τάχει μνήμης ἄπο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

κοὐδέν γε θαῦμα, δέσποτ'· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ἀγνῶτ' ἀναμνήσω νιν. εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι
κάτοιδεν, ἦμος τῷ Κιθαιρῶνος τόπῳ,
ὁ μὲν διπλοῖσι ποιμνίοις, ἐγὼ δ' ἑνί,
ἐπλησίαζον τῷδε τἀνδρὶ τρεῖς ὅλους
ἐξ ἦρος εἰς ἀρκτοῦρον ἑκμήνους χρόνους·
χειμῶνα δ' ἤδη τἀμά τ' εἰς ἔπαυλ' ἐγὼ
ἤλαυνον οὗτός τ' εἰς τὰ Λαΐου σταθμά.
λέγω τι τούτων ἢ οὐ λέγω πεπραγμένον;

OEDIPUS

And now old man, look up and answer all
I ask thee. Wast thou once of Laïus' house?

HERDSMAN

I was, a thrall, not purchased but home-bred.

OEDIPUS

What was thy business? how wast thou employed?

HERDSMAN

The best part of my life I tended sheep.

OEDIPUS

What were the pastures thou didst most frequent?

HERDSMAN

Cithaeron and the neighbouring alps.

OEDIPUS

Then there
Thou must have known yon man, at least by fame?

HERDSMAN

Yon man? in what way? what man dost thou mean?

OEDIPUS

The man here, having met him in past times. . . .

HERDSMAN

Off-hand I cannot call him well to mind.

MESSENGER

No wonder, master. But I will revive
His blunted memories. Sure he can recall
What time together both we drove our flocks,
He two, I one, on the Cithaeron range,
For three long summers; I his mate from spring
Till rose Arcturus; then in winter time
I led mine home, he his to Laïus' folds.
Did these things happen as I say, or no?

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

λέγεις ἀληθῆ, καίπερ ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

φέρ' εἰπὲ νῦν, τότ' οἶσθα παῖδά μοί τινα
δούς, ὡς ἐμαυτῷ θρέμμα θρεψαίμην ἐγώ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστι; πρὸς τί τοῦτο τοὔπος ἱστορεῖς;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὅδ' ἐστίν, ὦ τᾶν, κεῖνος ὃς τότ' ἦν νέος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐκ εἰς ὄλεθρον; οὐ σιωπήσας ἔσει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἆ, μὴ κόλαζε, πρέσβυ, τόνδ', ἐπεὶ τὰ σὰ
δεῖται κολαστοῦ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦδ' ἔπη.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τί δ', ὦ φέριστε δεσποτῶν, ἁμαρτάνω;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἐννέπων τὸν παῖδ' ὃν οὗτος ἱστορεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

λέγει γὰρ εἰδὼς οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

σὺ πρὸς χάριν μὲν οὐκ ἐρεῖς, κλαίων δ' ἐρεῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μὴ δῆτα, πρὸς θεῶν, τὸν γέροντά μ' αἰκίσῃ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐχ ὡς τάχος τις τοῦδ' ἀποστρέψει χέρας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

δύστηνος, ἀντὶ τοῦ; τί προσχρῄζων μαθεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸν παῖδ' ἔδωκας τῷδ' ὃν οὗτος ἱστορεῖ;

HERDSMAN

'Tis long ago, but all thou say'st is true.

MESSENGER

Well, thou must then remember giving me
A child to rear as my own foster-son?

HERDSMAN

Why dost thou ask this question? What of that?

MESSENGER

Friend, he that stands before thee was that child.

HERDSMAN

A plague upon thee! Hold thy wanton tongue!

OEDIPUS

Softly, old man, rebuke him not; thy words
Are more deserving chastisement than his.

HERDSMAN

O best of masters, what is my offence?

OEDIPUS

Not answering what he asks about the child.

HERDSMAN

He speaks at random, babbles like a fool.

OEDIPUS

If thou lack'st grace to speak, I'll loose thy tongue.

HERDSMAN

For mercy's sake abuse not an old man.

OEDIPUS

Arrest the villain, seize and pinion him!

HERDSMAN

Alack, alack!
What have I done? what wouldst thou further learn?

OEDIPUS

Didst give this man the child of whom he asks?

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἔδωκ'· ὀλέσθαι δ' ὤφελον τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ' εἰς τόδ' ἥξεις μὴ λέγων γε τοὔνδικον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, ἢν φράσω, διόλλυμαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἁνὴρ ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐς τριβὰς ἐλᾷ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγ', ἀλλ' εἶπον, ὡς δοίην, πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πόθεν λαβών; οἰκεῖον ἢ 'ξ ἄλλου τινός;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἐμὸν μὲν οὐκ ἔγωγ', ἐδεξάμην δέ του.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τίνος πολιτῶν τῶνδε κἀκ ποίας στέγης;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, μή, δέσποθ', ἱστόρει πλέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὄλωλας, εἴ σε ταῦτ' ἐρήσομαι πάλιν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τῶν Λαΐου τοίνυν τις ἦν γεννημάτων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἦ δοῦλος ἢ κείνου τις ἐγγενὴς γεγώς;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οἴμοι, πρὸς αὐτῷ γ' εἰμὶ τῷ δεινῷ λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
κἄγωγ' ἀκούειν· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀκουστέον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
κείνου γέ τοι δὴ παῖς ἐκλῄζεθ'· ἡ δ' ἔσω
κάλλιστ' ἂν εἴποι σὴ γυνὴ τάδ' ὡς ἔχει.

HERDSMAN

I did; and would that I had died that day!

OEDIPUS

And die thou shalt unless thou tell the truth.

HERDSMAN

But, if I tell it, I am doubly lost.

OEDIPUS

The knave methinks will still prevaricate.

HERDSMAN

Nay, I confessed I gave it long ago.

OEDIPUS

Whence came it? was it thine, or given to thee?

HERDSMAN

I had it from another, 'twas not mine.

OEDIPUS

From whom of these our townsmen, and what house?

HERDSMAN

Forbear for God's sake, master, ask no more.

OEDIPUS

If I must question thee again, thou'rt lost.

HERDSMAN

Well then—it was a child of Laïus' house.

OEDIPUS

Slave-born or one of Laïus' own race?

HERDSMAN

Ah me!
I stand upon the perilous edge of speech.

OEDIPUS

And I of hearing, but I still must hear.

HERDSMAN

Know then the child was by repute his own,
But she within, thy consort best could tell.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ γὰρ δίδωσιν ἥδε σοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μάλιστ', ἄναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς πρὸς τί χρείας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ὡς ἀναλώσαιμί νιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τεκοῦσα τλήμων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

θεσφάτων γ' ὄκνῳ κακῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

κτενεῖν νιν τοὺς τεκόντας ἦν λόγος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς δῆτ' ἀφῆκας τῷ γέροντι τῷδε σύ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

κατοικτίσας, ὦ δέσποθ', ὡς ἄλλην χθόνα
δοκῶν ἀποίσειν, αὐτὸς ἔνθεν ἦν· ὁ δὲ
κάκ' εἰς μέγιστ' ἔσωσεν. εἰ γὰρ οὗτος εἶ
ὅν φησιν οὗτος, ἴσθι δύσποτμος γεγώς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰοὺ ἰού· τὰ πάντ' ἂν ἐξήκοι σαφῆ.
ὦ φῶς, τελευταῖόν σε προσβλέψαιμι νῦν,
ὅστις πέφασμαι φύς τ' ἀφ' ὧν οὐ χρῆν, ξὺν οἷς τ'
οὐ χρῆν ὁμιλῶν, οὕς τέ μ' οὐκ ἔδει κτανών.

OEDIPUS

What! she, she gave it thee?

HERDSMAN

'Tis so, my king.

OEDIPUS

With what intent?

HERDSMAN

To make away with it.

OEDIPUS

What, she its mother?

HERDSMAN

Fearing a dread weird.

OEDIPUS

What weird?

HERDSMAN

'Twas told that he should slay his sire.

OEDIPUS

Why didst thou give it then to this old man?

HERDSMAN

Through pity, master, for the babe. I thought
He'd take it to the country whence he came;
But he preserved it for the worst of woes.
For if thou art in sooth what this man saith,
God pity thee! thou wast to misery born.

OEDIPUS

Ah me! ah me! all brought to pass, all true!
O light, may I behold thee nevermore!
I stand a wretch, in birth, in wedlock cursed,
A parricide, incestuous, triply cursed.

[*Exit* OEDIPUS

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ γενεαὶ βροτῶν, *στρ. α΄*
ὡς ὑμᾶς ἴσα καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ζώσας ἐναριθμῶ.
τίς γάρ, τίς ἀνὴρ πλέον
τᾶς εὐδαιμονίας φέρει
ἢ τοσοῦτον ὅσον δοκεῖν
καὶ δόξαντ᾽ ἀποκλῖναι;
τὸν σόν τοι παράδειγμ᾽ ἔχων,
τὸν σὸν δαίμονα, τὸν σόν, ὦ τλᾶμον Οἰδιπόδα, βροτῶν
οὐδὲν μακαρίζω·
ὅστις καθ᾽ ὑπερβολὰν *ἀντ. α΄*
τοξεύσας ἐκράτησε τοῦ πάντ᾽ εὐδαίμονος ὄλβου,
ὦ Ζεῦ, κατὰ μὲν φθίσας
τὰν γαμψώνυχα παρθένον
χρησμῳδόν, θανάτων δ᾽ ἐμᾷ
χώρᾳ πύργος ἀνέστα·
ἐξ οὗ καὶ βασιλεὺς καλεῖ
ἐμὸς καὶ τὰ μέγιστ᾽ ἐτιμάθης, ταῖς μεγάλαισιν ἐν
Θήβαισιν ἀνάσσων.
τανῦν δ᾽ ἀκούειν τίς ἀθλιώτερος; *στρ. β΄*
τίς ἄταις ἀγρίαις, τίς ἐν πόνοις
ξύνοικος ἀλλαγᾷ βίου;
ἰὼ κλεινὸν Οἰδίπου κάρα,
ᾧ στέγας λιμὴν
αὑτὸς ἤρκεσεν
παιδὶ καὶ πατρὶ θαλαμηπόλῳ πεσεῖν;
πῶς ποτε πῶς ποθ᾽ αἱ πατρῷαί σ᾽ ἄλοκες φέρειν, τάλας,
σῖγ᾽ ἐδυνάθησαν ἐς τοσόνδε;

CHORUS

Races of mortal man (*Str.* 1)
Whose life is but a span,
I count ye but the shadow of a shade!
For he who most doth know
Of bliss, hath but the show;
A moment, and the visions pale and fade.
Thy fall, O Oedipus, thy piteous fall
Warns me none born of woman blest to call.

For he of marksmen best, (*Ant.* 1)
O Zeus, outshot the rest,
And won the prize supreme of wealth and power.
By him the vulture maid
Was quelled, her witchery laid;
He rose our saviour and the land's strong tower.
We hailed thee king and from that day adored
Of mighty Thebes the universal lord.

O heavy hand of fate! (*Str.* 2)
Who now more desolate,
Whose tale more sad than thine, whose lot more dire?
O Oedipus, discrownèd head,
Thy cradle was thy marriage bed;
One harbourage sufficed for son and sire.
How could the soil thy father eared so long
Endure to bear in silence such a wrong?

ἐφηῦρέ σ' ἄκονθ' ὁ πάνθ' ὁρῶν χρόνος, *ἀντ. β'*
δικάζει τ' ἄγαμον γάμον πάλαι
τεκνοῦντα καὶ τεκνούμενον.
ἰώ, Λαΐειον ὦ τέκνον,
εἴθε σ' εἴθε σε
μήποτ' εἰδόμαν.
δύρομαι γὰρ ὥσπερ ἰάλεμον[1] *χέων*
ἐκ στομάτων. τὸ δ' ὀρθὸν εἰπεῖν, ἀνέπνευσά τ' ἐκ σέθεν
καὶ κατεκοίμασα τοὐμὸν ὄμμα.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ γῆς μέγιστα τῆσδ' ἀεὶ τιμώμενοι,
οἷ' ἔργ' ἀκούσεσθ', οἷα δ' εἰσόψεσθ', ὅσον δ'
ἀρεῖσθε πένθος, εἴπερ ἐγγενῶς ἔτι
τῶν Λαβδακείων ἐντρέπεσθε δωμάτων.
οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἂν
νίψαι καθαρμῷ τήνδε τὴν στέγην, ὅσα
κεύθει, τὰ δ' αὐτίκ' εἰς τὸ φῶς φανεῖ κακὰ
ἑκόντα κοὐκ ἄκοντα. τῶν δὲ πημονῶν
μάλιστα λυποῦσ' αἳ φανῶσ' αὐθαίρετοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λείπει μὲν οὐδ' ἃ πρόσθεν εἴδομεν τὸ μὴ οὐ
βαρύστον' εἶναι· πρὸς δ' ἐκείνοισιν τί φῄς;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ μὲν τάχιστος τῶν λόγων εἰπεῖν τε καὶ
μαθεῖν, τέθνηκε θεῖον Ἰοκάστης κάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα, πρὸς τίνος ποτ' αἰτίας;

[1] MSS. *δδύρομαι*, corr. Seidler. MSS. *ὡς περίαλλα ἰαχέων*, corr. Jebb.

All-seeing Time hath caught
Guilt, and to justice brought
The son and sire commingled in one bed.
O child of Laïus' ill-starred race
Would I had ne'er beheld thy face!
I raise for thee a dirge as o'er the dead.
Yet, sooth to say, through thee I drew new breath,
And now through thee I feel a second death.

Enter SECOND MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER

Most grave and reverend senators of Thebes,
What deeds ye soon must hear, what sights behold!
How will ye mourn, if, true-born patriots,
Ye reverence still the race of Labdacus!
Not Ister nor all Phasis' flood, I ween,
Could wash away the blood-stains from this house,
The ills it shrouds or soon will bring to light,
Ills wrought of malice, not unwittingly.
The worst to bear are self-inflicted wounds.

CHORUS

Grievous enough for all our tears and groans
Our past calamities; what canst thou add?

SECOND MESSENGER

My tale is quickly told and quickly heard.
Our sovereign lady queen Jocasta's dead.

CHORUS

Alas, poor queen! how came she by her death?

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτῆς. τῶν δὲ πραχθέντων τὰ μὲν
ἄλγιστ' ἄπεστιν· ἡ γὰρ ὄψις οὐ πάρα.
ὅμως δ', ὅσον γε κἀν ἐμοὶ μνήμης ἔνι,
πεύσει τὰ κείνης ἀθλίας παθήματα.
ὅπως γὰρ ὀργῇ χρωμένη παρῆλθ' ἔσω
θυρῶνος, ἵετ' εὐθὺ πρὸς τὰ νυμφικὰ
λέχη, κόμην σπῶσ' ἀμφιδεξίοις ἀκμαῖς.
πύλας δ', ὅπως εἰσῆλθ', ἐπιρράξασ' ἔσω
καλεῖ τὸν ἤδη Λάϊον πάλαι νεκρόν,
μνήμην παλαιῶν σπερμάτων ἔχουσ', ὑφ' ὧν
θάνοι μὲν αὐτός, τὴν δὲ τίκτουσαν λίποι
τοῖς οἶσιν αὐτοῦ δύστεκνον παιδουργίαν.
γοᾶτο δ' εὐνάς, ἔνθα δύστηνος διπλοῦς
ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἄνδρα καὶ τέκν' ἐκ τέκνων τέκοι.
χὤπως μὲν ἐκ τῶνδ' οὐκέτ' οἶδ' ἀπόλλυται·
βοῶν γὰρ εἰσέπαισεν Οἰδίπους, ὑφ' οὗ
οὐκ ἦν τὸ κείνης ἐκθεάσασθαι κακόν,
ἀλλ' εἰς ἐκεῖνον περιπολοῦντ' ἐλεύσσομεν.
φοιτᾷ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἔγχος ἐξαιτῶν πορεῖν,
γυναῖκά τ' οὐ γυναῖκα, μητρῴαν δ' ὅπου
κίχοι διπλῆν ἄρουραν οὗ τε καὶ τέκνων.
λυσσῶντι δ' αὐτῷ δαιμόνων δείκνυσί τις·
οὐδεὶς γὰρ ἀνδρῶν, οἳ παρῆμεν ἐγγύθεν.
δεινὸν δ' ἀύσας ὡς ὑφηγητοῦ τινος
πύλαις διπλαῖς ἐνήλατ', ἐκ δὲ πυθμένων
ἔκλινε κοῖλα κλῇθρα κἀμπίπτει στέγῃ.
οὗ δὴ κρεμαστὴν τὴν γυναῖκ' ἐσείδομεν,
πλεκταῖσιν αἰώραισιν ἐμπεπλεγμένην.[1]

[1] L. πλεκταῖς ἐώραις ἐμπεπληγμένην· ὁ δὲ | ὅπως δ' ὁρᾷ νιν corr. Wecklein.

SECOND MESSENGER

By her own hand. And all the horror of it,
Not having seen, thou can'st not apprehend.
Nathless, as far as my poor memory serves,
I will relate the unhappy lady's woe.
When in her frenzy she had passed inside
The vestibule, she hurried straight to win
The bridal-chamber, clutching at her hair
With both her hands, and, once within the room,
She shut the doors behind her with a crash.
"Laïus," she cried, and called her husband dead
Long, long ago; her thought was of that child
By him begot, the son by whom the sire
Was murdered and the mother left to breed
With her own seed, a monstrous progeny.
Then she bewailed the marriage bed whereon
Poor wretch, she had conceived a double brood,
Husband by husband, children by her child.
What happened after that I cannot tell,
Nor how the end befel, for with a shriek
Burst on us Oedipus; all eyes were fixed
On Oedipus, as up and down he strode,
Nor could we mark her agony to the end.
For stalking to and fro "A sword!" he cried,
"Where is the wife, no wife, the teeming womb
That bore a double harvest, me and mine?"
And in his frenzy some supernal power
(No mortal, surely, none of us who watched him)
Guided his footsteps; with a terrible shriek,
As though one beckoned him, he crashed against
The folding doors, and from their staples forced
The wrenchèd bolts and hurled himself within.
Then we beheld the woman hanging there,
A running noose entwined about her neck.

ὁ δ᾽ ὡς ὁρᾷ νιν, δεινὰ βρυχηθεὶς τάλας
χαλᾷ κρεμαστὴν ἀρτάνην. ἐπεὶ δὲ γῇ
ἔκειτο τλήμων, δεινὰ δ᾽ ἦν τἀνθένδ᾽ ὁρᾶν.
ἀποσπάσας γὰρ εἱμάτων χρυσηλάτους
περόνας ἀπ᾽ αὐτῆς, αἷσιν ἐξεστέλλετο,
ἄρας ἔπαισεν ἄρθρα τῶν αὑτοῦ κύκλων,
αὐδῶν τοιαῦθ᾽, ὁθούνεκ᾽ οὐκ ὄψοιντό νιν
οὔθ᾽ οἷ᾽ ἔπασχεν οὔθ᾽ ὁποῖ᾽ ἔδρα κακά,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐν σκότῳ τὸ λοιπὸν οὓς μὲν οὐκ ἔδει
ὀψοίαθ᾽, οὓς δ᾽ ἔχρῃζεν οὐ γνωσοίατο.
τοιαῦτ᾽ ἐφυμνῶν πολλάκις τε κοὐχ ἅπαξ
ἤρασσ᾽ ἐπαίρων βλέφαρα. φοίνιαι δ᾽ ὁμοῦ
γλῆναι γένει᾽ ἔτεγγον, οὐδ᾽ ἀνίεσαν
φόνου μυδώσας σταγόνας, ἀλλ᾽ ὁμοῦ μέλας
ὄμβρος χαλάζης αἱματοῦς ἐτέγγετο.
τάδ᾽ ἐκ δυοῖν ἔρρωγεν, οὐ μόνου κάτα,[1]
ἀλλ᾽ ἀνδρὶ καὶ γυναικὶ συμμιγῆ κακά.
ὁ πρὶν παλαιὸς δ᾽ ὄλβος ἦν πάροιθε μὲν
ὄλβος δικαίως· νῦν δὲ τῇδε θἠμέρᾳ
στεναγμός, ἄτη, θάνατος, αἰσχύνη, κακῶν
ὅσ᾽ ἐστὶ πάντων ὀνόματ᾽, οὐδέν ἐστ᾽ ἀπόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν δ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ ὁ τλήμων ἐν τίνι σχολῇ κακοῦ;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βοᾷ διοίγειν κλῇθρα καὶ δηλοῦν τινα
τοῖς πᾶσι Καδμείοισι τὸν πατροκτόνον,
τὸν μητέρ᾽—αὐδῶν ἀνόσι᾽ οὐδὲ ῥητά μοι,
ὡς ἐκ χθονὸς ῥίψων ἑαυτὸν οὐδ᾽ ἔτι
μενῶν δόμοις ἀραῖος, ὡς ἠράσατο.

[1] MSS. κακά, corr. Otto.

But when he saw her, with a maddened roar
He loosed the cord; and when her wretched corpse
Lay stretched on earth, what followed—O 'twas
dread!
He tore the golden brooches that upheld
Her queenly robes, upraised them high and smote
Full on his eye-balls, uttering words like these:
"No more shall ye behold such sights of woe,
Deeds I have suffered and myself have wrought;
Henceforward quenched in darkness shall ye see
Those ye should ne'er have seen; now blind to those
Whom, when I saw, I vainly yearned to know."
Such was the burden of his moan, whereto,
Not once but oft he struck with hand uplift
His eyes, and at each stroke the ensanguined orbs
Bedewed his beard, not oozing drop by drop,
But one black gory downpour, thick as hail.
Such evils, issuing from the double source,
Have whelmed them both, confounding man and wife.
Till now the storied fortune of this house
Was fortunate indeed; but from this day
Woe, lamentation, ruin, death, disgrace,
All ills that can be named, all, all are theirs.

CHORUS

But hath he still no respite from his pain?

SECOND MESSENGER

He cries, "Unbar the doors and let all Thebes
Behold the slayer of his sire, his mother's —"
That shameful word my lips may not repeat.
He vows to fly self-banished from the land,
Nor stay to bring upon his house the curse
Himself had uttered; but he has no strength

ῥώμης γε μέντοι καὶ προηγητοῦ τινος
δεῖται· τὸ γὰρ νόσημα μεῖζον ἢ φέρειν.
δείξει δὲ καὶ σοί· κλῇθρα γὰρ πυλῶν τάδε
διοίγεται· θέαμα δ' εἰσόψει τάχα
τοιοῦτον οἷον καὶ στυγοῦντ' ἐποικτίσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ δεινὸν ἰδεῖν πάθος ἀνθρώποις,
ὦ δεινότατον πάντων ὅσ' ἐγὼ
προσέκυρσ' ἤδη. τίς σ', ὦ τλῆμον,
προσέβη μανία; τίς ὁ πηδήσας
μείζονα δαίμων τῶν μακίστων
πρὸς σῇ δυσδαίμονι μοίρᾳ;
φεῦ φεῦ, δύσταν'·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐσιδεῖν δύναμαί σε, θέλων
πόλλ' ἀνερέσθαι, πολλὰ πυθέσθαι,
πολλὰ δ' ἀθρῆσαι·
τοίαν φρίκην παρέχεις μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, δύστανος ἐγώ,
ποῖ γᾶς φέρομαι τλάμων; πᾷ μοι
φθογγὰ διαπωτᾶται[1] φοράδην;
ἰὼ δαῖμον, ἵν' ἐξήλλου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐς δεινὸν οὐδ' ἀκουστὸν οὐδ' ἐπόψιμον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ σκότου στρ. α'
νέφος ἐμὸν ἀπότροπον, ἐπιπλόμενον ἄφατον,
ἀδάματόν τε καὶ δυσούριστον ὄν.[2]
οἴμοι,

[1] MSS. διαπέταται, corr. Musgrave.
[2] ὄν added by Hermann.

Nor one to guide him, and his torture's more
Than man can suffer, as yourselves will see.
For lo, the palace portals are unbarred,
And soon ye shall behold a sight so sad
That he who most abhorred would pity it.

Enter OEDIPUS *blinded.*

CHORUS

Woeful sight! more woeful none
These sad eyes have looked upon.
Whence this madness? None can tell
Who did cast on thee his spell,
Prowling all thy life around,
Leaping with a demon bound.
Hapless wretch! how can I brook
On thy misery to look?
Though to gaze on thee I yearn,
Much to question, much to learn,
Horror-struck away I turn.

OEDIPUS

Ah me! ah woe is me!
Ah whither am I borne!
How like a ghost forlorn
My voice flits from me on the air!
On, on the demon goads. The end, ah where?

CHORUS

An end too dread to tell, too dark to see.

OEDIPUS

(*Str.* 1)

Dark, dark! The horror of darkness, like a shroud,
Wraps me and bears me on through mist and cloud.

οἴμοι μάλ᾽ αὖθις· οἷον εἰσέδυ μ᾽ ἅμα
κέντρων τε τῶνδ᾽ οἴστρημα καὶ μνήμη κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ θαῦμά γ᾽ οὐδὲν ἐν τοσοῖσδε πήμασιν
διπλᾶ σε πενθεῖν καὶ διπλᾶ φορεῖν κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ φίλος, ἀντ. α′
σὺ μὲν ἐμὸς ἐπίπολος ἔτι μόνιμος· ἔτι γὰρ
ὑπομένεις με τὸν τυφλὸν κηδεύων.
φεῦ φεῦ.
οὐ γάρ με λήθεις, ἀλλὰ γιγνώσκω σαφῶς,
καίπερ σκοτεινός, τήν γε σὴν αὐδὴν ὅμως.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ δεινὰ δράσας, πῶς ἔτλης τοιαῦτα σὰς
ὄψεις μαρᾶναι; τίς σ᾽ ἐπῆρε δαιμόνων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Ἀπόλλων τάδ᾽ ἦν, Ἀπόλλων, φίλοι, στρ. β′
ὁ κακὰ κακὰ τελῶν ἐμὰ τάδ᾽ ἐμὰ πάθεα.
ἔπαισε δ᾽ αὐτόχειρ νιν οὔτις, ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ τλάμων.
τί γὰρ ἔδει μ᾽ ὁρᾶν,
ὅτῳ γ᾽ ὁρῶντι μηδὲν ἦν ἰδεῖν γλυκύ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦν τᾷδ᾽ ὅπωσπερ καὶ σὺ φῄς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δῆτ᾽ ἐμοὶ βλεπτὸν ἢ
στερκτὸν ἢ προσήγορον
ἔτ᾽ ἔστ᾽ ἀκούειν ἡδονᾷ, φίλοι;
ἀπάγετ᾽ ἐκτόπιον ὅ τι τάχιστά με,
ἀπάγετ᾽, ὦ φίλοι, τὸν μέγ᾽ ὀλέθριον [1]
τὸν καταρατότατον, ἔτι δὲ καὶ θεοῖς
ἐχθρότατον βροτῶν.

[1] L τὸν ὀλέθριον μέγαν, corr. Erfurdt.

Ah me, ah me! What spasms athwart me shoot,
What pangs of agonising memory!

CHORUS

No marvel if in such a plight thou feel'st
The double weight of past and present woes.

OEDIPUS

(*Ant.* 1)

Ah friend, still loyal, constant still and kind,
Thou carest for the blind.
I know thee near, and though bereft of eyes,
Thy voice I recognise.

CHORUS

O doer of dread deeds, how couldst thou mar
Thy vision thus? What demon goaded thee?

OEDIPUS

Apollo, friends, Apollo, he it was (*Str.* 2)
That brought these ills to pass;
But the right hand that dealt the blow
Was mine, none other. How
How could I longer see when sight
Brought no delight?

CHORUS

Alas! 'tis as thou sayest.

OEDIPUS

Say, friends, can any look or voice
Or touch of love henceforth my heart rejoice?
Haste, friends, no fond delay,
Take the twice cursed away
Far from all ken,
The man abhorred of gods, accursed of men.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δείλαιε τοῦ νοῦ τῆς τε συμφορᾶς ἴσον,
ὡς σ' ἠθέλησα μηδέ γ' ἂν γνῶναί ποτε.[1]

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὄλοιθ' ὅστις ἦν, ὃς ἀγρίας πέδας ἀντ. β′
μονάδ'[2] ἐπιποδίας ἔλυσ' μ' ἀπό τε φόνου
ἔρυτο κἀνέσωσεν, οὐδὲν εἰς χάριν πράσσων.
τότε γὰρ ἂν θανὼν
οὐκ ἦ φίλοισιν οὐδ' ἐμοὶ τοσόνδ' ἄχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θέλοντι κἀμοὶ τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὔκουν πατρός γ' ἂν φονεὺς
ἦλθον οὐδὲ νυμφίος
βροτοῖς ἐκλήθην ὧν ἔφυν ἄπο.
νῦν δ' ἄθεος μέν εἰμ', ἀνοσίων δὲ παῖς,
ὁμολεχὴς δ' ἀφ' ὧν αὐτὸς ἔφυν τάλας.
εἰ δέ τι πρεσβύτερον ἔτι κακοῦ κακόν,
τοῦτ' ἔλαχ' Οἰδίπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σε φῶ βεβουλεῦσθαι καλῶς·
κρείσσων γὰρ ἦσθα μηκέτ' ὢν ἢ ζῶν τυφλός.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς μὲν τάδ' οὐχ ὧδ' ἔστ' ἄριστ' εἰργασμένα,
μή μ' ἐκδίδασκε, μηδὲ συμβούλευ' ἔτι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδ' ὄμμασιν ποίοις βλέπων
πατέρα ποτ' ἂν προσεῖδον εἰς Ἅιδου μολὼν
οὐδ' αὖ τάλαιναν μητέρ', οἷν ἐμοὶ δυοῖν
ἔργ' ἐστὶ κρείσσον' ἀγχόνης εἰργασμένα.
ἀλλ' ἡ τέκνων δῆτ' ὄψις ἦν ἐφίμερος,

[1] L. ὥς σ' ἠθέλησα μηδ' ἀναγνῶναί ποτε, corr. Hermann.
[2] νομάδος MSS.: Jebb conjectures, without adopting, μονάδ'.

CHORUS

O thy despair well suits thy desperate case.
Would I had never looked upon thy face!

OEDIPUS

My curse on him whoe'er unrived (*Ant.* 2)
The waif's fell fetters and my life revived!
He meant me well, yet had he left me there,
He had saved my friends and me a world of care.

CHORUS

I too had wished it so.

OEDIPUS

Then had I never come to shed
My father's blood nor climbed my mother's bed;
The monstrous offspring of a womb defiled,
Co-mate of him who gendered me, and child.
Was ever man before afflicted thus,
Like Oedipus.

CHORUS

I cannot say that thou hast counselled well,
For thou wert better dead than living blind.

OEDIPUS

What's done was well done. Thou canst never shake
My firm belief. A truce to argument.
For, had I sight, I know not with what eyes
I could have met my father in the shades,
Or my poor mother, since against the twain
I sinned, a sin no gallows could atone.
Aye, but, ye say, the sight of children joys

βλαστοῦσ' ὅπως ἔβλαστε, προσλεύσσειν ἐμοί;
οὐ δῆτα τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖσιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ποτε·
οὐδ' ἄστυ γ' οὐδὲ πύργος οὐδὲ δαιμόνων
ἀγάλμαθ' ἱερά, τῶν ὁ παντλήμων ἐγὼ
κάλλιστ' ἀνὴρ εἷς ἔν γε ταῖς Θήβαις τραφεὶς
ἀπεστέρησ' ἐμαυτόν, αὐτὸς ἐννέπων
ὠθεῖν ἅπαντας τὸν ἀσεβῆ, τὸν ἐκ θεῶν
φανέντ' ἄναγνον καὶ γένους τοῦ Λαΐου.
τοιάνδ' ἐγὼ κηλῖδα μηνύσας ἐμὴν
ὀρθοῖς ἔμελλον ὄμμασιν τούτους ὁρᾶν;
ἥκιστά γ'· ἀλλ' εἰ τῆς ἀκουούσης ἔτ' ἦν
πηγῆς δι' ὤτων φραγμός, οὐκ ἂν ἐσχόμην
τὸ μὴ ἀποκλῇσαι τοὐμὸν ἄθλιον δέμας,
ἵν' ἦ τυφλός τε καὶ κλύων μηδέν· τὸ γὰρ
τὴν φροντίδ' ἔξω τῶν κακῶν οἰκεῖν γλυκύ.
ἰὼ Κιθαιρών, τί μ' ἐδέχου; τί μ' οὐ λαβὼν
ἔκτεινας εὐθύς, ὡς ἔδειξα μήποτε
ἐμαυτὸν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔνθεν ἦ γεγώς;
ὦ Πόλυβε καὶ Κόρινθε καὶ τὰ πάτρια
λόγῳ παλαιὰ δώμαθ', οἷον ἆρά με
κάλλος κακῶν ὕπουλον ἐξεθρέψατε·
νῦν γὰρ κακός τ' ὢν κἀκ κακῶν εὑρίσκομαι.
ὦ τρεῖς κέλευθοι καὶ κεκρυμμένη νάπη
δρυμός τε καὶ στενωπὸς ἐν τριπλαῖς ὁδοῖς,
αἳ τοὐμὸν αἷμα τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν ἄπο
ἐπίετε πατρός, ἆρά μου μέμνησθ' ἔτι
οἷ' ἔργα δράσας ὑμὶν εἶτα δεῦρ' ἰὼν
ὁποῖ' ἔπρασσον αὖθις; ὦ γάμοι γάμοι,
ἐφύσαθ' ἡμᾶς, καὶ φυτεύσαντες πάλιν
ἀνεῖτε ταὐτοῦ[1] σπέρμα, κἀπεδείξατε

[1] MSS. ταὐτόν, corr. Jebb.

A parent's eyes. What, born as mine were born?
No, such a sight could never bring me joy;
Nor this fair city with its battlements,
Its temples and the statues of its gods,
Sights from which I, now wretchedest of all,
Once ranked the foremost Theban in all Thebes,
By my own sentence am cut off, condemned
By my own proclamation 'gainst the wretch,
The miscreant by heaven itself declared
Unclean—and of the race of Laïus.
Thus branded as a felon by myself,
How had I dared to look you in the face?
Nay, had I known a way to choke the springs
Of hearing, I had never shrunk to make
A dungeon of this miserable frame,
Cut off from sight and hearing; for 'tis bliss
To bide in regions sorrow cannot reach.
Why didst thou harbour me, Cithaeron, why
Didst thou not take and slay me? Then I never
Had shown to men the secret of my birth.
O Polybus, O Corinth, O my home,
Home of my ancestors (so wast thou called)
How fair a nursling then I seemed, how foul
The canker that lay festering in the bud!
Now is the blight revealed of root and fruit.
Ye triple high-roads, and thou hidden glen,
Coppice, and pass where meet the three-branched
    ways,
Ye drank my blood, the life-blood these hands spilt,
My father's; do ye call to mind perchance
Those deeds of mine ye witnessed and the work
I wrought thereafter when I came to Thebes?
O fatal wedlock, thou didst give me birth,

πατέρας, ἀδελφούς, παῖδας, αἷμ' ἐμφύλιον,
νύμφας, γυναῖκας μητέρας τε, χὠπόσα
αἴσχιστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔργα γίγνεται.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐδᾶν ἔσθ' ἃ μηδὲ δρᾶν καλόν,
ὅπως τάχιστα πρὸς θεῶν ἔξω μέ που
καλύψατ' ἢ φονεύσατ' ἢ θαλάσσιον
ἐκρίψατ', ἔνθα μήποτ' εἰσόψεσθ' ἔτι.
ἴτ', ἀξιώσατ' ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου θιγεῖν.
πίθεσθε,[1] μὴ δείσητε· τἀμὰ γὰρ κακὰ
οὐδεὶς οἷός τε πλὴν ἐμοῦ φέρειν βροτῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ὧν ἐπαιτεῖς εἰς δέον πάρεσθ' ὅδε
Κρέων τὸ πράσσειν καὶ τὸ βουλεύειν, ἐπεὶ
χώρας λέλειπται μοῦνος ἀντὶ σοῦ φύλαξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴμοι, τί δῆτα λέξομεν πρὸς τόνδ' ἔπος;
τίς μοι φανεῖται πίστις ἔνδικος; τὰ γὰρ
πάρος πρὸς αὐτὸν πάντ' ἐφεύρημαι κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐχ ὡς γελαστής, Οἰδίπους, ἐλήλυθα,
οὐδ' ὡς ὀνειδιῶν τι τῶν πάρος κακῶν.
ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ θνητῶν μὴ καταισχύνεσθ' ἔτι
γένεθλα, τὴν γοῦν πάντα βόσκουσαν φλόγα
αἰδεῖσθ' ἄνακτος Ἡλίου, τοιόνδ' ἄγος
ἀκάλυπτον οὕτω δεικνύναι, τὸ μήτε γῆ
μήτ' ὄμβρος ἱερὸς μήτε φῶς προσδέξεται.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἐς οἶκον ἐσκομίζετε·
τοῖς ἐν γένει γὰρ τἀγγενῆ μάλισθ' ὁρᾶν
μόνοις τ' ἀκούειν εὐσεβῶς ἔχει κακά.

[1] πείθεσθε, MSS. Elmsley, corr.

And, having borne me, sowed again my seed,
Mingling the blood of fathers, brothers, children,
Brides, wives and mothers, an incestuous brood,
All horrors that are wrought beneath the sun,
Horrors so foul to name them were unmeet.
O, I adjure you, hide me anywhere
Far from this land, or slay me straight, or cast me
Down to the depths of ocean out of sight.
Come hither, deign to touch an abject wretch;
Draw near and fear not; I myself must bear
The load of guilt that none but I can share.

Enter CREON.

CREON

Lo, here is Creon, the one man to grant
Thy prayer by action or advice, for he
Is left the State's sole guardian in thy stead.

OEDIPUS

Ah me! what words to accost him can I find?
What cause has he to trust me? In the past
I have been proved his rancorous enemy.

CREON

Not in derision, Oedipus, I come
Nor to upbraid thee with thy past misdeeds.

(*To* BYSTANDERS)

But shame upon you! if ye feel no sense
Of human decencies, at least revere
The Sun whose light beholds and nurtures all.
Leave not thus nakedly for all to gaze at
A horror neither earth nor rain from heaven
Nor light will suffer. Lead him straight within,
For it is seemly that a kinsman's woes
Be heard by kin and seen by kin alone.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, ἐπείπερ ἐλπίδος μ' ἀπέσπασας,
ἄριστος ἐλθὼν πρὸς κάκιστον ἄνδρ' ἐμέ,
πιθοῦ τί μοι· πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐμοῦ φράσω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ τοῦ με χρείας ὧδε λιπαρεῖς τυχεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ῥῖψόν με γῆς ἐκ τῆσδ' ὅσον τάχισθ', ὅπου
θνητῶν φανοῦμαι μηδενὸς προσήγορος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔδρασ' ἂν εὖ τοῦτ' ἴσθ' ἄν, εἰ μὴ τοῦ θεοῦ
πρώτιστ' ἔχρῃζον ἐκμαθεῖν τί πρακτέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἥ γ' ἐκείνου πᾶσ' ἐδηλώθη φάτις,
τὸν πατροφόντην, τὸν ἀσεβῆ μ' ἀπολλύναι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὕτως ἐλέχθη ταῦθ'· ὅμως δ' ἵν' ἕσταμεν
χρείας, ἄμεινον ἐκμαθεῖν τί δραστέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὕτως ἄρ' ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου πεύσεσθ' ὕπερ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ σὺ νῦν τἂν τῷ θεῷ πίστιν φέροις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ σοί γ' ἐπισκήπτω τε καὶ προστρέψομαι,
τῆς μὲν κατ' οἴκους αὐτὸς ὃν θέλεις τάφον
θοῦ· καὶ γὰρ ὀρθῶς τῶν γε σῶν τελεῖς ὕπερ·
ἐμοῦ δὲ μήποτ' ἀξιωθήτω τόδε
πατρῷον ἄστυ ζῶντος οἰκητοῦ τυχεῖν,
ἀλλ' ἔα με ναίειν ὄρεσιν, ἔνθα κλῄζεται

OEDIPUS

O listen, since thy presence comes to me
A shock of glad surprise—so noble thou,
And I so vile—O grant me one small boon.
I ask it not on my behalf, but thine.

CREON

And what the favour thou wouldst crave of me?

OEDIPUS

Forth from thy borders thrust me with all speed;
Set me within some vasty desert where
No mortal voice shall greet me any more.

CREON

This had I done already, but I deemed
It first behoved me to consult the god.

OEDIPUS

His will was set forth plainly—to destroy
The godless parricide; and I am he.

CREON

Yea, so he spake, but in our present plight
'Twere better to consult the god anew.

OEDIPUS

Dare ye inquire concerning such a wretch?

CREON

Yea, for thyself wouldst credit now his word.

OEDIPUS

Aye, and on thee in all humility
I lay this charge: let her who lies within
Receive such burial as thou shalt ordain;
Such rites 'tis thine, as brother, to perform.
But for myself, O never let my Thebes,
The city of my sires, be doomed to bear
The burden of my presence while I live.

οὑμὸς Κιθαιρὼν οὗτος, ὃν μήτηρ τέ μοι
πατήρ τ' ἐθέσθην ζῶντε κύριον τάφον,
ἵν' ἐξ ἐκείνων, οἵ μ' ἀπωλλύτην, θάνω.
καίτοι τοσοῦτόν γ' οἶδα, μήτε μ' ἂν νόσον
μήτ' ἄλλο πέρσαι μηδέν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
θνῄσκων ἐσώθην, μὴ 'πί τῳ δεινῷ κακῷ.
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν ἡμῶν μοῖρ', ὅποιπερ εἶσ', ἴτω·
παίδων δὲ τῶν μὲν ἀρσένων μή μοι, Κρέων,
προσθῇ μέριμναν· ἄνδρες εἰσίν, ὥστε μὴ
σπάνιν ποτὲ σχεῖν, ἔνθ' ἂν ὦσι, τοῦ βίου·
ταῖν δ' ἀθλίαιν οἰκτραῖν τε παρθένοιν ἐμαῖν,
αἷν οὔποθ' ἡμὴ χωρὶς ἐστάθη βορᾶς
τράπεζ' ἄνευ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, ἀλλ' ὅσων ἐγὼ
ψαύοιμι, πάντων τῶνδ' ἀεὶ μετειχέτην·
αἷν μοι μέλεσθαι· καὶ μάλιστα μὲν χεροῖν
ψαῦσαί μ' ἔασον κἀποκλαύσασθαι κακά.
ἴθ' ὦναξ,
ἴθ' ὦ γονῇ γενναῖε· χερσί τἂν θιγὼν
δοκοῖμ' ἔχειν σφᾶς, ὥσπερ ἡνίκ' ἔβλεπον.
τί φημί;
οὐ δὴ κλύω που πρὸς θεῶν τοῖν μοι φίλοιν
δακρυρροούντοιν, καί μ' ἐποικτίρας Κρέων
ἔπεμψέ μοι τὰ φίλτατ' ἐκγόνοιν ἐμοῖν;
λέγω τι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις· ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμ' ὁ πορσύνας τάδε,
γνοὺς τὴν παροῦσαν τέρψιν, ἥ σ' εἶχεν πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης, καί σε τῆσδε τῆσδε τῆς ὁδοῦ
δαίμων ἄμεινον ἢ 'μὲ φρουρήσας τύχοι.
ὦ τέκνα, ποῦ ποτ' ἐστέ; δεῦρ' ἴτ', ἔλθετε
ὡς τὰς ἀδελφὰς τάσδε τὰς ἐμὰς χέρας,

No, let me be a dweller on the hills,
On yonder mount Cithaeron, famed as mine,
My tomb predestined for me by my sire
And mother, while they lived, that I may die
Slain as they sought to slay me, when alive.
This much I know full surely, nor disease
Shall end my days, nor any common chance;
For I had ne'er been snatched from death, unless
I was predestined to some awful doom.
So be it. I reck not how Fate deals with me.
But my unhappy children—for my sons
Be not concerned, O Creon, they are men,
And for themselves, where'er they be, can fend.
But for my daughters twain, poor innocent maids,
Who ever sat beside me at the board
Sharing my viands, drinking of my cup,
For them, I pray thee, care, and, if thou willst,
O might I feel their touch and make my moan.
Hear me, O prince, my noble-hearted prince!
Could I but blindly touch them with my hands,
I'd think they still were mine, as when I saw.
What say I? can it be my pretty ones
Whose sobs I hear? Has Creon pitied me
And sent me my two darlings? Can this be?

CREON

'Tis true; 'twas I procured thee this delight,
Knowing the joy they were to thee of old.

OEDIPUS

God speed thee! and as meed for bringing them
May Providence deal with thee kindlier
Than it has dealt with me! O children mine,
Where are ye? Let me clasp you with these hands,
A brother's hands, a father's; hands that made

αἳ τοῦ φυτουργοῦ πατρὸς ὑμὶν ὧδ' ὁρᾶν
τὰ πρόσθε λαμπρὰ προυξένησαν ὄμματα·
ὃς ὑμίν, ὦ τέκν', οὔθ' ὁρῶν οὔθ' ἱστορῶν
πατὴρ ἐφάνθην ἔνθεν αὐτὸς ἠρόθην.
καὶ σφὼ δακρύω· προσβλέπειν γὰρ οὐ σθένω·
νοούμενος τὰ λοιπὰ τοῦ πικροῦ βίου,
οἷον βιῶναι σφὼ πρὸς ἀνθρώπων χρεών.
ποίας γὰρ ἀστῶν ἥξετ' εἰς ὁμιλίας,
ποίας δ' ἑορτάς, ἔνθεν οὐ κεκλαυμέναι
πρὸς οἶκον ἵξεσθ' ἀντὶ τῆς θεωρίας;
ἀλλ' ἡνίκ' ἂν δὴ πρὸς γάμων ἥκητ' ἀκμάς,
τίς οὗτος ἔσται, τίς παραρρίψει, τέκνα,
τοιαῦτ' ὀνείδη λαμβάνων, ἃ ταῖς ἐμαῖς [1]
γοναῖσιν ἔσται σφῷν θ' ὁμοῦ δηλήματα;
τί γὰρ κακῶν ἄπεστι; τὸν πατέρα πατὴρ
ὑμῶν ἔπεφνε· τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἤροσεν,
ὅθεν περ αὐτὸς ἐσπάρη, κἀκ τῶν ἴσων
ἐκτήσαθ' ὑμᾶς, ὧνπερ αὐτὸς ἐξέφυ.
τοιαῦτ' ὀνειδιεῖσθε· κᾆτα τίς γαμεῖ;
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδείς, ὦ τέκν', ἀλλὰ δηλαδὴ
χέρσους φθαρῆναι κἀγάμους ὑμᾶς χρεών.
ὦ παῖ Μενοικέως, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ μόνος πατὴρ
ταύταιν λέλειψαι, νὼ γάρ, ὣ 'φυτεύσαμεν,
ὀλώλαμεν δύ' ὄντε, μή σφε περιίδῃς [2]
πτωχὰς ἀνάνδρους ἐκγενεῖς ἀλωμένας,
μηδ' ἐξισώσῃς τάσδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς.
ἀλλ' οἴκτισόν σφας, ὧδε τηλικάσδ' ὁρῶν
πάντων ἐρήμους, πλὴν ὅσον τὸ σὸν μέρος.
ξύννευσον, ὦ γενναῖε, σῇ ψαύσας χερί.
σφῷν δ', ὦ τέκν', εἰ μὲν εἰχέτην ἤδη φρένας,

[1] τοῖς ἐμοῖς γονεῦσιν MSS., Kennedy corr.
[2] παρίδῃς MSS., Dawes corr.

Lack-lustre sockets of his once bright eyes;
Hands of a man who blindly, recklessly,
Became your sire by her from whom he sprang.
Though I cannot behold you, I must weep
In thinking of the evil days to come,
The slights and wrongs that men will put upon you.
Where'er ye go to feast or festival,
No merrymaking will it prove for you,
But oft abashed in tears ye will return.
And when ye come to marriageable years,
Where's the bold wooer who will jeopardize
To take unto himself such disrepute
As to my children's children still must cling,
For what of infamy is lacking here?
"Their father slew his father, sowed the seed
Where he himself was gendered, and begat
These maidens at the source wherefrom he sprang."
Such are the gibes that men will cast at you.
Who then will wed you? None, I ween, but ye
Must pine, poor maids, in single barrenness.
O Prince, Menoeceus' son, to thee I turn,
With thee it rests to father them, for we
Their natural parents, both of us, are lost.
O leave them not to wander poor, unwed,
Thy kin, nor let them share my low estate.
O pity them so young, and but for thee
All destitute. Thy hand upon it, Prince.
To you, my children I had much to say,

πόλλ' ἂν παρῄνουν· νῦν δὲ τοῦτ' εὔχεσθέ μοι,
οὗ καιρὸς ἐᾷ ζῆν,[1] τοῦ βίου δὲ λῴονος
ὑμᾶς κυρῆσαι τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἅλις ἵν' ἐξήκεις δακρύων· ἀλλ' ἴθι στέγης ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πειστέον, κεἰ μηδὲν ἡδύ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πάντα γὰρ καιρῷ καλά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἶσθ' ἐφ' οἷς οὖν εἶμι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέξεις, καὶ τότ' εἴσομαι κλύων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γῆς μ' ὅπως πέμψεις ἄποικον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοῦ θεοῦ μ' αἰτεῖς δόσιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλὰ θεοῖς γ' ἔχθιστος ἥκω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοιγαροῦν τεύξει τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φῂς τάδ' οὖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἃ μὴ φρονῶ γὰρ οὐ φιλῶ λέγειν μάτην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄπαγέ νύν μ' ἐντεῦθεν ἤδη.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

στεῖχέ νυν, τέκνων δ' ἀφοῦ.

[1] ἀεὶ ζῆν MSS., Dindorf corr.

Were ye but ripe to hear. Let this suffice :
Pray ye may find some home and live content,
And may your lot prove happier than your sire's.

CREON

Thou hast had enough of weeping ; pass within.

OEDIPUS

I must obey,
Though 'tis grievous.

CREON

Weep not, everything must have its day.

OEDIPUS

Well I go, but on conditions.

CREON

What thy terms for going, say.

OEDIPUS

Send me from the land an exile.

CREON

Ask this of the gods, not me.

OEDIPUS

But I am the gods' abhorrence.

CREON

Then they soon will grant thy plea.

OEDIPUS

So thou yieldest to my pleading ?

CREON

When I speak I mean it so.

OEDIPUS

Lead me hence, then, I am willing.

CREON

Come, but let thy children go.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μηδαμῶς ταύτας γ' ἕλῃ μου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πάντα μὴ βούλου κρατεῖν·
καὶ γὰρ ἁκράτησας οὔ σοι τῷ βίῳ ξυνέσπετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπους ὅδε,
ὃς τὰ κλείν' αἰνίγματ' ᾔδει καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνήρ,
οὗ τίς οὐ ζήλῳ πολιτῶν ἦν τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων,[1]
εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.
ὥστε θνητὸν ὄντα κείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν
ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθών.

[1] *ὅστις οὐ ζήλῳ πολιτῶν καὶ τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων* MSS., Hartung corr.

OEDIPUS

Rob me not of these my children!

CREON

Crave not mastery in all,
For the mastery that raised thee was thy bane and wrought thy fall.

CHORUS

Look ye, countrymen and Thebans, this is Oedipus the great,
He who knew the Sphinx's riddle and was mightiest in our state.
Who of all our townsmen gazed not on his fame with envious eyes?
Now, in what a sea of troubles sunk and overwhelmed he lies!
Therefore wait to see life's ending ere thou count one mortal blest;
Wait till free from pain and sorrow he has gained his final rest.

OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ARGUMENT

Oedipus, *the blind and banished King of Thebes, has come in his wanderings to Colonus, a deme of Athens, led by his daughter Antigone. He sits to rest on a rock just within the sacred grove of the Furies and is bidden depart by a passing native. But Oedipus, instructed by an oracle that he had reached his final resting-place, refuses to stir, and the stranger consents to go and consult the Elders of Colonus (the Chorus of the Play). Conducted to the spot they pity at first the blind beggar and his daughter, but on learning his name they are horror-stricken and order him to quit the land. He appeals to the world-famed hospitality of Athens and hints at the blessings that his coming will confer on the State. They agree to await the decision of King Theseus. From Theseus Oedipus craves protection in life and burial in Attic soil; the benefits that will accrue shall be told later. Theseus departs having promised to aid and befriend him. No sooner has he gone than Creon enters with an armed guard who seize Antigone and carry her off (Ismene, the other sister, they have already*

captured) and he is about to lay hands on Oedipus, when Theseus, who has heard the tumult, hurries up and, upbraiding Creon for his lawless act, threatens to detain him till he has shown where the captives are and restored them. In the next scene Theseus returns bringing with him the rescued maidens. He informs Oedipus that a stranger who has taken sanctuary at the altar of Poseidon wishes to see him. It is Polyneices who has come to crave his father's forgiveness and blessing, knowing by an oracle that victory will fall to the side that Oedipus espouses. But Oedipus spurns the hypocrite, and invokes a dire curse on both his unnatural sons. A sudden clap of thunder is heard, and as peal follows peal, Oedipus is aware that his hour is come and bids Antigone summon Theseus. Self-guided he leads the way to the spot where death should overtake him, attended by Theseus and his daughters. Halfway he bids his daughters farewell, and what followed none but Theseus knew. He was not (so the Messenger reports) for the gods took him.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OEDIPUS, *banished King of Thebes.*

ANTIGONE, ISMENE, } *his daughters.*

THESEUS, *King of Athens.*

CREON, *brother of Jocasta, now reigning at Thebes.*

POLYNEICES, *elder son of Oedipus.*

STRANGER, *a native of Colonus.*

MESSENGER, *an attendant of Theseus.*

CHORUS, *citizens of Colonus.*

SCENE: In front of the grove of the Eumenides.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Τέκνον τυφλοῦ γέροντος Ἀντιγόνη, τίνας
χώρους ἀφίγμεθ' ἢ τίνων ἀνδρῶν πόλιν;
τίς τὸν πλανήτην Οἰδίπουν καθ' ἡμέραν
τὴν νῦν σπανιστοῖς δέξεται δωρήμασιν;
σμικρὸν μὲν ἐξαιτοῦντα, τοῦ σμικροῦ δ' ἔτι
μεῖον φέροντα, καὶ τόδ' ἐξαρκοῦν ἐμοί·
στέργειν γὰρ αἱ πάθαι με χὠ χρόνος ξυνὼν
μακρὸς διδάσκει καὶ τὸ γενναῖον τρίτον.
ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, θάκησιν εἴ τινα βλέπεις
ἢ πρὸς βεβήλοις ἢ πρὸς ἄλσεσιν θεῶν,
στῆσόν με κἀξίδρυσον, ὡς πυθώμεθα
ὅπου ποτ' ἐσμέν· μανθάνειν γὰρ ἥκομεν
ξένοι πρὸς ἀστῶν, ἃν δ' ἀκούσωμεν τελεῖν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ ταλαίπωρ' Οἰδίπους, πύργοι μέν, οἳ
πόλιν στέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων, πρόσω·
χῶρος δ' ὅδ' ἱερός, ὡς ἀπεικάσαι, βρύων
δάφνης, ἐλαίας, ἀμπέλου· πυκνόπτεροι δ'
εἴσω κατ' αὐτὸν εὐστομοῦσ' ἀηδόνες·
οὗ κῶλα κάμψον τοῦδ' ἐπ' ἀξέστου πέτρου·
μακρὰν γὰρ ὡς γέροντι προυστάλης ὁδόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κάθιζέ νύν με καὶ φύλασσε τὸν τυφλόν.

OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Enter the blind OEDIPUS *led by his daughter,* ANTIGONE.

OEDIPUS

Child of an old blind sire, Antigone,
What region, say, whose city have we reached?
Who will provide to-day with scanted dole
This wanderer? 'Tis little that he craves,
And less obtains—that less enough for me;
For I am taught by suffering to endure,
And the long years that have grown old with me,
And last not least, by true nobility.
My daughter, if thou seest a resting place
On common ground or by some sacred grove,
Stay me and set me down. Let us discover
Where we have come, for strangers must inquire
Of denizens, and do as they are bid.

ANTIGONE

Long-suffering father, Oedipus, the towers
That fence the city still, methinks, are far;
But where we stand is surely holy ground;
A wilderness of laurel, olive, vine;
Within a feathered flock of nightingales
Are warbling. On this native seat of rock
Rest; for an old man thou hast travelled far.

OEDIPUS

Guide these dark steps and seat me there secure.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

χρόνου μὲν οὕνεκ' οὐ μαθεῖν με δεῖ τόδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔχεις διδάξαι δή μ' ὅποι καθέσταμεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τὰς γοῦν Ἀθήνας οἶδα, τὸν δὲ χῶρον οὔ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πᾶς γάρ τις ηὔδα τοῦτό γ' ἡμὶν ἐμπόρων.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' ὅστις ὁ τόπος ἦ μάθω μολοῦσά ποι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ναί, τέκνον, εἴπερ ἐστί γ' ἐξοικήσιμος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' ἐστὶ μὴν οἰκητός· οἴομαι δὲ δεῖν
οὐδέν· πέλας γὰρ ἄνδρα τόνδε νῷν ὁρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ δεῦρο προσστείχοντα κἀξορμώμενον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ δὴ μὲν οὖν παρόντα· χὤ τί σοι λέγειν
εὔκαιρόν ἐστιν, ἔννεφ', ὡς ἀνὴρ ὅδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ ξεῖν', ἀκούων τῆσδε τῆς ὑπέρ τ' ἐμοῦ
αὑτῆς θ' ὁρώσης, οὕνεχ' ἡμὶν αἴσιος
σκοπὸς προσήκεις ὧν ἀδηλοῦμεν φράσαι—

ΞΕΝΟΣ

πρὶν νῦν τὰ πλείον' ἱστορεῖν, ἐκ τῆσδ' ἕδρας
ἔξελθ'· ἔχεις γὰρ χῶρον οὐχ ἁγνὸν πατεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δ' ἔσθ' ὁ χῶρος; τοῦ θεῶν νομίζεται;

ANTIGONE

If time can teach, I need not to be told.

OEDIPUS

Say, prithee, if thou knowest, where we are.

ANTIGONE

Athens I recognise, but not the spot.

OEDIPUS

That much we heard from every wayfarer.

ANTIGONE

Shall I go on and ask about the place?

OEDIPUS

Yes, daughter, if it be inhabited.

ANTIGONE

Sure there are habitations; but no need
To leave thee; yonder is a man hard by.

OEDIPUS

What, moving hitherward and on his way?

ANTIGONE

Say rather, here already. Ask him straight
The needful questions, for the man is here.

Enter STRANGER.

OEDIPUS

O stranger, as I learn from her whose eyes
Must serve both her and me, that thou art here
On timely quest, and so canst solve our doubts—

STRANGER

First quit that seat, then question me at large:
The spot thou treadest on is holy ground.

OEDIPUS

What is the site, to what god dedicate?

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ἄθικτος οὐδ' οἰκητός· αἱ γὰρ ἔμφοβοι
θεαί σφ' ἔχουσι, Γῆς τε καὶ Σκότου κόραι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίνων τὸ σεμνὸν ὄνομ' ἂν εὐξαίμην κλύων;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

τὰς πάνθ' ὁρώσας Εὐμενίδας ὅ γ' ἐνθάδ' ἂν
εἴποι λεώς νιν· ἄλλα δ' ἀλλαχοῦ καλά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἵλεῳ μὲν τὸν ἱκέτην δεξαίατο·
ὡς οὐχ ἕδρας γῆς τῆσδ' ἂν ἐξέλθοιμ' ἔτι.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἐστὶ τοῦτο;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ξυμφορᾶς ξύνθημ' ἐμῆς.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐμοί τοι τοὐξανιστάναι πόλεως
δίχ' ἐστὶ θάρσος, πρίν γ' ἂν ἐνδείξω τί δρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρός νυν θεῶν, ὦ ξεῖνε, μή μ' ἀτιμάσῃς,
τοιόνδ' ἀλήτην, ὧν σε προστρέπω φράσαι.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

σήμαινε, κοὐκ ἄτιμος ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ φανεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς ἔσθ' ὁ χῶρος δῆτ', ἐν ᾧ βεβήκαμεν;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ὅσ' οἶδα κἀγὼ πάντ' ἐπιστήσει κλύων·
χῶρος μὲν ἱερὸς πᾶς ὅδ' ἔστ'· ἔχει δέ νιν
σεμνὸς Ποσειδῶν· ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς
Τιτὰν Προμηθεύς· ὃν δ' ἐπιστείβεις τόπον,

STRANGER

Inviolable, untrod; goddesses,
Dread brood of Earth and Darkness, here abide.

OEDIPUS

Tell me the awful name I should invoke?

STRANGER

The Gracious Ones, All-seeing, so our people
Call them, but elsewhere other names are rife.

OEDIPUS

Then may they show their suppliant grace, for I
From this your sanctuary will ne'er depart.

STRANGER

What word is this?

OEDIPUS

The watchword of my fate.

STRANGER

Nay, 'tis not mine to bid thee hence without
Due warrant and instruction from the State.

OEDIPUS

Now in God's name, O stranger, scorn me not
As a wayfarer; tell me what I crave.

STRANGER

Ask; your request shall not be scorned by me.

OEDIPUS

How call you then the place wherein we bide?

STRANGER

Whate'er I know thou too shalt know; the place
Is all to great Poseidon consecrate.
Hard by, the Titan, he who bears the torch,
Prometheus, has his worship; but the spot

χθονὸς καλεῖται τῆσδε χαλκόπους ὀδός,[1]
ἔρεισμ' Ἀθηνῶν· οἱ δὲ πλησίοι γύαι
τόνδ' ἱππότην Κολωνὸν εὔχονται σφίσιν
ἀρχηγὸν εἶναι καὶ φέρουσι τοὔνομα
τὸ τοῦδε κοινὸν πάντες ὠνομασμένοι.
τοιαῦτά σοι ταῦτ' ἐστίν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ λόγοις
τιμώμεν', ἀλλὰ τῇ ξυνουσίᾳ πλέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ γάρ τινες ναίουσι τούσδε τοὺς τόπους;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

καὶ κάρτα, τοῦδε τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐπώνυμοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄρχει τις αὐτῶν ἢ 'πὶ τῷ πλήθει λόγος;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ἐκ τοῦ κατ' ἄστυ βασιλέως τάδ' ἄρχεται.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος δὲ τίς λόγῳ τε καὶ σθένει κρατεῖ;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

Θησεὺς καλεῖται, τοῦ πρὶν Αἰγέως τόκος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἆρ' ἄν τις αὐτῷ πομπὸς ἐξ ὑμῶν μόλοι;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ὡς πρὸς τί λέξων ἢ καταρτύσων μολεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς ἂν προσαρκῶν σμικρὰ κερδάνῃ μέγα.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

καὶ τίς πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μὴ βλέποντος ἄρκεσις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅσ' ἂν λέγωμεν πάνθ' ὁρῶντα λέξομεν.

[1] Brunck's correction of the MSS. ὁδός, which Sir George Young defends and translates "the Brass-paved Causeway."

Thou treadest, the Brass-footed Threshold named,
Is Athen's bastion, and the neighbouring lands
Claim as their chief and patron yonder knight
Colonus, and in common bear his name.
Such, stranger, is the spot, to fame unknown,
But dear to us its native worshippers.

OEDIPUS

Thou sayest there are dwellers in these parts?

STRANGER

Surely; they bear the name of yonder god.

OEDIPUS

Ruled by a king or by the general voice?

STRANGER

The lord of Athens is our over-lord.

OEDIPUS

Who is this monarch, great in word and might?

STRANGER

Theseus, the son of Aegeus our late king.

OEDIPUS

Might one be sent from you to summon him?

STRANGER

Wherefore? To tell him aught or urge his coming?

OEDIPUS

Say a slight service may avail him much.

STRANGER

How can he profit from a sightless man?

OEDIPUS

The blind man's words will be instinct with sight.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΞΕΝΟΣ

οἶσθ', ὦ ξέν', ὡς νῦν μὴ σφαλῇς; ἐπείπερ εἶ
γενναῖος, ὡς ἰδόντι, πλὴν τοῦ δαίμονος,
αὐτοῦ μέν', οὗπερ κἀφάνης, ἕως ἐγὼ
τοῖς ἐνθάδ' αὐτοῦ μὴ κατ' ἄστυ δημόταις
λέξω τάδ' ἐλθών· οἵδε γὰρ κρινοῦσί σοι
εἰ χρή σε μίμνειν ἢ πορεύεσθαι πάλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ἦ βέβηκεν ἡμὶν ὁ ξένος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

βέβηκεν, ὥστε πᾶν ἐν ἡσύχῳ, πάτερ,
ἔξεστι φωνεῖν, ὡς ἐμοῦ μόνης πέλας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πότνιαι δεινῶπες, εὖτε νῦν ἕδρας
πρώτων ἐφ' ὑμῶν τῆσδε γῆς ἔκαμψ' ἐγώ,
Φοίβῳ τε κἀμοὶ μὴ γένησθ' ἀγνώμονες,
ὅς μοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἐκεῖν' ὅτ' ἐξέχρη κακά,
ταύτην ἔλεξε παῦλαν ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ,
ἐλθόντι χώραν τερμίαν, ὅπου θεῶν
σεμνῶν ἕδραν λάβοιμι καὶ ξενόστασιν,
ἐνταῦθα κάμψειν τὸν ταλαίπωρον βίον,
κέρδη μὲν οἰκήσαντα τοῖς δεδεγμένοις,
ἄτην δὲ τοῖς πέμψασιν, οἵ μ' ἀπήλασαν·
σημεῖα δ' ἥξειν τῶνδέ μοι παρηγγύα,
ἢ σεισμὸν ἢ βροντήν τιν' ἢ Διὸς σέλας,
ἔγνωκα μέν νυν ὥς με τήνδε τὴν ὁδὸν
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ πιστὸν ἐξ ὑμῶν πτερὸν
ἐξήγαγ' εἰς τόδ' ἄλσος· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
πρώταισιν ὑμῖν ἀντέκυρσ' ὁδοιπορῶν,
νήφων ἀοίνοις, κἀπὶ σεμνὸν ἑζόμην
βάθρον τόδ' ἀσκέπαρνον. ἀλλά μοι, θεαί,
βίου κατ' ὀμφὰς τὰς Ἀπόλλωνος δότε

STRANGER

Heed then; I fain would see thee out of harm;
For by thy looks, marred though they be by fate,
I judge thee noble: tarry where thou art,
While I go seek the burghers—those at hand,
Not in the city. They will soon decide
Whether thou art to rest or go thy way.
[*Exit* STRANGER.

OEDIPUS

Tell me, my daughter, has the stranger gone?

ANTIGONE

Yes, he has gone; now we are all alone,
And thou may'st speak, dear father, without fear.

OEDIPUS

Stern-visaged queens, since coming to this land
First in your sanctuary I bent the knee,
Frown not on me or Phoebus, who, when erst
He told me all my miseries to come,
Spake of this respite after many years,
Some haven in a far-off land, a rest
Vouchsafed at last by dread divinities.
"There," said he, "shalt thou round thy weary life,
A blessing to the land wherein thou dwell'st,
But to the land that cast thee forth, a curse."
And of my weird he promised signs should come,
Earthquake, or thunderclap, or lightning flash.
And now I recognise as yours the sign
That led my wanderings to this your grove;
Else had I never lighted on you first,
A wineless man on you who loathe the grape,
Or set me on your seat of native rock.
O goddesses, fulfil Apollo's word,

πέρασιν ἤδη καὶ καταστροφήν τινα,
εἰ μὴ δοκῶ τι μειόνως ἔχειν, ἀεὶ
μόχθοις λατρεύων τοῖς ὑπερτάτοις βροτῶν.
ἴτ', ὦ γλυκεῖαι παῖδες ἀρχαίου Σκότου,
ἴτ', ὦ μεγίστης Παλλάδος καλούμεναι
πασῶν Ἀθῆναι τιμιωτάτη πόλις,
οἰκτίρατ' ἀνδρὸς Οἰδίπου τόδ' ἄθλιον
εἴδωλον· οὐ γὰρ δὴ τόδ' ἀρχαῖον δέμας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σίγα· πορεύονται γὰρ οἵδε δή τινες
χρόνῳ παλαιοί, σῆς ἕδρας ἐπίσκοποι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

σιγήσομαί τε καὶ σύ μ' ἐξ ὁδοῦ πόδα
κρύψον κατ' ἄλσος, τῶνδ' ἕως ἂν ἐκμάθω
τίνας λόγους ἐροῦσιν· ἐν γὰρ τῷ μαθεῖν
ἔνεστιν ηὑλάβεια τῶν ποιουμένων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅρα. τίς ἄρ' ἦν; ποῦ ναίει; *στρ. α'*
ποῦ κυρεῖ ἐκτόπιος συθεὶς ὁ πάντων
ὁ πάντων ἀκορέστατος;
προσδέρκου, λεῦσσέ νιν,[1]
προσπεύθου πανταχῇ.
πλανάτας πλανάτας τις ὁ πρέσβυς οὐδ'
ἔγχωρος· προσέβα γὰρ οὐκ
ἄν ποτ' ἀστιβὲς ἄλσος ἐς
τᾶνδ' ἀμαιμακετᾶν κορᾶν,
ἃς τρέμομεν λέγειν
καὶ παραμειβόμεσθ' ἀδέρκτως,
ἀφώνως, ἀλόγως τὸ τᾶς

[1] **λεύσατ' αὐτόν· προσδέρκου** MSS., Hermann corr.

Grant me some consummation of my life,
If haply I appear not all too vile,
A thrall to sorrow worse than any slave.
Hear, gentle daughters of primeval Night,
Hear, namesake of great Pallas; Athens, first
Of cities, pity this dishonoured shade,
The ghost of him who once was Oedipus.

ANTIGONE

Hush! for I see some grey-beards on their way,
Their errand to spy out our resting-place.

OEDIPUS

I will be mute, and thou shalt guide my steps
Into the covert from the public road,
Till I have learned their drift. A prudent man
Will ever shape his course by what he learns.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

Ha! Where is he? Look around! (*Str.* 1)
Every nook and corner scan!
He the all-presumptuous man,
Whither vanished? search the ground!
A wayfarer, I ween,
A wayfarer, no countryman of ours,
That old man must have been;
Never had native dared to tempt the Powers,
    Or enter their demesne,
The Maids in awe of whom each mortal cowers,
    Whose name no voice betrays nor cry,
    And as we pass them with averted eye,

εὐφάμου στόμα φροντίδος
ἱέντες, τὰ δὲ νῦν τιν' ἥκειν
λόγος οὐδὲν ἅζονθ',
ὃν ἐγὼ λεύσσων περὶ πᾶν οὔπω
δύναμαι τέμενος
γνῶναι ποῦ μοί ποτε ναίει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅδ' ἐκεῖνος ἐγώ· φωνῇ γὰρ ὁρῶ,
τὸ φατιζόμενον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,
δεινὸς μὲν ὁρᾶν, δεινὸς δὲ κλύειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μή μ', ἱκετεύω, προσίδητ' ἄνομον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ζεῦ ἀλεξῆτορ, τίς ποθ' ὁ πρέσβυς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ πάνυ μοίρας εὐδαιμονίσαι
πρώτης, ὦ τῆσδ' ἔφοροι χώρας.
δηλῶ δ'· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ὧδ' ἀλλοτρίοις
ὄμμασιν εἷρπον
κἀπὶ σμικροῖς μέγας ὥρμουν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐή, ἀλαῶν ὀμμάτων ἀντ. α'
ἆρα καὶ ἦσθα φυτάλμιος; δυσαίων
μακραίων γ', ὅσ' ἐπεικάσαι.[1]
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ἔν γ' ἐμοὶ
προσθήσει[2] τάσδ' ἀράς.
περᾷς γάρ, περᾷς· ἀλλ' ἵνα τῷδ' ἐν ἀ-
φθέγκτῳ μὴ προπέσῃς νάπει

[1] ὡς MSS., Bothe corr.
[2] προσθήσεις MSS., Blaydes corr.

We move hushed lips in reverent piety.
But now some godless man,
'Tis rumoured, here abides;
The precincts through I scan,
Yet wot not where he hides,
The wretch profane!
I search and search in vain.

OEDIPUS

I am that man; I know you near,
Ears to the blind, they say, are eyes.

CHORUS

O dread to see and dread to hear!

OEDIPUS

O sirs, I am no outlaw under ban.

CHORUS

Who can he be—Zeus save us!—this old man?

OEDIPUS

No favourite of fate,
That ye should envy his estate,
O, Sirs, would any happy mortal, say,
Grope by the light of other eyes his way,
Or face the storm upon so frail a stay?

CHORUS

Wast thou then sightless from thy birth? (*Ant.* 1)
Evil, methinks, and long
Thy pilgrimage on earth.
Yet add not curse to curse and wrong to wrong.
I warn thee, trespass not
Within this hallowed spot,

ποιάεντι, κάθυδρος οὗ
κρατὴρ μειλιχίων ποτῶν
ῥεύματι συντρέχει,
τόν, ξένε πάμμορ', εὖ φύλαξαι;
μετάσταθ', ἀπόβαθι. πολ-
λὰ κέλευθος ἐρατύει·
κλύεις, ὦ πολύμοχθ' ἀλᾶτα;
λόγον εἴ τιν' οἴσεις
πρὸς ἐμὰν λέσχαν, ἀβάτων ἀποβάς,
ἵνα πᾶσι νόμος,
φώνει· πρόσθεν δ' ἀπερύκου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θύγατερ, ποῖ τις φροντίδος ἔλθῃ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ πάτερ, ἀστοῖς ἴσα χρὴ μελετᾶν,
εἴκοντας ἃ δεῖ κἀκούοντας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρόσθιγέ νύν μου.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ψαύω καὶ δή.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ ξένε, μὴ δῆτ' ἀδικηθῶ σοὶ
πιστεύσας καὶ μεταναστάς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔ τοι μήποτέ σ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἑδράνων, στρ. β'
ὦ γέρον, ἄκοντά τις ἄξει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔτ' οὖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔτι βαῖνε πόρσω.[1]

[1] MSS. ἔτ' οὖν ἔτι προβῶ; ἐπίβαινε, Bothe and Reiske corr.

Lest thou shouldst find the silent grassy glade
Where offerings are laid,
Bowls of spring water mingled with sweet mead.
Thou must not stay,
Come, come away,
Tired wanderer, dost thou heed?
(We are far off, but sure our voice can reach.)
If aught thou wouldst beseech,
Speak where 'tis right; till then refrain from speech

OEDIPUS

Daughter, what counsel should we now pursue?

ANTIGONE

We must obey and do as here they do.

OEDIPUS

Thy hand then!

ANTIGONE

Here, O father, is my hand,

OEDIPUS

O Sirs, if I come forth at your command,
Let me not suffer for my confidence.

CHORUS (*Str.* 2)

Against thy will no man shall drive thee hence.

OEDIPUS

Shall I go further?

CHORUS

Aye.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔτι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

προβίβαζε, κούρα,
πόρσω· σὺ γὰρ ἀΐεις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

⏑́ ⏑ ⏑ –́ ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ –́

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

⏑ –́ – –

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

⏑ –́ –́ ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ –́
ἕπεο μάν, ἕπε' ὧδ' ἀμαυρῷ
κώλῳ, πάτερ, ᾇ σ' ἄγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

–́ – –́ ⏑ ⏑ – –

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τόλμα ξεῖνος ἐπὶ ξένης,
ὦ τλάμων, ὅ τι καὶ πόλις
τέτροφεν ἄφιλον ἀποστυγεῖν
καὶ τὸ φίλον σέβεσθαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄγε νυν σύ με, παῖ,
ἵν' ἂν εὐσεβίας ἐπιβαίνοντες
τὸ μὲν εἴποιμεν, τὸ δ' ἀκούσαιμεν,
καὶ μὴ χρείᾳ πολεμῶμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὐτοῦ· μηκέτι τοῦδ' αὐτοπέτρου[1] ἀντ. β΄
βήματος ἔξω πόδα κλίνῃς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὕτως;

[1] ἀντιπέτρου MSS., Musgrave corr.

OEDIPUS

What further still?

CHORUS

Lead maiden, thou canst guide him where we will.

ANTIGONE

* * * * * * *

OEDIPUS

* * * * * * *

ANTIGONE

* * * * * * *

Follow with blind steps, father, as I lead.

OEDIPUS

* * * * * * *

CHORUS

In a strange land strange thou art;
To her will incline thine heart;
Honour whatso'er the State
Honours, all she frowns on hate.

OEDIPUS

Guide me child, where we may range
Safe within the paths of right;
Counsel freely may exchange
Nor with fate and fortune fight.

CHORUS

Halt! Go no further than that rocky floor. (*Ant.* 2)

OEDIPUS

Stay where I now am?

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἅλις, ὡς ἀκούεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ ἑσθῶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέχριός γ' ἐπ' ἄκρου
λᾶος βραχὺς ὀκλάσας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, ἐμὸν τόδ'· ἐν ἀσυχαίᾳ[1]

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰώ μοί μοι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

βάσει βάσιν ἅρμοσαι,
γεραὸν ἐς χέρα σῶμα σὸν
προκλίνας φιλίαν ἐμάν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὤμοι δύσφρονος ἄτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλάμων, ὅτε νῦν χαλᾷς,
αὔδασον, τίς ἔφυς βροτῶν;
τίς ὁ πολύπονος ἄγει; τίν' ἂν
σοῦ πατρίδ' ἐκπυθοίμαν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ ξένοι,
ἀπόπτολις· ἀλλὰ μὴ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τόδ' ἀπεννέπεις, γέρον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ μὴ μή μ' ἀνέρῃ τίς εἰμι,
μηδ' ἐξετάσῃς πέρα ματεύων.

[1] MSS. ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ, corr. Reisig

CHORUS

Yes, advance no more.

OEDIPUS

May I sit down?

CHORUS

Move sideways towards the ledge,
And sit thee crouching on the scarped edge.

ANTIGONE

This is my office, father, O incline—

OEDIPUS

Ah me! ah me!

ANTIGONE

Thy steps to my steps, lean thine aged frame on mine.

OEDIPUS

Woe on my fate unblest!

CHORUS

Wanderer, now thou art at rest,
Tell me of thy birth and home,
From what far country art thou come,
Led on thy weary way, declare!

OEDIPUS

Strangers, I have no country. O forbear—

CHORUS

What is it, old man, that thou wouldst conceal?

OEDIPUS

Forbear, nor urge me further to reveal—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τόδ';[1]

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αἰνὰ φύσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὔδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τέκνον, ὤμοι, τί γεγώνω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίνος εἶ σπέρματος, ὦ ξένε, φώνει, πατρόθεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὤμοι ἐγώ, τί πάθω, τέκνον ἐμόν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

λέγ', ἐπείπερ ἐπ' ἔσχατα βαίνεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐρῶ· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω κατακρυφάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μακρὰ μέλλετον, ἀλλὰ τάχυνε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Λαΐου ἴστε τιν';

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὤ ἰοὺ ἰού.[2]

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τό τε Λαβδακιδᾶν γένος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄθλιον Οἰδιπόδαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ γὰρ ὅδ' εἶ;

[1] MSS. τί τόδε; δεινά, corr. Hartung.
[2] τίν' ἀπόγονον; MSS., corr. Hermann, Χο. ὢ ὢ ἰού.

CHORUS

Why this reluctance?

OEDIPUS

Dread my lineage.

CHORUS

Say!

OEDIPUS

What must I answer, child, ah welladay!

CHORUS

Say of what stock thou comest, what man's son—

OEDIPUS

Ah me, my daughter, now we are undone!

ANTIGONE

Speak, for thou standest on the slippery verge.

OEDIPUS

I will; no plea for silence can I urge.

CHORUS

Will neither speak? Come, Sir, why dally thus!

OEDIPUS

Know'st one of Laïus'—

CHORUS

Ha! Who!

OEDIPUS

Seed of Labdacus—

CHORUS

O Zeus!

OEDIPUS

The hapless Oedipus.

CHORUS

Art he?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δέος ἴσχετε μηδὲν ὅσ᾽ αὐδῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ὢ ὤ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δύσμορος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὢ ὤ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θύγατερ, τί ποτ᾽ αὐτίκα κύρσει;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔξω πόρσω βαίνετε χώρας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἃ δ᾽ ὑπέσχεο ποῖ καταθήσεῖς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδενὶ μοιριδία τίσις ἔρχεται
ὧν προπάθῃ τὸ τίνειν· ἀπάτα δ᾽ ἀπά-
ταις ἑτέραις ἑτέρα παραβαλλομέ-
να πόνον, οὐ χάριν, ἀντιδίδωσιν ἔ-
χειν. σὺ δὲ τῶνδ᾽ ἑδράνων πάλιν ἔκτοπος
αὖθις ἄφορμος ἐμᾶς χθονὸς ἔκθορε,
μή τι πέρα χρέος
ἐμᾷ πόλει προσάψῃς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ ξένοι
αἰδόφρονες, ἀλλ᾽ ἐπεὶ
γεραὸν πατέρα τόνδ᾽ ἐμὸν
οὐκ ἀνέτλατ᾽, ἔργων
ἀκόντων ἀίοντες αὐδάν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐμὲ τὰν μελέαν, ἱκετεύομεν, ὦ ξένοι,
οἰκτίραθ᾽, ἃ

OEDIPUS

Whate'er I utter, have no fear of me.

CHORUS

Begone!

OEDIPUS

O wretched me!

CHORUS

Begone!

OEDIPUS

O daughter, what will hap anon?

CHORUS

Forth from our borders speed ye both!

OEDIPUS

How keep you then your troth?

CHORUS

Heaven's justice never smites
Him who ill with ill requites.
But if guile with guile contend,
Bane, not blessing, is the end.
Arise, begone and take thee hence straightway,
Lest on our land a heavier curse thou lay.

ANTIGONE

O sirs! ye suffered not my father blind,
Albeit gracious and to ruth inclined,
Knowing the deeds he wrought, not innocent,
But with no ill intent;
Yet heed a maiden's moan
Who pleads for him alone;
My eyes, not reft of sight,

πατρὸς ὑπὲρ τοὐμοῦ μόνου[1]
ἄντομαι οὐκ ἀλαοῖς προσορωμένα
ὄμμα σὸν ὄμμασιν, ὥς τις ἀφ' αἵματος
ὑμετέρου προφανεῖσα, τὸν ἄθλιον
αἰδοῦς κῦρσαι· ἐν ὔμμι γὰρ ὡς θεῷ
κείμεθα τλάμονες. ἀλλ' ἴτε, νεύσατε τὰν ἀδόκητον
χάριν·
πρός σ' ὅ τι σοι φίλον ἐκ σέθεν ἄντομαι,
ἢ τέκνον ἢ λέχος ἢ χρέος ἢ θεός·[2]
οὐ γὰρ ἴδοις ἂν ἀθρῶν βροτὸν ὅστις ἄν,
εἰ θεὸς ἄγοι,
ἐκφυγεῖν δύναιτο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἴσθι, τέκνον Οἰδίπου, σέ τ' ἐξ ἴσου
οἰκτίρομεν καὶ τόνδε συμφορᾶς χάριν·
τὰ δ' ἐκ θεῶν τρέμοντες οὐ σθένοιμεν ἂν
φωνεῖν πέρα τῶν πρὸς σὲ νῦν εἰρημένων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δῆτα δόξης ἢ τί κληδόνος καλῆς
μάτην ῥεούσης ὠφέλημα γίγνεται,
εἰ τάς γ' Ἀθήνας φασὶ θεοσεβεστάτας
εἶναι, μόνας δὲ τὸν κακούμενον ξένον
σῴζειν οἵας τε καὶ μόνας ἀρκεῖν ἔχειν;
κἄμοιγε ποῦ ταῦτ' ἐστίν, οἵτινες βάθρων
ἐκ τῶνδέ μ' ἐξάραντες εἶτ' ἐλαύνετε,
ὄνομα μόνον δείσαντες; οὐ γὰρ δὴ τό γε
σῶμ' οὐδὲ τἄργα τἄμ'· ἐπεὶ τά γ' ἔργα μου
πεπονθότ' ἐστὶ μᾶλλον ἢ δεδρακότα,
εἴ σοι τὰ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς χρείη λέγειν,

[1] *τοῦ μόνου* MSS. Triclinius conjectured *τοὐμοῦ*. Hermann, *τοὐμοῦ μόνου*.
[2] *λόγος* MSS., Reiske corr.

Plead with you as a daughter's might.
You are our providence,
O make us not go hence!
O with a gracious nod
Grant us the nigh despaired-of boon we crave!
Hear us, O hear,
By all that ye hold dear,
Wife, children, homestead, hearth and God!
Where will you find one, search ye ne'er so well,
Who 'scapes perdition if a god impel!

CHORUS

Surely we pity thee and him alike
Daughter of Oedipus, for your distress;
But as we reverence the decrees of Heaven
We cannot say aught other than we said.

OEDIPUS

O what avails renown or fair repute?
Are they not vanity? For, look you, now
Athens is held of States the most devout,
Athens alone gives hospitality
And shelters the vexed stranger, so men say.
Have I so found it? I whom ye dislodged
First from my seat of rock and now would drive
Forth from your land, dreading my name alone;
For me you surely dread not, nor my deeds,
Deeds of a man more sinned against than sinning,
As I might well convince you, were it meet

ὧν οὕνεκ' ἐκφοβεῖ με· τοῦτ' ἐγὼ καλῶς
ἔξοιδα. καίτοι πῶς ἐγὼ κακὸς φύσιν,
ὅστις παθὼν μὲν ἀντέδρων, ὥστ' εἰ φρονῶν
ἔπρασσον, οὐδ' ἂν ὧδ' ἐγιγνόμην κακός;
νῦν δ' οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ἱκόμην ἵν' ἱκόμην,
ὑφ' ὧν δ' ἔπασχον, εἰδότων ἀπωλλύμην.
ἀνθ' ὧν ἱκνοῦμαι πρὸς θεῶν ὑμᾶς, ξένοι,
ὥσπερ με κἀνεστήσαθ', ὧδε σώσατε,
καὶ μὴ θεοὺς τιμῶντες εἶτα τοὺς θεοὺς
μοίρας [1] ποιεῖσθε μηδαμῶς· ἡγεῖσθε δὲ
βλέπειν μὲν αὐτοὺς πρὸς τὸν εὐσεβῆ βροτῶν,
βλέπειν δὲ πρὸς τοὺς δυσσεβεῖς, φυγὴν δέ του
μήπω γενέσθαι φωτὸς ἀνοσίου βροτῶν.
ξὺν οἷς σὺ μὴ κάλυπτε τὰς εὐδαίμονας
ἔργοις Ἀθήνας ἀνοσίοις ὑπηρετῶν,
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἔλαβες τὸν ἱκέτην ἐχέγγυον,
ῥύου με κἀκφύλασσε· μηδέ μου κάρα
τὸ δυσπρόσοπτον εἰσορῶν ἀτιμάσῃς,
ἥκω γὰρ ἱερὸς εὐσεβής τε καὶ φέρων
ὄνησιν ἀστοῖς τοῖσδ'· ὅταν δ' ὁ κύριος
παρῇ τις, ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν ἡγεμών,
τότ' εἰσακούων πάντ' ἐπιστήσει· τὰ δὲ
μεταξὺ τούτου μηδαμῶς γίγνου κακός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ταρβεῖν μέν, ὦ γεραιέ, τἀνθυμήματα
πολλή 'στ' ἀνάγκη τἀπὸ σοῦ· λόγοισι γὰρ
οὐκ ὠνόμασται βραχέσι· τοὺς δὲ τῆσδε γῆς
ἄνακτας ἀρκεῖ ταῦτά μοι διειδέναι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ ποῦ 'σθ' ὁ κραίνων τῆσδε τῆς χώρας, ξένοι;

[1] L. A, μοίραις, F, R² μοίρας.

To tell my mother's story and my sire's,
The cause of this your fear. Yet am I then
A villain born because in self-defence,
Stricken, I struck the striker back again?
E'en had I known, no villainy 'twould prove:
But all unwitting whither I went, I went—
To ruin; my destroyers knew it well,
Wherefore, I pray you, sirs, in Heaven's name,
Even as ye bade me quit my seat, defend me.
O pay not a lip service to the gods
And wrong them of their dues. Bethink ye well,
The eye of Heaven beholds the just of men,
And the unjust, nor ever in this world
Has one sole godless sinner found escape.
Stand then on Heaven's side and never blot
Athens' fair scutcheon by abetting wrong.
I came to you a suppliant, and you pledged
Your honour; O preserve me to the end,
O let not this marred visage do me wrong!
A holy and god-fearing man is here
Whose coming purports comfort for your folk.
And when your chief arrives, whoe'er he be,
Then shall ye have my story and know all.
Meanwhile I pray you do me no despite.

CHORUS

The plea thou urgest, needs must give us pause,
Set forth in weighty argument, but we
Must leave the issue with the ruling powers.

OEDIPUS

Where is he, strangers, he who sways the realm?

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πατρῷον ἄστυ γῆς ἔχει· σκοπὸς δέ νιν,
ὃς κἀμὲ δεῦρ' ἔπεμψεν, οἴχεται στελῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ καὶ δοκεῖτε τοῦ τυφλοῦ τιν' ἐντροπὴν
ἢ φροντίδ' ἕξειν, αὐτὸν ὥστ'[1] ἐλθεῖν πέλας;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ κάρθ', ὅταν περ τοὔνομ' αἴσθηται τὸ σόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δ' ἔσθ' ὁ κείνῳ τοῦτο τοὔπος ἀγγελῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μακρὰ κέλευθος· πολλὰ δ' ἐμπόρων ἔπη
φιλεῖ πλανᾶσθαι, τῶν ἐκεῖνος ἀΐων,
θάρσει, παρέσται. πολὺ γάρ, ὦ γέρον, τὸ σὸν
ὄνομα διήκει πάντας, ὥστε κεἰ βραδὺς
εὕδει, κλύων σοῦ δεῦρ' ἀφίξεται ταχύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχὴς ἵκοιτο τῇ θ' αὑτοῦ πόλει
ἐμοί τε· τίς γὰρ ἐσθλὸς οὐχ αὑτῷ φίλος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω; ποῖ φρενῶν ἔλθω, πάτερ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ' ἔστι, τέκνον Ἀντιγόνη;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

γυναῖχ' ὁρῶ
στείχουσαν ἡμῶν ἆσσον, Αἰτναίας ἐπὶ
πώλου βεβῶσαν· κρατὶ δ' ἡλιοστεγὴς
κυνῆ πρόσωπα Θεσσαλίς νιν ἀμπέχει.
τί φῶ;

[1] ἀπόνως τ', MSS., Porson corr.

CHORUS

In his ancestral seat; a messenger,
The same who sent us here, is gone for him.

OEDIPUS

And think you he will have such care or thought
For the blind stranger as to come himself?

CHORUS

Ay, that he will, when once he learns thy name.

OEDIPUS

But who will bear him word!

CHORUS

The way is long,
And many travellers pass to speed the news.
Be sure he'll hear and hasten, never fear;
So wide and far thy name is noised abroad,
That, were he ne'er so spent and loth to move,
He would bestir him when he hears of thee.

OEDIPUS

Well, may he come with blessing to his State
And me! Who serves his neighbour serves himself.[1]

ANTIGONE

Zeus! What is this? What can I say or think?

OEDIPUS

What now, Antigone?

ANTIGONE

I see a woman
Riding upon a colt of Aetna's breed;
She wears for headgear a Thessalian hat
To shade her from the sun. Who can it be?

[1] To avoid explaining the blessing (see l. 288), still a secret, he resorts to a commonplace; literally, "For what generous man is not (in befriending others) a friend to himself?"

ἆρ᾽ ἔστιν; ἆρ᾽ οὐκ ἔστιν; ἢ γνώμη πλανᾷ;
καὶ φημὶ κἀπόφημι κοὐκ ἔχω τί φῶ.
τάλαινα.
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη· φαιδρὰ γοῦν ἀπ᾽ ὀμμάτων
σαίνει με προσστείχουσα· σημαίνει δ᾽ ὅτι
μόνης τόδ᾽ ἐστὶ δῆλον Ἰσμήνης κάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας, ὦ παῖ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

παῖδα σήν, ἐμὴν δ᾽ ὁρᾶν
ὅμαιμον· αὐδῇ δ᾽ αὐτίκ᾽ ἔξεστιν μαθεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὦ δισσὰ πατρὸς καὶ κασιγνήτης ἐμοὶ
ἥδιστα προσφωνήμαθ᾽, ὡς ὑμᾶς μόλις
εὑροῦσα λύπῃ δεύτερον μόλις βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ἥκεις;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὦ πάτερ δύσμοιρ᾽ ὁρᾶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τέκνον, πέφηνας;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐκ ἄνευ μόχθου γέ μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρόσψαυσον, ὦ παῖ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θιγγάνω δυοῖν ὁμοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ σπέρμ᾽ ὅμαιμον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὦ δυσάθλιαι τροφαί.

She or a stranger? Do I wake or dream?
'Tis she; 'tis not—I cannot tell, alack;
It is no other! Now her bright'ning glance
Greets me with recognition, yes, 'tis she,
Herself, Ismene!

OEDIPUS

Ha! what say ye, child?

ANTIGONE

That I behold thy daughter and my sister,
And thou wilt know her straightway by her voice.

Enter ISMENE.

ISMENE

Father and sister, names to me most sweet,
How hardly have I found you, hardly now
When found at last can see you through my tears!

OEDIPUS

Art come, my child?

ISMENE

O father, sad thy plight!

OEDIPUS

Child, thou art here?

ISMENE

Yes, 'twas a weary way.

OEDIPUS

Touch me, my child.

ISMENE

I give a hand to both.

OEDIPUS

O children—sisters!

ISMENE

O disastrous plight!

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ τῆσδε κἀμοῦ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

δυσμόρου τ' ἐμοῦ τρίτης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τέκνον, τί δ' ἦλθες;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

σῇ, πάτερ, προμηθίᾳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα πόθοισι;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ λόγων γ' αὐτάγγελος,
ξὺν ᾧπερ εἶχον οἰκετῶν πιστῷ μόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἱ δ' αὐθόμαιμοι ποῦ νεανίαι πονεῖν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

εἴσ' οὗπέρ εἰσι· δεινὰ τὰν κείνοις τανῦν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὢ πάντ' ἐκείνω τοῖς ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ νόμοις
φύσιν κατεικασθέντε καὶ βίου τροφάς·
ἐκεῖ γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἄρσενες κατὰ στέγας
θακοῦσιν ἱστουργοῦντες, αἱ δὲ σύννομοι
τἄξω βίου τροφεῖα πορσύνουσ' ἀεί.
σφῷν δ', ὦ τέκν', οὓς μὲν εἰκὸς ἦν πονεῖν τάδε,
κατ' οἶκον οἰκουροῦσιν ὥστε παρθένοι,
σφὼ δ' ἀντ' ἐκείνων τἀμὰ δυστήνου κακὰ
ὑπερπονεῖτον. ἡ μὲν ἐξ ὅτου νέας
τροφῆς ἔληξε καὶ κατίσχυσεν δέμας,
ἀεὶ μεθ' ἡμῶν δύσμορος πλανωμένη
γερονταγωγεῖ, πολλὰ μὲν κατ' ἀγρίαν
ὕλην ἄσιτος νηλίπους τ' ἀλωμένη,

OEDIPUS

Her plight and mine?

ISMENE

Ay, and my own no less.

OEDIPUS

What brought thee, daughter?

ISMENE

Father, care for thee.

OEDIPUS

A daughter's yearning?

ISMENE

Yes, and I had news
I would myself deliver, so I came
With the one thrall who yet is true to me.

OEDIPUS

Thy valiant brothers, where are they at need?

ISMENE

They are—enough, 'tis now their darkest hour.

OEDIPUS

Out on the twain! Their thoughts and actions all
Are framed and modelled on Egyptian ways.
For there the men sit at the loom indoors
While the wives slave abroad for daily bread.
So you, my children—those whom it behoved
To bear the burden, stay at home like girls,
While in their stead my daughters moil and drudge,
Lightening their father's misery. The one
Since first she grew from girlish feebleness
To womanhood has been the old man's guide
And shared my weary wanderings, roaming oft
Hungry and footsore through wild forest ways,

πολλοῖσι δ' ὄμβροις ἡλίου τε καύμασιν
μοχθοῦσα τλήμων δεύτερ' ἡγεῖται τὰ τῆς
οἴκοι διαίτης, εἰ πατὴρ τροφὴν ἔχοι.
σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον, πρόσθεν μὲν ἐξίκου πατρὶ
μαντεῖ' ἄγουσα πάντα, Καδμείων λάθρᾳ,
ἃ τοῦδ' ἐχρήσθη σώματος, φύλαξ τέ μου
πιστὴ κατέστης, γῆς ὅτ' ἐξηλαυνόμην·
νῦν δ' αὖ τίν' ἥκεις μῦθον, Ἰσμήνη, πατρὶ
φέρουσα; τίς σ' ἐξῆρεν οἴκοθεν στόλος;
ἥκεις γὰρ οὐ κενή γε, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ἔξοιδα, μὴ οὐχὶ δεῖμ' ἐμοὶ φέρουσά τι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν παθήμαθ' ἅπαθον, πάτερ,
ζητοῦσα τὴν σὴν ποῦ κατοικοίης τροφήν,
παρεῖσ' ἐάσω· δὶς γὰρ οὐχὶ βούλομαι
πονοῦσά τ' ἀλγεῖν καὶ λέγουσ' αὖθις πάλιν.
ἃ δ' ἀμφὶ τοῖν σοῖν δυσμόροιν παίδοιν κακὰ
νῦν ἐστι, ταῦτα σημανοῦσ' ἐλήλυθα.
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἦν ἔρως[1] *Κρέοντί τε*
θρόνους ἐᾶσθαι μηδὲ χραίνεσθαι πόλιν,
λόγῳ σκοποῦσι τὴν πάλαι γένους φθοράν,
οἵα κατέσχε τὸν σὸν ἄθλιον δόμον·
νῦν δ' ἐκ θεῶν του κἀλιτηρίου[2] *φρενὸς*
εἰσῆλθε τοῖν τρὶς ἀθλίοιν ἔρις κακή,
ἀρχῆς λαβέσθαι καὶ κράτους τυραννικοῦ.
χὠ μὲν νεάζων καὶ χρόνῳ μείων γεγὼς
τὸν πρόσθε γεννηθέντα Πολυνείκη θρόνων
ἀποστερίσκει, κἀξελήλακεν πάτρας.
ὁ δ', ὡς καθ' ἡμᾶς ἔσθ' ὁ πληθύων λόγος,
τὸ κοῖλον Ἄργος βὰς φυγὰς προσλαμβάνει

[1] *ἔρις* MSS., Tyrwhitt corr.
[2] L. *κἀξαλιτηροῦ*, Toup corr.

In drenching rains and under scorching suns,
Careless herself of home and ease, if so
Her sire might have her tender ministry.
And thou, my child, whilom thou wentest forth,
Eluding the Cadmeians' vigilance,
To bring thy father all the oracles
Concerning Oedipus, and didst make thyself
My faithful lieger, when they banished me.
And now what mission summons thee from home,
What news, Ismene, hast thou for thy father?
This much I know, thou com'st not empty-handed,
Without a warning of some new alarm.

ISMENE

The toil and trouble, father, that I bore
To find thy lodging-place and how thou faredst,
I spare thee; surely 'twere a double pain
To suffer, first in act and then in telling;
'Tis the misfortune of thine ill-starred sons
I come to tell thee. At the first they willed
To leave the throne to Creon, minded well
Thus to remove the inveterate curse of old,
A canker that infected all thy race.
But now some god and an infatuate soul
Have stirred betwixt them a mad rivalry
To grasp at sovereignty and kingly power.
To-day the hot-brained youth, the younger born,
Is keeping Polyneices from the throne,
His elder, and has thrust him from the land.
The banished brother (so all Thebes reports)
Fled to the vale of Argos, and by help
Of new alliance there and friends in arms,

κῆδός τε καινὸν καὶ ξυνασπιστὰς φίλους,
ὡς αὐτίκ' Ἄργος ἢ τὸ Καδμείων πέδον
τιμῇ καθέξον ἢ πρὸς οὐρανὸν βιβῶν.
ταῦτ' οὐκ ἀριθμός ἐστιν, ὦ πάτερ, λόγων,
ἀλλ' ἔργα δεινά· τοὺς δὲ σοὺς ὅπου [1] θεοὶ
πόνους κατοικτιοῦσιν οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἤδη γὰρ ἔσχες ἐλπίδ' ὡς ἐμοῦ θεοὺς
ὤραν τιν' ἕξειν, ὥστε σωθῆναί ποτε;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἔγωγε τοῖς νῦν γ', ὦ πάτερ, μαντεύμασιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίοισι τούτοις; τί δὲ τεθέσπισται, τέκνον;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

σὲ τοῖς ἐκεῖ ζητητὸν ἀνθρώποις ποτὲ
θανόντ' ἔσεσθαι ζῶντά τ' εὐσοίας [2] χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δ' ἂν τοιοῦδ' ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς εὖ πράξειεν ἄν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐν σοὶ τὰ κείνων φασὶ γίγνεσθαι κράτη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅτ' οὐκέτ' εἰμί, τηνικαῦτ' ἄρ' εἴμ' ἀνήρ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

νῦν γὰρ θεοί σ' ὀρθοῦσι, πρόσθε δ' ὤλλυσαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γέροντα δ' ὀρθοῦν φλαῦρον ὃς νέος πέσῃ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ μὴν Κρέοντά γ' ἴσθι σοι τούτων χάριν
ἥξοντα βαιοῦ κοὐχὶ μυρίου χρόνου.

[1] ὅποι MSS., Elmsley corr.
[2] εὐνοίας MSS., Schol. corr.

Swears he will stablish Argos straight as lord
Of the Cadmeian land, or, if he fail,
Exalt the victor to the stars of heaven.
This is no empty tale, but deadly truth,
My father; and how long thy agony,
Ere the gods pity thee, I cannot tell.

OEDIPUS

Hast thou indeed then entertained a hope
The gods at last will turn and rescue me?

ISMENE

Yea, so I read these latest oracles.

OEDIPUS

What oracles? What hath been uttered, child?

ISMENE

Thy country (so it runs) shall yearn in time
To have thee for their weal alive or dead.

OEDIPUS

And who could gain by such a one as I?

ISMENE

On thee, 'tis said, their sovereignty depends.

OEDIPUS

So, when I cease to be, my worth begins.

ISMENE

The gods, who once abased, uplift thee now.

OEDIPUS

Poor help to raise an old man fallen in youth.

ISMENE

Howe'er that be, 'tis for this cause alone
That Creon comes to thee—and comes anon.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅπως τί δράσῃ, θύγατερ; ἑρμήνευέ μοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὥς σ' ἄγχι γῆς στήσωσι Καδμείας, ὅπως
κρατῶσι μὲν σοῦ, γῆς δὲ μὴ 'μβαίνῃς ὅρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ δ' ὠφέλησις τίς θύρασι κειμένου;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

κείνοις ὁ τύμβος δυστυχῶν ὁ σὸς βαρύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κἄνευ θεοῦ τις τοῦτό γ' ἂν γνώμῃ μάθοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τούτου χάριν τοίνυν σε προσθέσθαι πέλας
χώρας θέλουσι, μηδ' ἵν' ἂν σαυτοῦ κρατοῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ καὶ κατασκιῶσι Θηβαίᾳ κόνει;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐᾷ τοὔμφυλον αἷμά σ', ὦ πάτερ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἆρ' ἐμοῦ γε μὴ κρατήσωσίν ποτε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἔσται ποτ' ἆρα τοῦτο Καδμείοις βάρος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίας φανείσης, ὦ τέκνον, συναλλαγῆς;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τῆς σῆς ὑπ' ὀργῆς, σοῖς ὅταν στῶσιν τάφοις.

OEDIPUS

With what intent, my daughter? Tell me plainly.

ISMENE

To plant thee near the Theban land, and so
Keep thee within their grasp, yet not allow
Thy foot to pass beyond their boundaries.

OEDIPUS

What gain they, if I lie outside?

ISMENE

Thy tomb,
If disappointed, brings on them a curse

OEDIPUS

It needs no god to tell what's plain to sense.

ISMENE

Therefore they fain would have thee close at hand,
Not where thou wouldst be master of thyself.

OEDIPUS

Mean they to shroud my bones in Theban dust?

ISMENE

Nay, father, guilt of kinsman's blood forbids.

OEDIPUS

Then never shall they be my masters, never!

ISMENE

Thebes, thou shalt rue this bitterly some day!

OEDIPUS

When what conjunction comes to pass, my child?

ISMENE

Thy angry wraith, when at thy tomb they stand.[1]

[1] Creon desires to bury Oedipus on the confines of Thebes so as to avoid the pollution and yet offer due rites at his tomb. Ismene tells him of the latest oracle and interprets to him its purport, that some day the Theban invaders of Athens will be routed in a battle near the grave of Oedipus.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἃ δ' ἐννέπεις, κλύουσα τοῦ λέγεις, τέκνον;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀνδρῶν θεωρῶν Δελφικῆς ἀφ' ἑστίας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ ταῦτ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν Φοῖβος εἰρηκὼς κυρεῖ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὥς φασιν οἱ μολόντες εἰς Θήβης πέδον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παίδων τις οὖν ἤκουσε τῶν ἐμῶν τάδε;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἄμφω γ' ὁμοίως, κἀξεπίστασθον καλῶς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κᾆθ' οἱ κάκιστοι τῶνδ' ἀκούσαντες, πάρος
τοὐμοῦ πόθου προὔθεντο τὴν τυραννίδα;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλγῶ κλύουσα ταῦτ' ἐγώ, φέρω δ' ὅμως.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' οἱ θεοί σφιν μήτε τὴν πεπρωμένην
ἔριν κατασβέσειαν, ἐν τ' ἐμοὶ τέλος
αὐτοῖν γένοιτο τῆσδε τῆς μάχης πέρι,
ἧς νῦν ἔχονται κἀπαναίρονται δόρυ·
ὡς οὔτ' ἂν ὃς νῦν σκῆπτρα καὶ θρόνους ἔχει
μείνειεν οὔτ' ἂν οὐξεληλυθὼς πάλιν
ἔλθοι ποτ' αὖθις· οἵ γε τὸν φύσαντ' ἐμὲ
οὕτως ἀτίμως πατρίδος ἐξωθούμενον
οὐκ ἔσχον οὐδ' ἤμυναν, ἀλλ' ἀνάστατος
αὐτοῖν ἐπέμφθην κἀξεκηρύχθην φυγάς.
εἴποις ἂν ὡς θέλοντι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ τότε
πόλις τὸ δῶρον εἰκότως κατήνεσεν.
οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεί τοι τὴν μὲν αὐτίχ' ἡμέραν,
ὁπηνίκ' ἔζει θυμός, ἥδιστον δέ μοι

OEDIPUS

And who hath told thee what thou tell'st me, child?

ISMENE

Envoys who visited the Delphic hearth.

OEDIPUS

Hath Phoebus spoken thus concerning me?

ISMENE

So say the envoys who returned to Thebes.

OEDIPUS

And can a son of mine have heard of this?

ISMENE

Yea, both alike, and know its import well.

OEDIPUS

They knew it, yet the ignoble greed of rule
Outweighed all longing for their sire's return.

ISMENE

Grievous thy words, yet I must own them true.

OEDIPUS

Then may the gods ne'er quench their fatal feud,
And mine be the arbitrament of the fight,
For which they now are arming, spear to spear;
That neither he who holds the sceptre now
May keep his throne, nor he who fled the realm
Return again. *They* never raised a hand,
When I their sire was thrust from hearth and home;
When I was banned and banished, what recked they?
Say you 'twas done at my desire, a grace
Which the State, yielding to my wish, allowed?
Not so; for, mark you, on that very day
When in the tempest of my soul I craved

τὸ κατθανεῖν ἦν καὶ τὸ λευσθῆναι πέτροις,
οὐδεὶς ἔρωτ' ἐς τόνδ'[1] ἐφαίνετ' ὠφελῶν·
χρόνῳ δ', ὅτ' ἤδη πᾶς ὁ μόχθος ἦν πέπων,
κἀμάνθανον τὸν θυμὸν ἐκδραμόντα μοι
μείζω κολαστὴν τῶν πρὶν ἡμαρτημένων,
τὸ τηνίκ' ἤδη τοῦτο μὲν πόλις βίᾳ
ἤλαυνέ μ' ἐκ γῆς χρόνιον, οἱ δ' ἐπωφελεῖν,
οἱ τοῦ πατρός, τῷ πατρὶ δυνάμενοι, τὸ δρᾶν
οὐκ ἠθέλησαν, ἀλλ' ἔπους σμικροῦ χάριν
φυγάς σφιν ἔξω πτωχὸς ἠλώμην ἀεί.
ἐκ ταῖνδε δ', οὔσαιν παρθένοιν, ὅσον φύσις
δίδωσιν αὐταῖν, καὶ τροφὰς ἔχω βίου
καὶ γῆς ἄδειαν καὶ γένους ἐπάρκεσιν·
τὼ δ' ἀντὶ τοῦ φύσαντος εἱλέσθην θρόνους
καὶ σκῆπτρα κραίνειν καὶ τυραννεύειν χθονός.
ἀλλ' οὔ τι μὴ λάχωσι τοῦδε συμμάχου,
οὐδέ σφιν ἀρχῆς τῆσδε Καδμείας ποτὲ
ὄνησις ἥξει· τοῦτ' ἐγᾦδα, τῆσδέ τε
μαντεῖ' ἀκούων συννοῶν τε τἀξ ἐμοῦ
παλαίφαθ' ἁμοὶ Φοῖβος ἤνυσέν ποτε.
πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ Κρέοντα πεμπόντων ἐμοῦ
μαστῆρα, κεἴ τις ἄλλος ἐν πόλει σθένει.
ἐὰν γὰρ ὑμεῖς, ὦ ξένοι, θέληθ' ὁμοῦ[2]
προστάτισι ταῖς[3] σεμναῖσι δημούχοις θεαῖς
ἀλκὴν ποεῖσθαι, τῇδε τῇ πόλει μέγαν
σωτῆρ' ἀρεῖσθε, τοῖς δ' ἐμοῖς ἐχθροῖς πόνους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπάξιος μέν, Οἰδίπους, κατοικτίσαι,
αὐτός τε παῖδές θ' αἵδ'· ἐπεὶ δὲ τῆσδε γῆς

[1] ἔρωτος τοῦδ' MSS., Pappageorg corr.
[2] θέλητέ μου MSS., Dindorf corr.
[3] πρὸ σταῖσι ταῖσ MSS., Dindorf corr.

Death, even death by stoning, none appeared
To further that wild longing, but anon,
When time had numbed my anguish and I felt
My wrath had all outrun those errors past,
Then, then it was the city went about
By force to oust me, respited for years;
And they my sons, who should as sons have helped,
Did nothing: and, one little word from them
Was all I needed, and they spoke no word,
But let me wander on for evermore,
A banished man, a beggar. These two maids
Their sisters, girls, gave all their sex could give,
Food and safe harbourage and filial care;
While their two brethren sacrificed their sire
For lust of power and sceptred sovereignty.
No! me they ne'er shall win for an ally,
Nor will this Theban kingship bring them gain;
That know I from this maiden's oracles,
And those old prophecies concerning me,
Which Phoebus now at length has brought to pass.
Come Creon then, come all the mightiest
In Thebes to seek me; for if ye my friends,
Championed by those dread Powers indigenous,
Espouse my cause; then for the State ye gain
A great deliverer, for my foemen bane.

CHORUS

Our pity, Oedipus, thou needs must move,
Thou and these maidens; and the stronger plea

σωτῆρα σαυτὸν τῷδ' ἐπεμβάλλεις λόγῳ,
παραινέσαι σοι βούλομαι τὰ σύμφορα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς νῦν πᾶν τελοῦντι προξένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θοῦ νῦν καθαρμὸν τῶνδε δαιμόνων, ἐφ' ἃς
τὸ πρῶτον ἵκου καὶ κατέστειψας πέδον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τρόποισι ποίοις; ὦ ξένοι, διδάσκετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ἱερὰς ἐξ ἀειρύτου χοὰς
κρήνης ἐνεγκοῦ, δι' ὁσίων χειρῶν θιγών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν δὲ τοῦτο χεῦμ' ἀκήρατον λάβω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κρατῆρές εἰσιν, ἀνδρὸς εὔχειρος τέχνη,
ὧν κρᾶτ' ἔρεψον καὶ λαβὰς ἀμφιστόμους.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θαλλοῖσιν ἢ κρόκαισιν, ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἰός [1] γε νεαρᾶς νεοπόκῳ μαλλῷ λαβών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἶεν· τὸ δ' ἔνθεν ποῖ τελευτῆσαί με χρή;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χοὰς χέασθαι στάντα πρὸς πρώτην ἕω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἦ τοῖσδε κρωσσοῖς οἷς λέγεις χέω τάδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τρισσάς γε πηγάς· τὸν τελευταῖον δ' ὅλον.

[1] Heath adds γε.

Thou urgest, as the saviour of our land,
Disposes me to counsel for thy weal.

OEDIPUS

Aid me, kind sirs; I will do all you bid.

CHORUS

First make atonement to the deities,
Whose grove by trespass thou didst first profane.

OEDIPUS

After what manner, stranger? Teach me, pray.

CHORUS

Make a libation first of water fetched
With undefilèd hands from living spring.

OEDIPUS

And after I have gotten this pure draught?

CHORUS

Bowls thou wilt find, the carver's handiwork;
Crown thou the rims and both the handles crown—

OEDIPUS

With olive shoots or flocks of wool, or how?

CHORUS

With wool from fleece of yearling freshly shorn.

OEDIPUS

What next? how must I end the ritual?

CHORUS

Pour thy libation, turning to the dawn.

OEDIPUS

Pouring it from the urns whereof ye spake?

CHORUS

Yea, in three streams; and be the last bowl drained
To the last drop.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τοῦ τόνδε πλήσας θῶ; δίδασκε καὶ τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὕδατος, μελίσσης· μηδὲ προσφέρειν μέθυ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν δὲ τούτων γῆ μελάμφυλλος τύχῃ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τρὶς ἐννέ' αὐτῇ κλῶνας ἐξ ἀμφοῖν χεροῖν
τιθεὶς ἐλαίας τάσδ' ἐπεύχεσθαι λιτάς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τούτων ἀκοῦσαι βούλομαι· μέγιστα γάρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς σφας καλοῦμεν Εὐμενίδας, ἐξ εὐμενῶν
στέρνων δέχεσθαι τὸν ἱκέτην σωτήριον,
αἰτοῦ σύ τ' αὐτὸς κεἴ τις ἄλλος ἀντὶ σοῦ,
ἄπυστα φωνῶν μηδὲ μηκύνων βοήν·
ἔπειτ' ἀφέρπειν ἄστροφος. καὶ ταῦτά σοι
δράσαντι θαρσῶν ἂν παρασταίην ἐγώ·
ἄλλως δὲ δειμαίνοιμ' ἄν, ὦ ξέν', ἀμφὶ σοί.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ παῖδε, κλύετον τῶνδε προσχώρων ξένων;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἠκούσαμέν τε χὤ τι δεῖ πρόστασσε δρᾶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐχ ὁδωτά· λείπομαι γὰρ ἐν
τῷ μὴ δύνασθαι μήδ' ὁρᾶν, δυοῖν κακοῖν·
σφῷν δ' ἁτέρα μολοῦσα πραξάτω τάδε.
ἀρκεῖν γὰρ οἶμαι κἀντὶ μυρίων μίαν
ψυχὴν τάδ' ἐκτίνουσαν, ἢν εὔνους παρῇ.
ἀλλ' ἐν τάχει τι πράσσετον· μόνον δέ με

OEDIPUS

And wherewith shall I fill it,
Ere in its place I set it? This too tell.

CHORUS

With water and with honey; add no wine.

OEDIPUS

And when the embowered earth hath drunk thereof?

CHORUS

Then lay upon it thrice nine olive sprays
With both thy hands, and offer up this prayer.

OEDIPUS

I fain would hear it; that imports the most.

CHORUS

That, as we call them Gracious, they would deign
To grant the suppliant their saving grace.
So pray thyself or whoso prays for thee,
In whispered accents, not with lifted voice;
Then go and look not back. Do as I bid,
And I shall then be bold to stand thy friend;
Else, stranger, I should have my fears for thee.

OEDIPUS

Hear ye, my daughters, what these strangers say?

ANTIGONE

We listened, and attend thy bidding, father.

OEDIPUS

I cannot go, disabled as I am
Doubly, by lack of strength and lack of sight;
But one of you may do it in my stead;
For one, I trow, may pay the sacrifice
Of thousands, if his heart be leal and true.
So to your work with speed, but leave me not

μὴ λείπετ'· οὐ γὰρ ἂν σθένοι τοὐμὸν δέμας
ἔρημον ἕρπειν οὐδ' ὑφηγητοῦ δίχα.[1]

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἶμ' ἐγὼ τελοῦσα· τὸν τόπον δ' ἵνα
χρῆσταί μ' ἐφευρεῖν, τοῦτο βούλομαι μαθεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοὐκεῖθεν ἄλσους, ὦ ξένη, τοῦδ'· ἢν δέ του
σπάνιν τιν' ἴσχῃς, ἔστ' ἔποικος ὃς φράσει.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

χωροῖμ' ἂν ἐς τόδ'· Ἀντιγόνη, σὺ δ' ἐνθάδε
φύλασσε πατέρα τόνδε· τοῖς τεκοῦσι γὰρ
οὐδ' εἰ πονεῖ τις, δεῖ πόνου μνήμην ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ *στρ. α'*

δεινὸν μὲν τὸ πάλαι κείμενον ἤδη κακόν, ὦ ξεῖν', ἐπεγείρειν·
ὅμως δ' ἔραμαι πυθέσθαι

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί τοῦτο;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τᾶς δειλαίας ἀπόρου φανείσας
ἀλγηδόνος, ᾇ ξυνέστας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ πρὸς ξενίας ἀνοίξῃς
τᾶς σᾶς ἃ πέπονθ' ἀναιδῆ.[2]

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τό τοι πολὺ καὶ μηδαμὰ λῆγον
χρῄζω, ξεῖν', ὀρθὸν ἄκουσμ' ἀκοῦσαι.

[1] δ' ἄνευ L., Hermann corr.
[2] τὰς σάς· πέπονθ' ἔργ' ἀναιδῆ L., Reisig corr.

Untended; for this frame is all too weak
To move without the help of guiding hand.

ISMENE

Then I will go perform these rites, but where
To find the spot, this have I yet to learn.

CHORUS

Beyond this grove; if thou hast need of aught,
The guardian of the close will lend his aid.

ISMENE

I go, and thou, Antigone, meanwhile
Must guard our father. In a parent's cause
Toil, if there be toil, is of no account. [*Exit* ISMENE

CHORUS (*Str.* 1)

Ill is it, stranger, to awake
Pain that long since has ceased to ache,
And yet I fain would hear—

OEDIPUS

What thing?

CHORUS

Thy tale of cruel suffering
For which no cure was found,
The fate that held thee bound.

OEDIPUS

O bid me not (as guest I claim
This grace) expose my shame.

CHORUS

The tale is bruited far and near,
And echoes still from ear to ear.
The truth, I fain would hear.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὤμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στέρξον, ἱκετεύω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθου· κἀγὼ γὰρ ὅσον σὺ προσχρῄζεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ἀντ. α'

ἤνεγκ' οὖν κακότατ', ὦ ξένοι, ἤνεγκ' ἀέκων μέν,
θεὸς ἴστω,[1]
τούτων δ' αὐθαίρετον οὐδέν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἐς τί;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κακᾷ μ' εὐνᾷ πόλις οὐδὲν ἴδριν
γάμων ἐνέδησεν ἄτᾳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ ματρόθεν, ὡς ἀκούω,
δυσώνυμα λέκτρ' ἐπλήσω;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὤμοι, θάνατος μὲν τάδ' ἀκούειν,
ὦ ξεῖν'· αὗται δὲ δύ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ μὲν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς φῄς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παῖδε, δύο δ' ἄτα

[1] ἤνεγκον κακότατ', ὦ ξένοι, ἤνεγκον ἄκων μέν', MSS., ἤνεγκ' οὖν Whitelaw, ἤνεγκ' ἀέκων μέν, Martin.

OEDIPUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

I prithee yield.

OEDIPUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

Grant my request, I granted all to thee.

OEDIPUS (*Ant.* 1)

Know then I suffered ills most vile, but none
(So help me Heaven!) from acts in malice done.

CHORUS

Say how.

OEDIPUS

The State around
An all unwitting bridegroom bound
An impious marriage chain;
That was my bane.

CHORUS

Did'st thou in sooth then share
A bed incestuous with her that bare—

OEDIPUS

It stabs me like a sword,
That two-edged word,
O stranger, but these maids—my own—

CHORUS

Say on.

OEDIPUS

Two daughters, curses twain.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ματρὸς κοινᾶς ἀπέβλαστον ὠδῖνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σαί τ' εἴσ' ἄρ' ἀπόγονοι τε καὶ[1] στρ. β'

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κοιναί γε πατρὸς ἀδελφεαί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ δῆτα μυρίων γ' ἐπιστροφαὶ κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔπαθες

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔπαθον ἄλαστ' ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔρεξας

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἔρεξα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί γάρ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐδεξάμην
δῶρον, ὃ μήποτ' ἐγὼ ταλακάρδιος
ἐπωφέλησας[2] πόλεος ἐξελέσθαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ἀντ. β'

δύστανε, τί γάρ; ἔθου φόνον

[1] σαί τ' ἄρ' εἰσίν MSS., E. L. Lushington corr.
[2] ἐπωφίλησα MSS., Jebb corr.

CHORUS

Oh God!

OEDIPUS

Sprang from the wife and mother's travail-pain.

CHORUS

What, then thy offspring are at once— (*Str.* 2)

OEDIPUS

Too true.
Their father's very sisters too.

CHORUS

Oh horror!

OEDIPUS

Horrors from the boundless deep
Back on my soul in refluent surges sweep.

CHORUS

Thou hast endured—

OEDIPUS

Intolerable woe.

CHORUS

And sinned—

OEDIPUS

I sinnèd not.

CHORUS

How so?

OEDIPUS

I served the State; would I had never won
That graceless grace by which I was undone.

CHORUS (*Ant.* 2)

And next, unhappy man, thou hast shed blood?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί τοῦτο; τί δ' ἐθέλεις μαθεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πατρός;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παπαῖ, δευτέραν ἔπαισας, ἐπὶ νόσῳ νόσον,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔκανες

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔκανον. ἔχει δέ μοι

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τοῦτο;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρὸς δίκας τι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί γάρ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐγὼ φράσω.
καὶ γὰρ ἄν, οὓς ἐφόνευσ', ἔμ' ἀπώλεσαν·[1]
νόμῳ δὲ καθαρός, ἄϊδρις εἰς τόδ' ἦλθον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἄναξ ὅδ' ἡμὶν Αἰγέως γόνος
Θησεὺς κατ' ὀμφὴν σὴν ἐφ' ἀστάλη[2] πάρα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πολλῶν ἀκούων ἔν τε τῷ πάρος χρόνῳ
τὰς αἱματηρὰς ὀμμάτων διαφθορὰς
ἔγνωκά σ', ὦ παῖ Λαΐου, τανῦν θ' ὁδοῖς
ἐν ταῖσδ' ἀκούων μᾶλλον ἐξεπίσταμαι.

[1] ἄλλους ἐφόνευσα καὶ ἀπώλεσα MSS., Mekler corr.
[2] ἀπεστάλη MSS., Dindorf corr.

OEDIPUS

Must ye hear more?

CHORUS

A father's?

OEDIPUS

Flood on flood
Whelms me; that word's a second mortal blow.

CHORUS

Murderer!

OEDIPUS

Yes, a murderer, but know—

CHORUS

What canst thou plead?

OEDIPUS

A plea of justice.

CHORUS

How?

OEDIPUS

I slew who else would me have slain;
I slew without intent,
A wretch, but innocent
In the law's eye, I stand, without a stain.

CHORUS

Behold our sovereign, Theseus, Aegeus' son,
Comes at thy summons to perform his part.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Oft had I heard of thee in times gone by—
The bloody mutilation of thine eyes—
And therefore know thee, son of Laïus.
All that I lately gathered on the way

σκευή τε γάρ σε καὶ τὸ δύστηνον κάρα
δηλοῦτον ἡμῖν ὄνθ' ὃς εἶ, καί σ' οἰκτίσας
θέλω 'περέσθαι, δύσμορ' Οἰδίπους, τίνα
πόλεως ἐπέστης προστροπὴν ἐμοῦ τ' ἔχων,
αὐτός τε χἠ σὴ δύσμορος παραστάτις.
δίδασκε· δεινὴν γάρ τιν' ἂν πρᾶξιν τύχοις
λέξας ὁποίας ἐξαφισταίμην ἐγώ,
ὃς οἶδα καὐτὸς ὡς ἐπαιδεύθην ξένος,
ὥσπερ σύ, χὤς εἷς πλεῖστ' ἀνὴρ ἐπὶ ξένης
ἤθλησα κινδυνεύματ' ἐν τὠμῷ κάρᾳ·
ὥστε ξένον γ' ἂν οὐδέν' ὄνθ', ὥσπερ σὺ νῦν,
ὑπεκτραποίμην μὴ οὐ συνεκσῴζειν· ἐπεὶ
ἔξοιδ' ἀνὴρ ὢν χὤτι τῆς εἰς αὔριον
οὐδὲν πλέον μοι σοῦ μέτεστιν ἡμέρας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Θησεῦ, τὸ σὸν γενναῖον ἐν σμικρῷ λόγῳ
παρῆκεν, ὥστε βραχέα μοι δεῖσθαι φράσαι.
σὺ γάρ μ' ὅς εἰμι κἀφ' ὅτου πατρὸς γεγὼς
καὶ γῆς ὁποίας ἦλθον, εἰρηκὼς κυρεῖς·
ὥστ' ἐστί μοι τὸ λοιπὸν οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
εἰπεῖν ἃ χρῄζω, χὠ λόγος διοίχεται.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ νῦν δίδασχ', ὅπως ἂν ἐκμάθω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

δώσων ἱκάνω τοὐμὸν ἄθλιον δέμας
σοὶ δῶρον, οὐ σπουδαῖον εἰς ὄψιν· τὰ δὲ
κέρδη παρ' αὐτοῦ κρείσσον' ἢ μορφὴ καλή.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ποῖον δὲ κέρδος ἀξιοῖς ἥκειν φέρων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

χρόνῳ μάθοις ἄν, οὐχὶ τῷ παρόντι που.

Made my conjecture doubly sure; and now
Thy garb and that marred visage prove to me
That thou art he. So pitying thine estate,
Most ill-starred Oedipus, I fain would know
What is the suit ye urge on me and Athens,
Thou and the helpless maiden at thy side.
Declare it; dire indeed must be the tale
Whereat *I* should recoil. I too was reared,
Like thee, in exile, and in foreign lands
Wrestled with many perils, no man more.
Wherefore no alien in adversity
Shall seek in vain my succour, nor shalt thou;
I know myself a mortal, and my share
In what the morrow brings no more than thine.

OEDIPUS

Theseus, thy words so apt, so generous,
So comfortable, need no long reply.
Both who I am and of what lineage sprung,
And from what land I came, thou hast declared.
So without prologue I may utter now
My brief petition, and the tale is told.

THESEUS

Say on, and tell me what I fain would learn.

OEDIPUS

I come to offer thee this woe-worn frame,
A gift not fair to look on; yet its worth
More precious far than any outward show.

THESEUS

What profit dost thou proffer to have brought?

OEDIPUS

Hereafter thou shalt learn, not yet, methinks.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ποίῳ γὰρ ἡ σὴ προσφορὰ δηλώσεται;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅταν θάνω 'γὼ καὶ σύ μου ταφεὺς γένῃ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
τὰ λοίσθι' αἰτεῖ τοῦ βίου, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσῳ
ἢ λῆστιν ἴσχεις ἢ δι' οὐδενὸς ποεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐνταῦθα γάρ μοι κεῖνα συγκομίζεται.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ἀλλ' ἐν βραχεῖ δὴ τήνδε μ' ἐξαιτεῖ χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅρα γε μήν· οὐ σμικρός, οὔχ, ἁγὼν ὅδε.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
πότερα τὰ τῶν σῶν ἐκγόνων κἀμοῦ[1] λέγεις;—

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
κεῖνοι κομίζειν κεῖσ' ἄναξ, χρῄζουσί με.[2]

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ἀλλ' εἰ θέλοντά γ' οὐδὲ σοὶ φεύγειν καλόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ' οὐδ', ὅτ' αὐτὸς ἤθελον, παρίεσαν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ὦ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ' ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ξύμφορον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅταν μάθῃς μου, νουθέτει, τανῦν δ' ἔα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
δίδασκ'· ἄνευ γνώμης γὰρ οὔ με χρὴ λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πέπονθα, Θησεῦ, δεινὰ πρὸς κακοῖς κακά.

[1] ἢ 'μοῦ MSS., Schneidewin corr.
[2] ἀναγκάζουσί με MSS., Kayer corr.

THESEUS

When may we hope to reap the benefit?

OEDIPUS

When I am dead and thou hast buried me.

THESEUS

Thou cravest life's last service; all before—
Is it forgotten or of no account?

OEDIPUS

Yea, the last boon is warrant for the rest.

THESEUS

The grace thou cravest then is small indeed.

OEDIPUS

Nay, weigh it well; the issue is not slight.

THESEUS

Thou meanest that betwixt thy sons and me?

OEDIPUS

Prince, they would fain convey me back to Thebes.

THESEUS

If there be no compulsion, then methinks
To rest in banishment befits not thee.

OEDIPUS

Nay, when *I* wished it *they* would not consent.

THESEUS

For shame! such temper misbecomes the fallen.

OEDIPUS

Chide if thou wilt, but first attend my plea.

THESEUS

Say on, I wait full knowledge ere I judge.

OEDIPUS

O Theseus, I have suffered wrongs on wrongs.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἢ τὴν παλαιὰν ξυμφορὰν γένους ἐρεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ δῆτ᾽, ἐπεὶ πᾶς τοῦτό γ᾽ Ἑλλήνων θροεῖ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί γὰρ τὸ μεῖζον ἢ κατ᾽ ἄνθρωπον νοσεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὕτως ἔχει μοι. γῆς ἐμῆς ἀπηλάθην
πρὸς τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ σπερμάτων· ἔστιν δέ μοι
πάλιν κατελθεῖν μήποθ᾽, ὡς πατροκτόνῳ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πῶς δῆτα σ᾽ ἂν πεμψαίαθ᾽, ὥστ᾽ οἰκεῖν δίχα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸ θεῖον αὐτοὺς ἐξαναγκάσει στόμα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ποῖον πάθος δείσαντας ἐκ χρηστηρίων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅτι σφ᾽ ἀνάγκη τῇδε πληγῆναι χθονί.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

καὶ πῶς γένοιτ᾽ ἂν τἀμὰ κἀκείνων πικρά;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλτατ᾽ Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται
θεοῖσι γῆρας οὐδὲ κατθανεῖν ποτε.
τὰ δ᾽ ἄλλα συγχεῖ πανθ᾽ ὁ παγκρατὴς χρόνος.
φθίνει μὲν ἰσχὺς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος,
θνῄσκει δὲ πίστις, βλαστάνει δ᾽ ἀπιστία,
καὶ πνεῦμα ταὐτὸν οὔποτ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἐν ἀνδράσιν
φίλοις βέβηκεν οὔτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.
τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἤδη, τοῖς δ᾽ ἐν ὑστέρῳ χρόνῳ
τὰ τερπνὰ πικρὰ γίγνεται καὖθις φίλα.
καὶ ταῖσι Θήβαις εἰ τανῦν εὐημερεῖ

THESEUS
Would'st tell the old misfortune of thy race?

OEDIPUS
No, that has grown a byword throughout Greece.

THESEUS
What then can be this more than mortal grief?

OEDIPUS
My case stands thus; by my own flesh and blood
I was expelled my country, and can ne'er
Thither return again, a parricide.

THESEUS
Why fetch thee home if thou must dwell apart?

OEDIPUS
The god has spoken; they must needs obey.

THESEUS
What are they threatened by the oracle?

OEDIPUS
Destruction that awaits them in this land.

THESEUS
What can beget ill blood 'twixt them and me?

OEDIPUS
Dear son of Aegeus, to the gods alone
Is given immunity from eld and death;
But nothing else escapes all-ruinous time.
Earth's might decays, the might of men decays,
Honour grows cold, dishonour flourishes,
There is no constancy 'twixt friend and friend,
Or city and city; be it soon or late,
Sweet turns to bitter, hate once more to love.
If now 'tis sunshine betwixt Thebes and thee

καλῶς τὰ πρὸς σέ, μυρίας ὁ μυρίος
χρόνος τεκνοῦται νύκτας ἡμέρας τ' ἰών,
ἐν αἷς τὰ νῦν ξύμφωνα δεξιώματα
δόρει διασκεδῶσιν ἐκ σμικροῦ λόγου·
ἵν' οὑμὸς εὕδων καὶ κεκρυμμένος νέκυς
ψυχρός ποτ' αὐτῶν θερμὸν αἷμα πίεται,
εἰ Ζεὺς ἔτι Ζεὺς χὼ Διὸς Φοῖβος σαφής.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐδᾶν ἡδὺ τἀκίνητ' ἔπη,
ἔα μ' ἐν οἷσιν ἠρξάμην, τὸ σὸν μόνον
πιστὸν φυλάσσων, κοὔποτ' Οἰδίπουν ἐρεῖς
ἀχρεῖον οἰκητῆρα δέξασθαι τόπων
τῶν ἐνθάδ', εἴπερ μὴ θεοὶ ψεύσουσί με.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, πάλαι καὶ ταῦτα καὶ τοιαῦτ' ἔπη
γῇ τῇδ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ὡς τελῶν ἐφαίνετο.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τίς δῆτ' ἂν ἀνδρὸς εὐμένειαν ἐκβάλοι
τοιοῦδ', ὅτῳ πρῶτον μὲν ἡ δορύξενος
κοινή παρ' ἡμῖν αἰέν ἐστιν ἑστία;
ἔπειτα δ' ἱκέτης δαιμόνων ἀφιγμένος
γῇ τῇδε κἀμοὶ δασμὸν οὐ σμικρὸν τίνει.
ἁγὼ σεβισθεὶς οὔποτ' ἐκβαλῶ χάριν
τὴν τοῦδε, χώρᾳ δ' ἔμπολιν[1] κατοικιῶ.
εἰ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἡδὺ τῷ ξένῳ μίμνειν, σέ νιν
τάξω φυλάσσειν, εἴτ' ἐμοῦ στείχειν μέτα,
τόδ' ἡδύ, τούτων, Οἰδίπους, δίδωμί σοι
κρίναντι χρῆσθαι· τῇδε γὰρ ξυνοίσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, διδοίης τοῖσι τοιούτοισιν εὖ.

[1] ἔμπαλιν MSS., Musgrave corr.

And not a cloud, Time in his endless course
Gives birth to endless days and nights, wherein
The merest nothing shall suffice to cut
With serried spears your bonds of amity.
Then shall my slumbering and buried corse
In its cold grave drink their warm life-blood up,
If Zeus be Zeus and Phoebus still speak true.
No more: 'tis ill to tear aside the veil
Of mysteries; let me cease as I began:
Enough if thou wilt keep thy plighted troth,
Then shalt thou ne'er complain that Oedipus
Proved an unprofitable and thankless guest,
Except the gods themselves shall play me false.

CHORUS

The man, my lord, has from the very first
Declared his power to offer to our land
These and like benefits.

THESEUS

Who could reject
The proffered amity of such a friend?
First, he can claim the hospitality
To which by mutual contract we stand pledged:
Next, coming here, a suppliant to the gods,
He pays full tribute to the State and me;
His favours therefore never will I spurn,
But grant him the full rights of citizen;
And, if it suits the stranger here to bide,
I place him in your charge, or if he please
Rather to come with me—choose, Oedipus,
Which of the two thou wilt. Thy choice is mine.

OEDIPUS

Zeus, may thy blessing fall on men like these!

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
τί δῆτα χρῄζεις; ἦ δόμους στείχειν ἐμούς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
εἴ μοι θέμις γ᾽ ἦν· ἀλλ᾽ ὁ χῶρός ἐσθ᾽ ὅδε,

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ἐν ᾧ τί πράξεις; οὐ γὰρ ἀντιστήσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐν ᾧ κρατήσω τῶν ἔμ᾽ ἐκβεβληκότων.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
μέγ᾽ ἂν λέγοις δώρημα τῆς συνουσίας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
εἰ σοί γ᾽ ἅπερ φῂς ἐμμενεῖ τελουντί μοι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
θάρσει τὸ τοῦδέ γ᾽ ἀνδρός· οὔ σε μὴ προδῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὔτοι σ᾽ ὑφ᾽ ὅρκου γ᾽ ὡς κακὸν πιστώσομαι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
οὔκουν πέρα γ᾽ ἂν οὐδὲν ἢ λόγῳ φέροις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς οὖν ποήσεις;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
τοῦ μάλιστ᾽ ὄκνος σ᾽ ἔχει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἥξουσιν ἄνδρες

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ἀλλὰ τοῖσδ᾽ ἔσται μέλον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅρα με λείπων

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
μὴ δίδασχ᾽ ἃ χρή με δρᾶν.

THESEUS

What dost thou then decide—to come with me?

OEDIPUS

Yea, were it lawful—but 'tis rather here—

THESEUS

What wouldst thou here? I shall not thwart thy wish.

OEDIPUS

Here shall I vanquish those who cast me forth.

THESEUS

Then were thy presence here a boon indeed.

OEDIPUS

Such shall it prove, if thou fulfil'st thy pledge.

THESEUS

Fear not for me; I shall not play thee false.

OEDIPUS

No need to back thy promise with an oath.

THESEUS

An oath would be no surer than my word.

OEDIPUS

How wilt thou act then?

THESEUS

What is it thou fear'st?

OEDIPUS

My foes will come—

THESEUS

Our friends will look to that.

OEDIPUS

But if thou leave me?

THESEUS

Teach me not my duty.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὀκνοῦντ᾽ ἀνάγκη.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
τοὐμὸν οὐκ ὀκνεῖ κέαρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκ οἶσθ᾽ ἀπειλὰς

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
οἶδ᾽ ἐγώ σε μή τινα
ἐνθένδ᾽ ἀπάξοντ᾽ ἄνδρα πρὸς βίαν ἐμοῦ.
πολλαὶ δ᾽ ἀπειλαὶ πολλὰ δὴ μάτην ἔπη
θυμῷ κατηπείλησαν, ἀλλ᾽ ὁ νοῦς ὅταν
αὑτοῦ γένηται, φροῦδα τἀπειλήματα.
κείνοις δ᾽ ἴσως κεἰ δείν᾽ ἐπερρώσθη λέγειν
τῆς σῆς ἀγωγῆς, οἶδ᾽ ἐγώ, φανήσεται
μακρὸν τὸ δεῦρο πέλαγος οὐδὲ πλώσιμον.
θαρσεῖν μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε κἂν ἐμῆς ἄνευ
γνώμης ἐπαινῶ, Φοῖβος εἰ προὔπεμψέ σε·
ὅμως δὲ κἀμοῦ μὴ παρόντος οἶδ᾽ ὅτι
τοὐμὸν φυλάξει σ᾽ ὄνομα μὴ πάσχειν κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας στρ. α΄.
ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνόν, ἔνθ᾽
ἁ λίγεια μινύρεται
θαμίζουσα μάλιστ᾽ ἀηδὼν
χλωραῖς ὑπὸ βάσσαις,
τὸν οἰνωπὸν ἔχουσα κισσὸν[1]
καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ
φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον

[1] τὸν οἴνωπ᾽ ἀνέχουσα MSS., Erfurdt corr.

OEDIPUS

'Tis fear constrains me.

THESEUS

My soul knows no fear!

OEDIPUS

Thou knowest not what threats—

THESEUS

I know that none
Shall hale thee hence in my despite. Such threats
Vented in anger oft, are blusterers,
An idle breath, forgot when sense returns.
And for thy foemen, though their words were brave,
Boasting to bring thee back, they are like to find
The seas between us wide and hard to sail.
Such my firm purpose, but in any case
Take heart, since Phoebus sent thee here. My name,
Though I be distant, warrants thee from harm.

CHORUS (*Str.* 1)

Thou hast come to a steed-famed land for rest,
O stranger worn with toil,
To a land of all lands the goodliest
Colonus' glistening soil.
'Tis the haunt of the clear-voiced nightingale,
Who hid in her bower, among
The wine-dark ivy that wreathes the vale,
Trilleth her ceaseless song;
And she loves, where the clustering berries nod
O'er a sunless, windless glade,

ἀνήνεμόν τε πάντων
χειμώνων· ἵν᾽ ὁ βακχιώτας
ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει
θεαῖς ἀμφιπολῶν τιθήναις.

θάλλει δ᾽ οὐρανίας ὑπ᾽ ἄχνας — ἀντ. α΄.
ὁ καλλίβοτρυς κατ᾽ ἦμαρ ἀεὶ
νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν
ἀρχαῖον στεφάνωμ᾽, ὅ τε
χρυσαυγὴς κρόκος· οὐδ᾽ ἄυπνοι
κρῆναι μινύθουσιν
Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ῥεέθρων,
ἀλλ᾽ αἰὲν ἐπ᾽ ἤματι
ὠκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται
ἀκηράτῳ σὺν ὄμβρῳ
στερνούχου χθονός· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν
χοροί νιν ἀπεστύγησαν οὐδ᾽ ἁ
χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

στρ. β΄

ἔστιν δ᾽ οἷον ἐγὼ γᾶς Ἀσίας οὐκ ἐπακούω
οὐδ᾽ ἐν τᾷ μεγάλᾳ Δωρίδι νάσῳ Πέλοπος πώποτε βλαστὸν
φύτευμ᾽ ἀχείρωτον αὐτόποιον,
ἐγχέων φόβημα δαΐων,
ὃ τᾷδε θάλλει μέγιστα χώρᾳ,
γλαυκᾶς παιδοτρόφου φύλλον ἐλαίας·
τὸ μέν τις οὐ νεαρὸς οὐδὲ[1] γήρᾳ
συνναίων[2] ἁλιώσει χερὶ πέρσας· ὁ γὰρ αἰὲν ὁρῶν κύκλος
λεύσσει νιν μορίου Διὸς
χἀ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθάνα.

[1] **οὔτε νεαρὸς οὔτε** MSS., Porson corr.
[2] **σημαίνων** MSS., Blades corr.

The spot by no mortal footstep trod,
The pleasance kept for the Bacchic god,
Where he holds each night his revels wild
With the nymphs who fostered the lusty child.

And fed each morn by the pearly dew (*Ant.* 1)
  The starred narcissi shine,
And a wreath with the crocus' golden hue
  For the Mother and Daughter twine.
And never the sleepless fountains cease
  That feed Cephisus' stream,
But they swell earth's bosom with quick increase,
  And their wave hath a crystal gleam.
And the Muses' quire will never disdain
To visit this heaven-favoured plain,
Nor the Cyprian queen of the golden rein.

(*Str.* 2)

And here there grows, unpruned, untamed,
  Terror to foemen's spear,
A tree in Asian soil unnamed,
By Pelops' Dorian isle unclaimed,
  Self-nurtured year by year;
'Tis the grey-leaved olive that feeds our boys;
Nor youth nor withering age destroys
The plant that the Olive Planter tends
And the Grey-eyed Goddess herself defends.

ἀντ. β'.

ἄλλον δ' αἶνον ἔχω ματροπόλει τᾷδε κράτιστον,
δῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος, εἰπεῖν, χθονὸς
αὔχημα μέγιστον,
εὔιππον, εὔπωλον, εὐθάλασσον.
ὦ παῖ Κρόνου, σὺ γάρ νιν εἰς
τόδ' εἷσας αὔχημ', ἄναξ Ποσειδάν,
ἵπποισιν τὸν ἀκεστῆρα χαλινὸν
πρώταισι ταῖσδε κτίσας ἀγυιαῖς.
ἁ δ' εὐήρετμος ἔκπαγλ' ἁλία χερσὶ παραπτομένα
πλάτα
θρῴσκει, τῶν ἑκατομπόδων
Νηρῄδων ἀκόλουθος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ πλεῖστ' ἐπαίνοις εὐλογούμενον πέδον,
νῦν σὸν τὰ λαμπρὰ ταῦτα δὴ φαίνειν ἔπη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ παῖ, καινόν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἆσσον ἔρχεται
Κρέων ὅδ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἄνευ πομπῶν, πάτερ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλτατοι γέροντες, ἐξ ὑμῶν ἐμοὶ
φαίνοιτ' ἂν ἤδη τέρμα τῆς σωτηρίας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, παρέσται· καὶ γὰρ εἰ γέρων ἐγώ,
τὸ τῆσδε χώρας οὐ γεγήρακεν σθένος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄνδρες χθονὸς τῆσδ' εὐγενεῖς οἰκήτορες,
ὁρῶ τιν' ὑμᾶς ὀμμάτων εἰληφότας

(*Ant.* 2)

Yet another gift, of all gifts the most
Prized by our fatherland, we boast—
The might of the horse, the might of the sea;
Our fame, Poseidon, we owe to thee,
Son of Kronos, our king divine,
Who in these highways first didst fit
For the mouth of horses the iron bit;
Thou too hast taught us to fashion meet
For the arm of the rower the oar-blade fleet,
Swift as the Nereids' hundred feet
As they dance along the brine.

ANTIGONE

O land extolled above all lands, 'tis now
For thee to make these glorious titles good.

OEDIPUS

Why this appeal, my daughter?

ANTIGONE

Father, lo!
Creon approaches with his company.

OEDIPUS

O kindly elders, lend me now your aid
To find deliverance and my final rest.

CHORUS

Fear not, it shall be so; if we are old,
This country's vigour has no touch of age.
Enter CREON *with attendants.*

CREON

Burghers, my noble friends, ye take alarm
At my approach (I read it in your eyes),

φόβον νεώρη τῆς ἐμῆς ἐπεισόδου,
ὃν μήτ' ὀκνεῖτε μήτ' ἀφῆτ' ἔπος κακόν.
ἥκω γὰρ οὐχ ὡς δρᾶν τι βουληθείς, ἐπεὶ
γέρων μέν εἰμι, πρὸς πόλιν δ' ἐπίσταμαι
σθένουσαν ἥκων, εἴ τιν' Ἑλλάδος, μέγα.
ἀλλ' ἄνδρα τόνδε τηλικόσδ' ἀπεστάλην
πείσων ἕπεσθαι πρὸς τὸ Καδμείων πέδον,
οὐκ ἐξ ἑνὸς στείλαντος, ἀλλ' ἀνδρῶν ὑπὸ
πάντων κελευσθείς, οὕνεχ' ἧκέ μοι γένει
τὰ τοῦδε πενθεῖν πήματ' εἰς πλεῖστον πόλεως.
ἀλλ' ὦ ταλαίπωρ' Οἰδίπους, κλύων ἐμοῦ
ἱκοῦ πρὸς οἴκους. πᾶς σε Καδμείων λεὼς
καλεῖ δικαίως, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐγώ,
ὅσῳπερ, εἰ μὴ πλεῖστον ἀνθρώπων ἔφυν
κάκιστος, ἀλγῶ τοῖσι σοῖς κακοῖς, γέρον,
ὁρῶν σε τὸν δύστηνον ὄντα μὲν ξένον,
ἀεὶ δ' ἀλήτην κἀπὶ προσπόλου μιᾶς
βιοστερῆ χωροῦντα· τὴν ἐγὼ τάλας
οὐκ ἄν ποτ' ἐς τοσοῦτον αἰκίας πεσεῖν
ἔδοξ', ὅσον πέπτωκεν ἥδε δύσμορος,
ἀεί σε κηδεύουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κάρα
πτωχῷ διαίτῃ, τηλικοῦτος, οὐ γάμων
ἔμπειρος, ἀλλὰ τοὐπιόντος ἁρπάσαι.
ἆρ' ἄθλιον τοὔνειδος, ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,
ὠνείδισ' εἰς σὲ κἀμὲ καὶ τὸ πᾶν γένος;
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστι τἀμφανῆ κρύπτειν, σύ νιν
πρὸς θεῶν πατρῴων, Οἰδίπους, πεισθεὶς ἐμοὶ
κρύψον, θελήσας ἄστυ καὶ δόμους μολεῖν
τοὺς σοὺς πατρῴους, τήνδε τὴν πόλιν φίλως
εἰπών· ἐπαξία γάρ· ἡ δ' οἴκοι πλέον
δίκῃ σέβοιτ' ἄν, οὖσα σὴ πάλαι τροφός.

Fear nothing and refrain from angry words.
I come with no ill purpose; I am old,
And know the city whither I am come,
Without a peer amongst the powers of Greece.
It was by reason of my years that I
Was chosen to persuade your guest and bring
Him back to Thebes; not the delegate
Of one man, but commissioned by the State,
Since of all Thebans I have most bewailed,
Being his kinsman, his most grievous woes.
O listen to me, luckless Oedipus,
Come home! The whole Cadmeian people claim
With right to have thee back, I most of all,
For most of all (else were I vile indeed)
I mourn for thy misfortunes, seeing thee
An aged outcast, wandering on and on,
A beggar with one handmaid for thy stay.
Ah! who had e'er imagined she could fall
To such a depth of misery as this,
To tend in penury thy stricken frame,
A virgin ripe for wedlock, but unwed,
A prey for any wanton ravisher?
Seems it not cruel this reproach I cast
On thee and on myself and all the race?
Aye, but an open shame cannot be hid.
Hide it, O hide it, Oedipus, thou canst.
O, by our fathers' gods, consent I pray;
Come back to Thebes, come to thy father's home,
Bid Athens, as is meet, a fond farewell;
Thebes thy old foster-mother claims thee first.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πάντα τολμῶν κἀπὸ παντὸς ἂν φέρων
λόγου δικαίου μηχάνημα ποικίλον,
τί ταῦτα πειρᾷ κἀμὲ δεύτερον θέλεις
ἑλεῖν ἐν οἷς μάλιστ' ἂν ἀλγοίην ἁλούς;
πρόσθεν τε γάρ με τοῖσιν οἰκείοις κακοῖς
νοσοῦνθ', ὅτ' ἦν μοι τέρψις ἐκπεσεῖν χθονός,
οὐκ ἤθελες θέλοντι προσθέσθαι χάριν·
ἀλλ' ἡνίκ' ἤδη μεστὸς ἦ θυμούμενος
καὶ τοὐν δόμοισιν ἦν διαιτᾶσθαι γλυκύ,
τότ' ἐξεώθεις κἀξέβαλλες, οὐδέ σοι
τὸ συγγενὲς τοῦτ' οὐδαμῶς τότ' ἦν φίλον·
νῦν τ' αὖθις ἡνίκ' εἰσορᾷς πόλιν τέ μοι
ξυνοῦσαν εὔνουν τήνδε καὶ γένος τὸ πᾶν,
πειρᾷ μετασπᾶν, σκληρὰ μαλθακῶς λέγων.
καίτοι τίς αὕτη τέρψις ἄκοντας φιλεῖν;
ὥσπερ τις εἴ σοι λιπαροῦντι μὲν τυχεῖν
μηδὲν διδοίη μηδ' ἐπαρκέσαι θέλοι,
πλήρη δ' ἔχοντι θυμὸν ὧν χρῄζοις, τότε
δωροῖθ', ὅτ' οὐδὲν ἡ χάρις χάριν φέροι·
ἆρ' ἂν ματαίου τῆσδ' ἂν ἡδονῆς τύχοις;
τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ σὺ προσφέρεις ἐμοί,
λόγῳ μὲν ἐσθλά, τοῖσι δ' ἔργοισιν κακά.
φράσω δὲ καὶ τοῖσδ', ὥς σε δηλώσω κακόν.
ἥκεις ἔμ' ἄξων, οὐχ' ἵν' ἐς δόμους ἄγῃς,
ἀλλ' ὡς πάραυλον οἰκίσῃς, πόλις δέ σοι
κακῶν ἄνατος τῆσδ' ἀπαλλαχθῇ χθονός.
οὐκ ἔστι σοι ταῦτ', ἀλλά σοι τάδ' ἔστ', ἐκεῖ
χώρας ἀλάστωρ οὑμὸς ἐνναίων ἀεί·
ἔστιν δὲ παισὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖσι τῆς ἐμῆς
χθονὸς λαχεῖν τοσοῦτον, ἐνθανεῖν μόνον.
ἆρ' οὐκ ἄμεινον ἢ σὺ τἀν Θήβαις φρονῶ;

OEDIPUS

O front of brass, thy subtle tongue would twist
To thy advantage every plea of right.
Why try thy arts on me, why spread again
Toils where 'twould gall me sorest to be snared?
In old days when by self-wrought woes distraught,
I yearned for exile as a glad release,
Thy will refused the favour then I craved.
But when my frenzied grief had spent its force,
And I was fain to taste the sweets of home,
Then thou would'st thrust me from my country, then
These ties of kindred were by thee ignored;
And now again when thou behold'st this State
And all its kindly people welcome me,
Thou seek'st to part us, wrapping in soft words
Hard thoughts. And yet what pleasure canst thou find
In forcing friendship on unwilling foes?
Suppose a man refused to grant some boon
When you importuned him, and afterwards
When you had got your heart's desire, consented,
Granting a grace from which all grace had fled,
Would not such favour seem an empty boon?
Yet such the boon thou profferest now to me,
Fair in appearance, but when tested false.
Yea, I will prove thee false, that these may hear;
Thou art come to take me, not to take me home,
But plant me on thy borders, that thy State
May so escape annoyance from this land.
That thou shalt never gain, but *this* instead—
My ghost to haunt thy country without end;
And for my sons, this heritage—no more—
Just room to die in. Have not I more skill
Than thou to draw the horoscope of Thebes?

πολλῷ γ', ὅσῳπερ κἀκ σαφεστέρων κλύω,
Φοίβου τε καὐτοῦ Ζηνός, ὃς κείνου πατήρ.
τὸ σὸν δ' ἀφῖκται δεῦρ' ὑπόβλητον στόμα,
πολλὴν ἔχον στόμωσιν· ἐν δὲ τῷ λέγειν
κάκ' ἂν λάβοις τὰ πλεῖον' ἢ σωτήρια.
ἀλλ' οἶδα γάρ σε ταῦτα μὴ πείθων, ἴθι·
ἡμᾶς δ' ἔα ζῆν ἐνθάδ'· οὐ γὰρ ἂν κακῶς
οὐδ' ὧδ' ἔχοντες ζῷμεν, εἰ τερποίμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πότερα νομίζεις δυστυχεῖν ἔμ' ἐς τὰ σά,
ἢ σ' εἰς τὰ σαυτοῦ μᾶλλον, ἐς τῷ νῦν λόγῳ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐμοὶ μέν ἐσθ' ἥδιστον, εἰ σὺ μήτ' ἐμὲ
πείθειν οἷός τ' εἶ μήτε τούσδε τοὺς πέλας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὦ δύσμορ', οὐδὲ τῷ χρόνῳ φύσας φανεῖ
φρένας ποτ' ἀλλὰ λῦμα τῷ γήρᾳ τρέφει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γλώσσῃ σὺ δεινός· ἄνδρα δ' οὐδέν' οἶδ' ἐγὼ
δίκαιον ὅστις ἐξ ἅπαντος εὖ λέγει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

χωρὶς τό τ' εἰπεῖν πολλὰ καὶ τὰ καίρια.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς δὴ σὺ βραχέα, ταῦτα δ' ἐν καιρῷ λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ δῆθ' ὅτῳ γε νοῦς ἴσος καὶ σοὶ πάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄπελθ', ἐρῶ γὰρ καὶ πρὸ τῶνδε, μηδέ με
φύλασσ' ἐφορμῶν ἔνθα χρὴ ναίειν ἐμέ.

Are not my teachers surer guides than thine—
Great Phoebus and the sire of Phoebus, Zeus?
Thou art a messenger suborned, thy tongue
Is sharper than a sword's edge, yet thy speech
Will bring thee more defeats than victories.
Howbeit, I know I waste my words—begone,
And leave me here; whate'er may be my lot,
He lives not ill who lives withal content.

CREON

Which loses in this parley, I o'erthrown
By thee, or thou who overthrow'st thyself?

OEDIPUS

I shall be well contented if thy suit
Fails with these strangers, as it has with me.

CREON

Unhappy man, will years ne'er make thee wise?
Must thou live on to cast a slur on age?

OEDIPUS

Thou hast a glib tongue, but no honest man,
Methinks, can argue well on any side.

CREON

'Tis one thing to speak much, another well.

OEDIPUS

Thy words, forsooth, are few and all well aimed!

CREON

Not for a man indeed with wits like thine.

OEDIPUS

Depart! I bid thee in these burghers' name,
And prowl no longer round me to blŏckade
My destined harbour.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

μαρτύρομαι τούσδ᾽, οὐ σέ· πρὸς δὲ τοὺς φίλους
οἷ᾽ ἀνταμείβει ῥήματ᾽, ἤν σ᾽ ἕλω ποτέ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δ᾽ ἄν με τῶνδε συμμάχων ἕλοι βίᾳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἦ μὴν σὺ κἄνευ τοῦδε λυπηθεὶς ἔσει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίῳ σὺν ἔργῳ τοῦτ᾽ ἀπειλήσας ἔχεις;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

παίδοιν δυοῖν σοι τὴν μὲν ἀρτίως ἐγὼ
ξυναρπάσας ἔπεμψα, τὴν δ᾽ ἄξω τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴμοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τάχ᾽ ἕξεις μᾶλλον οἰμώζειν τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὴν παῖδ᾽ ἔχεις μου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τήνδε τ᾽ οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ ξένοι, τί δράσετ᾽; ἦ προδώσετε,
κοὐκ ἐξελᾶτε τὸν ἀσεβῆ τῆσδε χθονός;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χώρει, ξέν᾽, ἔξω θᾶσσον. οὔτε γὰρ τὰ νῦν
δίκαια πράσσεις οὔθ᾽ ἃ πρόσθεν εἴργασαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὑμῖν ἂν εἴη τήνδε καιρὸς ἐξάγειν
ἄκουσαν, εἰ θέλουσα μὴ πορεύεται.

CREON

I protest to these,
Not thee, and for thine answer to thy kin,
If e'er I take thee—

OEDIPUS

Who against their will
Could take me?

CREON

Though untaken thou shalt smart.

OEDIPUS

What power hast thou to execute this threat?

CREON

One of thy daughters is already seized,
The other I will carry off anon.

OEDIPUS

Woe, woe!

CREON

This is but prelude to thy woes.

OEDIPUS

Hast thou my child?

CREON

And soon shall have the other.

OEDIPUS

Ho, friends! ye will not surely play me false?
Chase this ungodly villain from your land.

CHORUS

Hence, stranger, hence avaunt! Thou doest wrong
In this, and wrong in all that thou hast done.

CREON (*to his guards*)

'Tis time by force to carry off the girl,
If she refuse of her free will to go.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἴμοι τάλαινα, ποῖ φύγω; ποίαν λάβω
θεῶν ἄρηξιν ἢ βροτῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δρᾷς, ξένε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐχ ἅψομαι τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ γῆς ἄνακτες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ ξέν', οὐ δίκαια δρᾷς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δίκαια.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς δίκαια;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἄγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ πόλις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δρᾷς, ὦ ξέν'; οὐκ ἀφήσεις; τάχ' εἰς βάσανον
εἶ χερῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἴργου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σοῦ μὲν οὔ, τάδε γε μωμένου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πόλει μαχεῖ γάρ, εἴ τι πημανεῖς ἐμέ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἠγόρευον ταῦτ' ἐγώ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέθες χεροῖν
τὴν παῖδα θᾶσσον.

ANTIGONE

Ah, woe is me! where shall I fly, where find
Succour from gods or men?

CHORUS

What would'st thou, stranger?

CREON

I meddle not with him, but her who is mine.

OEDIPUS

O princes of the land!

CHORUS

Sir, thou dost wrong.

CREON

Nay, right.

CHORUS

How right?

CREON

I take but what is mine.

OEDIPUS

Help, Athens!

CHORUS

What means this, sirrah? quick unhand her, or
We'll fight it out.

CREON

Back!

CHORUS

Not till thou forbear.

CREON

'Tis war with Thebes if I am touched or harmed.

OEDIPUS

Did I not warn thee?

CHORUS

Quick, unhand the maid!

ΚΡΕΩΝ

μὴ 'πίτασσ' ἃ μὴ κρατεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαλᾶν λέγω σοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σοὶ δ' ἔγωγ' ὁδοιπορεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόβαθ' ὧδε, βᾶτε βᾶτ', ἔντοποι·
πόλις ἐναίρεται, πόλις ἐμά, σθένει· πρόβαθ' ὧδέ μοι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀφέλκομαι δύστηνος, ὦ ξένοι ξένοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποῦ, τέκνον, εἶ μοι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πρὸς βίαν πορεύομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὄρεξον, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲν σθένω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκ ἄξεθ' ὑμεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ τάλας ἐγώ, τάλας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔκουν ποτ' ἐκ τούτοιν γε μὴ σκήπτροιν ἔτι
ὁδοιπορήσῃς· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ νικᾶν θέλεις
πατρίδα τε τὴν σὴν καὶ φίλους, ὑφ' ὧν ἐγὼ
ταχθεὶς τάδ' ἔρδω, καὶ τύραννος ὢν ὅμως,
νίκα. χρόνῳ γάρ, οἶδ' ἐγώ, γνώσει τάδε,

CREON

Command your minions; I am not your slave.

CHORUS

Desist, I bid thee.

CREON (*to the guard*)

And I bid thee march!

CHORUS

To the rescue, one and all!
Rally, neighbours to my call!
See, the foe is at the gate!
Rally to defend the State.

ANTIGONE

Ah, woe is me, they drag me hence, O friends.

OEDIPUS

Where art thou, daughter?

ANTIGONE

Haled along by force.

OEDIPUS

Thy hands, my child!

ANTIGONE

They will not let me, father.

CREON

Away with her!

OEDIPUS

Ah woe is me, ah woe!

CREON

So those two crutches shall no longer serve thee
For further roaming. Since it pleaseth thee
To triumph o'er thy country and thy friends
Whose mandate, though a prince, I here discharge,
Enjoy thy triumph; soon or late thou'lt find

ὁθούνεκ᾽ αὐτὸς αὑτὸν οὔτε νῦν καλὰ
δρᾷς οὔτε πρόσθεν εἰργάσω βίᾳ φίλων,
ὀργῇ χάριν δούς, ἥ σ᾽ ἀεὶ λυμαίνεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπίσχες αὐτοῦ, ξεῖνε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

μὴ ψαύειν λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔτοι σ᾽ ἀφήσω, τῶνδέ γ᾽ ἐστερημένος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ μεῖζον ἆρα ῥύσιον πόλει τάχα
θήσεις· ἐφάψομαι γὰρ οὐ ταύταιν μόναιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ἐς τί τρέψει;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τόνδ᾽ ἀπάξομαι λαβών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν λέγοις ἄν.[1]

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοῦτο νῦν πεπράξεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἢν μή σ᾽ ὁ κραίνων τῆσδε γῆς ἀπειργάθῃ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φθέγμ᾽ ἀναιδές, ἦ σὺ γὰρ ψαύσεις ἐμοῦ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

αὐδῶ σιωπᾶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ γὰρ αἵδε δαίμονες
θεῖέν μ᾽ ἄφωνον τῆσδε τῆς ἀρᾶς ἔτι,
ὅς μ᾽, ὦ κάκιστε, ψιλὸν ὄμμ᾽ ἀποσπάσας

[1] Hermann adds ἄν.

Thou art an enemy to thyself, both now
And in time past, when in despite of friends
Thou gav'st the rein to passion, still thy bane.

CHORUS

Hold there, sir stranger!

CREON

Hands off, have a care!

CHORUS

Restore the maidens, else thou goest not.

CREON

Then Thebes will take a dearer surety soon;
I will lay hands on more than these two maids.

CHORUS

What canst thou further?

CREON

Carry off this man.

CHORUS

Brave words!

CREON

And deeds forthwith shall make them good

CHORUS

Unless perchance our sovereign intervene.

OEDIPUS

O shameless voice! Would'st lay a hand on me?

CREON

Silence, I bid thee!

OEDIPUS

Goddesses, allow
Thy suppliant to utter yet one curse!
Wretch, now my eyes are gone thou hast torn away

πρὸς ὄμμασιν τοῖς πρόσθεν ἐξοίχει βίᾳ.
τοιγὰρ σέ τ' αὐτὸν καὶ γένος τὸν σὸν θεῶν
ὁ πάντα λεύσσων Ἥλιος δοίη βίον
τοιοῦτον οἷον κἀμὲ γηρᾶναί ποτε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὁρᾶτε ταῦτα, τῆσδε γῆς ἐγχώριοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁρῶσι κἀμὲ καὶ σέ, καὶ φρονοῦσ' ὅτι
ἔργοις πεπονθὼς ῥήμασίν σ' ἀμύνομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔτοι καθέξω θυμόν, ἀλλ' ἄξω βίᾳ
κεἰ μοῦνός εἰμι τόνδε καὶ χρόνῳ βραδύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον λῆμ' ἔχων ἀφίκου, ξέν', εἰ τάδε δοκεῖς τελεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δοκῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάνδ' ἄρ' οὐκέτι νεμῶ πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοῖς τοι δικαίοις χὠ βραχὺς νικᾷ μέγαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀκούεθ' οἷα φθέγγεται;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τά γ' οὐ τελεῖ.

[ἴστω μέγας Ζεύς.][1]

ΚΡΕΩΝ

Ζεύς γ' ἂν εἰδείη, σὺ δ' οὔ.

[1] Enger thus supplies a gap in the MSS.

The helpless maiden who was eyes to me;
For this to thee and all thy cursèd race
May the great Sun, whose eye is everywhere,
Grant length of days and old age like to mine.

CREON

Listen, O men of Athens, mark ye this?

OEDIPUS

They mark us both and understand that I
Wronged by thy deeds defend myself with words.

CREON

Nothing shall curb my will; though I be old
And single-handed, I will have this man.

OEDIPUS

O woe is me!

CHORUS

Thou art a bold man, stranger, if thou think'st
To execute thy purpose.

CREON

So I do.

CHORUS

Then shall I deem this State no more a State.

CREON

With a just quarrel weakness conquers might.

OEDIPUS

Ye hear his words?

CHORUS

Aye words, but not yet deeds,
Zeus knoweth!

CREON

Zeus may haply know, not thou.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἆρ' οὐχ ὕβρις τάδ';

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὕβρις, ἀλλ' ἀνεκτέα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ πᾶς λεώς, ἰὼ γᾶς πρόμοι,
μόλετε σὺν τάχει, μόλετ', ἐπεὶ πέραν περῶσ' οἵδε δή.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τίς ποθ' ἡ βοή; τί τοὔργον; ἐκ τίνος φόβου ποτὲ
βουθυτοῦντά μ' ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἔσχετ' ἐναλίῳ θεῷ
τοῦδ' ἐπιστάτῃ Κολωνοῦ; *λέξαθ', ὡς εἰδῶ τὸ πᾶν,*
οὗ χάριν δεῦρ' ᾖξα θᾶσσον ἢ καθ' ἡδονὴν ποδός.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἔγνων γὰρ τὸ προσφώνημά σου,
πέπονθα δεινὰ τοῦδ' ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς ἀρτίως.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα, τίς δ' ὁ πημήνας; λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Κρέων *ὅδ', ὃν δέδορκας, οἴχεται τέκνων*
ἀποσπάσας μου τὴν μόνην ξυνωρίδα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἷά περ πέπονθ' ἀκήκοας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὔκουν τις ὡς τάχιστα προσπόλων μολὼν
πρὸς τούσδε βωμούς, πάντ' ἀναγκάσει λεὼν
ἄνιππον ἱππότην τε θυμάτων ἄπο

CHORUS

Insolence!

CREON

Insolence that thou must bear.

CHORUS

Haste ye princes, sound the alarm!
Men of Athens, arm ye, arm!
Quickly to the rescue come
Ere the robbers get them home.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Why this outcry? What is forward? wherefore was I called away
From the altar of Poseidon, lord of your Colonus? Say!
On what errand have I hurried hither without stop or stay.

OEDIPUS

Dear friend—those accents tell me who thou art,
Yon man but now hath done me a foul wrong.

THESEUS

What is this wrong and who hath wrought it? Speak.

OEDIPUS

Creon who stands before thee. He it is
Hath robbed me of my all, my daughters twain.

THESEUS

What means this?

OEDIPUS

Thou hast heard my tale of wrongs.

THESEUS

Ho! hasten to the altars, one of you,
Command my liegemen leave the sacrifice
And hurry, foot and horse, with rein unchecked,

σπεύδειν ἀπὸ ῥυτῆρος, ἔνθα δίστομοι
μάλιστα συμβάλλουσιν ἐμπόρων ὁδοί,
ὡς μὴ παρέλθωσ' αἱ κόραι, γέλως δ' ἐγὼ
ξένῳ γένωμαι τῷδε, χειρωθεὶς βίᾳ.
ἴθ', ὡς ἄνωγα, σὺν τάχει. τοῦτον δ' ἐγώ,
εἰ μὲν δι' ὀργῆς ἧκον, ἧς ὅδ' ἄξιος,
ἄτρωτον οὐ μεθῆκ' ἂν ἐξ ἐμῆς χερός.
νῦν δ' οὕσπερ αὐτὸς τοὺς νόμους εἰσῆλθ' ἔχων,
τούτοισι κοὐκ ἄλλοισιν ἁρμοσθήσεται.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἔξει τῆσδε τῆς χώρας, πρὶν ἂν
κείνας ἐναργεῖς δεῦρό μοι στήσῃς ἄγων·
ἐπεὶ δέδρακας οὔτ' ἐμοῦ καταξίως
οὔθ' ὧν πέφυκας αὐτὸς οὔτε σῆς χθονός·
ὅστις δίκαι' ἀσκοῦσαν εἰσελθὼν πόλιν
κἄνευ νόμου κραίνουσαν οὐδέν, εἶτ' ἀφεὶς
τὰ τῆσδε τῆς γῆς κύρι', ὧδ' ἐπεισπεσὼν
ἄγεις θ' ἃ χρῄζεις καὶ παρίστασαι βίᾳ,
καί μοι πόλιν κένανδρον ἢ δούλην τινὰ
ἔδοξας εἶναι κἄμ' ἴσον τῷ μηδενί.
καίτοι σε Θῆβαί γ' οὐκ ἐπαίδευσαν κακόν·
οὐ γὰρ φιλοῦσιν ἄνδρας ἐκδίκους τρέφειν,
οὐδ' ἄν σ' ἐπαινέσειαν, εἰ πυθοίατο
συλῶντα τἀμὰ καὶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, βίᾳ
ἄγοντα φωτῶν ἀθλίων ἱκτήρια.
οὔκουν ἔγωγ' ἂν σῆς ἐπεμβαίνων χθονός,
οὐδ' εἰ τὰ πάντων εἶχον ἐνδικώτατα,
ἄνευ γε τοῦ κραίνοντος, ὅστις ἦν, χθονὸς
οὔθ' εἷλκον οὔτ' ἂν ἦγον, ἀλλ' ἠπιστάμην
ξένον παρ' ἀστοῖς ὡς διαιτᾶσθαι χρεών.
σὺ δ' ἀξίαν οὐκ οὖσαν αἰσχύνεις πόλιν
τὴν αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ, καί σ' ὁ πληθύων χρόνος
γέρονθ' ὁμοῦ τίθησι καὶ τοῦ νοῦ κενόν.

To where the paths that packmen use diverge,
Lest the two maidens slip away, and I
Become a mockery to this my guest,
As one despoiled by force. Quick, as I bid.
As for this stranger, had I let my rage,
Justly provoked, have play, he had not 'scaped
Scathless and uncorrected at my hands.
But now the laws to which himself appealed,
These and none other shall adjudicate.
Thou shalt not quit this land, till thou hast fetched
The maidens and produced them in my sight.
Thou hast offended both against myself
And thine own race and country. Having come
Unto a State that champions right and asks
For every action warranty of law,
Thou hast set aside the custom of the land,
And like some freebooter art carrying off
What plunder pleases thee, as if forsooth
Thou thoughtest this a city without men,
Or manned by slaves, and me a thing of naught.
Yet not from Thebes this villainy was learnt;
Thebes is not wont to breed unrighteous sons,
Nor would she praise thee, if she learnt that thou
Wert robbing me—aye and the gods to boot,
Haling by force their suppliants, poor maids.
Were I on Theban soil, to prosecute
The justest claim imaginable, I
Would never wrest by violence my own
Without the sanction of your State or King;
I should behave as fits an outlander
Living amongst a foreign folk, but thou
Shamest a city that deserves it not,
Even thine own, and plenitude of years
Have made of thee an old man and a fool.

εἶπον μὲν οὖν καὶ πρόσθεν, ἐννέπω δὲ νῦν,
τὰς παῖδας ὡς τάχιστα δεῦρ᾽ ἄγειν τινά,
εἰ μὴ μέτοικος τῆσδε τῆς χώρας θέλεις
εἶναι βίᾳ τε κοὐχ ἑκών· καὶ ταῦτά σοι
τῷ νῷ θ᾽ ὁμοίως κἀπὸ τῆς γλώσσης λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁρᾷς ἵν᾽ ἥκεις, ὦ ξέν᾽; ὡς ἀφ᾽ ὧν μὲν εἶ
φαίνει δίκαιος, δρῶν δ᾽ ἐφευρίσκει κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐγὼ οὔτ᾽ ἄνανδρον τήνδε τὴν πόλιν νέμων,[1]
ὦ τέκνον Αἰγέως, οὔτ᾽ ἄβουλον, ὡς σὺ φῄς,
τοὔργον τόδ᾽ ἐξέπραξα, γιγνώσκων δ᾽ ὅτι
οὐδείς ποτ᾽ αὐτοὺς τῶν ἐμῶν ἂν ἐμπέσοι
ζῆλος ξυναίμων, ὥστ᾽ ἐμοῦ τρέφειν βίᾳ.
ᾔδη δ᾽ ὁθούνεκ᾽ ἄνδρα καὶ πατροκτόνον
κἄναγνον οὐ δεξοίατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ὅτῳ γάμοι
ξυνόντες ηὑρέθησαν ἀνόσιοι τέκνων.
τοιοῦτον αὐτοῖς Ἄρεος εὔβουλον πάγον
ἐγὼ ξυνῄδη χθόνιον ὄνθ᾽, ὃς οὐκ ἐᾷ
τοιούσδ᾽ ἀλήτας τῇδ᾽ ὁμοῦ ναίειν πόλει·
ᾧ πίστιν ἴσχων τήνδ᾽ ἐχειρούμην ἄγραν.
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἂν οὐκ ἔπρασσον, εἰ μή μοι πικρὰς
αὐτῷ τ᾽ ἀρὰς ἠρᾶτο καὶ τὠμῷ γένει·
ἀνθ᾽ ὧν πεπονθὼς ἠξίουν τάδ᾽ ἀντιδρᾶν.
θυμοῦ γὰρ οὐδὲν γῆράς ἐστιν ἄλλο πλὴν
θανεῖν· θανόντων δ᾽ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἅπτεται.
πρὸς ταῦτα πράξεις οἷον ἂν θέλῃς· ἐπεὶ
ἐρημία με, κεἰ δίκαι᾽ ὅμως λέγω,
σμικρὸν τίθησι· πρὸς δὲ τὰς πράξεις ὅμως,
καὶ τηλικόσδ᾽ ὤν, ἀντιδρᾶν πειράσομαι.

[1] λέγων MSS., Schneidewin corr.

Therefore again I charge thee as before,
See that the maidens are restored at once,
Unless thou would'st continue here by force
And not by choice a sojourner; so much
I tell thee home and what I say, I mean.

CHORUS

Thy case is perilous; though by birth and race
Thou should'st be just, thou plainly doest wrong.

CREON

Not deeming this a city void of men
Or counsel, son of Aegeus, as thou say'st,
I did what I have done; rather I thought
Your people were not like to set such store
By kin of mine and keep them 'gainst my will.
Nor would they harbour, so I stood assured,
A godless parricide, a reprobate
Convicted of incestuous marriage ties.
For on her native hill of Ares here
(I knew your far-famed Areopagus)
Sits Justice, and permits not vagrant folk
To stay within your borders. In that faith
I hunted down my quarry; and e'en then
I had refrained but for the curses dire
Wherewith he banned my kinsfolk and myself:
Such wrong, methought, had warrant for my act.
Anger has no old age but only death;
The dead alone can feel no touch of spite.
So thou must work thy will; my cause is just
But weak without allies; yet will I try,
Old as I am, to answer deeds with deeds.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ λῆμ᾽ ἀναιδές, τοῦ καθυβρίζειν δοκεῖς,
πότερον ἐμοῦ γέροντος, ἢ σαυτοῦ, τόδε;
ὅστις φόνους μοι καὶ γάμους καὶ συμφορὰς
τοῦ σοῦ διῆκας στόματος, ἃς ἐγὼ τάλας
ἤνεγκον ἄκων· θεοῖς γὰρ ἦν οὕτω φίλον,
τάχ᾽ ἄν τι μηνίουσιν εἰς γένος πάλαι.
ἐπεὶ καθ᾽ αὑτόν γ᾽ οὐκ ἂν ἐξεύροις ἐμοὶ
ἁμαρτίας ὄνειδος οὐδέν, ἀνθ᾽ ὅτου
τάδ᾽ εἰς ἐμαυτὸν τοὺς ἐμούς θ᾽ ἡμάρτανον.
ἐπεὶ δίδαξον, εἴ τι θέσφατον πατρὶ
χρησμοῖσιν ἱκνεῖθ᾽ ὥστε πρὸς παίδων θανεῖν,
πῶς ἂν δικαίως τοῦτ᾽ ὀνειδίζοις ἐμοί,
ὃς οὔτε βλάστας πω γενεθλίους πατρός,
οὐ μητρὸς εἶχον, ἀλλ᾽ ἀγέννητος τότ᾽ ἦ;
εἰ δ᾽ αὖ φανεὶς δύστηνος, ὡς ἐγὼ ᾽φάνην,
ἐς χεῖρας ἦλθον πατρὶ καὶ κατέκτανον,
μηδὲν ξυνιεὶς ὧν ἔδρων εἰς οὕς τ᾽ ἔδρων,
πῶς ἂν τό γ᾽ ἆκον πρᾶγμ᾽ ἂν εἰκότως ψέγοις;
μητρὸς δέ, τλῆμον, οὐκ ἐπαισχύνει γάμους
οὔσης ὁμαίμου σῆς μ᾽ ἀναγκάζων λέγειν,
οἵους ἐρῶ τάχ᾽· οὐ γὰρ οὖν σιγήσομαι,
σοῦ γ᾽ εἰς τόδ᾽ ἐξελθόντος ἀνόσιον στόμα.
ἔτικτε γάρ μ᾽ ἔτικτεν, ὤμοι μοι κακῶν,
οὐκ εἰδότ᾽ οὐκ εἰδυῖα, καὶ τεκοῦσά με,
αὑτῆς ὄνειδος παῖδας ἐξέφυσέ μοι.
ἀλλ᾽ ἓν γὰρ οὖν ἔξοιδα, σὲ μὲν ἑκόντ᾽ ἐμὲ
κείνην τε ταῦτα δυσστομεῖν· ἐγὼ δέ νιν
ἄκων ἔγημα φθέγγομαί τ᾽ ἄκων τάδε.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ γὰρ οὔτ᾽ ἐν τοῖσδ᾽ ἁλώσομαι κακὸς
γάμοισιν οὔθ᾽ οὓς αἰὲν ἐμφορεῖς σύ μοι
φόνους πατρῴους ἐξονειδίζων πικρῶς.

OEDIPUS

O shameless railer, think'st thou this abuse
Defames my grey hairs rather than thine own?
Murder and incest, deeds of horror, all
Thou blurtest forth against me, all I have borne,
No willing sinner; so it pleased the gods
Wrath haply with my sinful race of old,
Since thou could'st find no sin in me myself
For which in retribution I was doomed
To trespass thus against myself and mine.
Answer me now, if by some oracle
My sire was destined to a bloody end
By a son's hand, can this reflect on me,
Me then unborn, begotten by no sire,
Conceivèd in no mother's womb? And if
When born to misery, as born I was,
I met my sire, not knowing whom I met
Or what I did, and slew him, how canst thou
With justice blame the all-unconscious hand?
And for my mother, wretch, art not ashamed,
Seeing she was thy sister, to extort
From me the story of her marriage, such
A marriage as I straightway will proclaim.
For I will speak; thy lewd and impious speech
Has broken all the bonds of reticence.
She was, ah woe is me! she was my mother;
I knew it not, nor she; and she my mother
Bare children to the son whom she had borne,
A birth of shame. But this at least I know,
Wittingly thou aspersest her and me;
But I unwitting wed, unwilling speak.
Nay neither in this marriage nor this deed
Which thou art ever casting in my teeth—
A murdered sire—shall I be held to blame.

ἓν γάρ μ' ἄμειψαι μοῦνον ὧν σ' ἀνιστορῶ.
εἴ τις σὲ τὸν δίκαιον αὐτίκ' ἐνθάδε
κτείνοι παραστάς, πότερα πυνθάνοι' ἂν εἰ
πατήρ σ' ὁ καίνων ἢ τίνοι' ἂν εὐθέως;
δοκῶ μέν, εἴπερ ζῆν φιλεῖς, τὸν αἴτιον
τίνοι' ἂν οὐδὲ τοὔνδικον περιβλέποις.
τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὐτὸς εἰσέβην κακά,
θεῶν ἀγόντων· οἷς ἐγὼ οὐδὲ τὴν πατρὸς
ψυχὴν ἂν οἶμαι ζῶσαν ἀντειπεῖν ἐμοί.
σὺ δ', εἶ γὰρ οὐ δίκαιος, ἀλλ' ἅπαν καλὸν
λέγειν νομίζων ῥητὸν ἄρρητόν τ' ἔπος,
τοιαῦτ' ὀνειδίζεις με τῶνδ' ἐναντίον.
καί σοι τὸ Θησέως ὄνομα θωπεῦσαι καλόν,
καὶ τὰς Ἀθήνας, ὡς κατῴκηνται καλῶς·
κᾆθ' ὧδ' ἐπαινῶν πολλὰ τοῦδ' ἐκλανθάνει,
ὁθούνεκ' εἴ τις γῆ θεοὺς ἐπίσταται
τιμαῖς σεβίζειν, ἥδε τοῦθ' ὑπερφέρει·
ἀφ' ἧς σὺ κλέψας τὸν ἱκέτην γέροντ' ἐμὲ
αὐτόν τ' ἐχειροῦ τὰς κόρας τ' οἴχει λαβών.
ἀνθ' ὧν ἐγὼ νῦν τάσδε τὰς θεὰς ἐμοὶ
καλῶν ἱκνοῦμαι καὶ κατασκήπτω λιταῖς
ἐλθεῖν ἀρωγοὺς ξυμμάχους θ', ἵν' ἐκμάθῃς
οἵων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν ἥδε φρουρεῖται πόλις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ ξεῖνος, ὦναξ, χρηστός· αἱ δὲ συμφοραὶ
αὐτοῦ πανώλεις, ἄξιαι δ' ἀμυναθεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἅλις λόγων, ὡς οἱ μὲν ἐξειργασμένοι[1]
σπεύδουσιν, ἡμεῖς δ' οἱ παθόντες ἕσταμεν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δῆτ' ἀμαυρῷ φωτὶ προστάσσεις ποεῖν;

[1] ἐξηρπασμένοι MSS., F. W. Schmidt corr.

Come, answer me one question, if thou canst:
If one should presently attempt thy life,
Would'st thou, O man of justice, first enquire
If the assassin was perchance thy sire,
Or turn upon him? As thou lov'st thy life,
On thy aggressor thou would'st turn, nor stay
Debating, if the law would bear thee out.
Such was my case, and such the pass whereto
The gods reduced me; and methinks my sire,
Could he come back to life, would not dissent.
Yet thou, for just thou art not, but a man
Who sticks at nothing, if it serve his plea,
Reproachest me with this before these men.
It serves thy turn to laud great Theseus' name,
And Athens as a wisely governed State;
Yet in thy flatteries one thing is to seek:
If any land knows how to pay the gods
Their proper rites, 'tis Athens most of all.
This is the land whence thou wast fain to steal
Their aged suppliant and hast carried off
My daughters. Therefore to yon goddesses,
I turn, adjure them and invoke their aid
To champion my cause, that thou mayst learn
What is the breed of men who guard this State.

CHORUS

An honest man, my liege, one sore bestead
By fortune, and so worthy our support.

THESEUS

Enough of words; the captors speed amain,
While we the victims stand debating here.

CREON

What would'st thou? What can I, a feeble man?

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὁδοῦ κατάρχειν τῆς ἐκεῖ, πομπὸν δέ με
χωρεῖν, ἵν', εἰ μὲν ἐν τόποισι τοῖσδ' ἔχεις
τὰς παῖδας ἡμῖν[1] αὐτὸς ἐκδείξῃς ἐμοί·
εἰ δ' ἐγκρατεῖς φεύγουσιν, οὐδὲν δεῖ πονεῖν·
ἄλλοι γὰρ οἱ σπεύδοντες, οὓς οὐ μή ποτε
χώρας φυγόντες τῆσδ' ἐπεύξωνται θεοῖς.
ἀλλ' ἐξυφηγοῦ· γνῶθι δ' ὡς ἔχων ἔχει
καί σ' εἷλε θηρῶνθ' ἡ τύχη· τὰ γὰρ δόλῳ
τῷ μὴ δικαίῳ κτήματ' οὐχὶ σῴζεται.
κοὐκ ἄλλον ἕξεις εἰς τάδ'· ὡς ἔξοιδά σε
οὐ ψιλὸν οὐδ' ἄσκευον ἐς τοσήνδ' ὕβριν
ἥκοντα τόλμης τῆς παρεστώσης τανῦν,
ἀλλ' ἔσθ' ὅτῳ σὺ πιστὸς ὢν ἔδρας τάδε.
ἃ δεῖ μ' ἀθρῆσαι, μηδὲ τήνδε τὴν πόλιν
ἑνὸς ποῆσαι φωτὸς ἀσθενεστέραν.
νοεῖς τι τούτων, ἢ μάτην τὰ νῦν τέ σοι
δοκεῖ λελέχθαι χὤτε ταῦτ' ἐμηχανῶ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐδὲν σὺ μεμπτὸν ἐνθάδ' ὢν ἐρεῖς ἐμοί·
οἴκοι δὲ χἠμεῖς εἰσόμεσθ' ἃ χρὴ ποεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

χωρῶν ἀπείλει νῦν· σὺ δ' ἡμίν, Οἰδίπους,
ἕκηλος αὐτοῦ μίμνε, πιστωθεὶς ὅτι,
ἢν μὴ θάνω 'γὼ πρόσθεν, οὐχὶ παύσομαι
πρὶν ἄν σε τῶν σῶν κύριον στήσω τέκνων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὄναιο, Θησεῦ, τοῦ τε γενναίου χάριν
καὶ τῆς πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐνδίκου προμηθίας.

[1] ἡμῶν MSS., Elmsley corr.

THESEUS

Show us the trail, and I'll attend thee too,
That, if thou hast the maidens hereabouts,
Thou mayst thyself discover them to me;
But if thy guards outstrip us with their spoil,
We may draw rein; for others speed, from whom
They will not 'scape to thank the gods at home.
Lead on, I say, the captor's caught, and fate
Hath ta'en the fowler in the toils he spread;
So soon are lost gains gotten by deceit.
And look not for allies; I know indeed
Such height of insolence was never reached
Without abettors or accomplices;
Thou hast some backer in thy bold essay,
But I will search this matter home and see
One man doth not prevail against the State.
Dost take my drift, or seem these words as vain
As seemed our warnings when the plot was hatched?

CREON

Nothing thou sayest can I here dispute,
But once at home I too shall act my part.

THESEUS

Threaten us and—begone! Thou, Oedipus,
Stay here assured that nothing save my death
Will stay my purpose to restore the maids.

OEDIPUS

Heaven bless thee, Theseus, for thy nobleness
And all thy loving care in my behalf.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS *and* CREON.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴην ὅθι δαΐων — στρ. α′
ἀνδρῶν τάχ᾽ ἐπιστροφαὶ
τὸν χαλκοβόαν Ἄρη
μείξουσιν, ἢ πρὸς Πυθίαις
ἢ λαμπάσιν ἀκταῖς,
οὗ πότνιαι σεμνὰ τιθηνοῦνται τέλη
θνατοῖσιν, ὧν καὶ χρυσέα
κλῄς ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ βέβακε
προσπόλων Εὐμολπιδᾶν·
ἔνθ᾽ οἶμαι τὸν ἐγρεμάχαν
Θησέα καὶ τὰς διστόλους
ἀδμῆτας ἀδελφὰς
αὐτάρκει τάχ᾽ ἐμμίξειν βοᾷ
τούσδ᾽ ἀνὰ χώρους·

ἤ που τὸν ἐφεσπέρου — ἀντ. α′
πέτρας νιφάδος πελῶσ᾽
Οἰάτιδος εἰς νομόν,[1]
πώλοισιν ἢ ῥιμφαρμάτοις
φεύγοντες ἁμίλλαις.
ἁλώσεται· δεινὸς ὁ προσχώρων Ἄρης,
δεινὰ δὲ Θησειδᾶν ἀκμά.
πᾶς γὰρ ἀστράπτει χαλινός,
πᾶσα δ᾽ ὁρμᾶται καθεῖσ᾽[2]
ἀμπυκτήρια[3] στομίων

[1] ἐκ νομοῦ MSS., Hartung. corr.
[2] κατ᾽ MSS., Schneidewin corr.
[3] ἀμπυκτήρια φάλερα πώλων MSS., Welcklein corr.

CHORUS

O when the flying foe, (*St.* 1)
Turning at last to bay,
Soon will give blow for blow,
Might I behold the fray;
Hear the loud battle roar
Swell, on the Pythian shore,
Or by the torch-lit bay,
Where the dread Queen and Maid
Cherish the mystic rites,
Rites they to none betray,
Ere on his lips is laid
Secrecy's golden key
By their own acolytes,
Priestly Eumolpidae.

There I might chance behold
Theseus our captain bold
Meet with the robber band,
Ere they have fled the land,
Rescue by might and main
Maidens, the captives twain.

Haply on swiftest steed, (*Ant.* 1)
Or in the flying car,
Now they approach the glen,
West of white Oea's scaur.
They will be vanquishèd:
Dread are our warriors, dread
Theseus our chieftain's men.
Flashes each bridle bright,
Charges each gallant knight,
All that our Queen adore,

ἄμβασις, οἳ τὰν ἱππίαν
τιμῶσιν Ἀθάναν
καὶ τὸν πόντιον γαιάοχον
Ῥέας φίλον υἱόν.

ἔρδουσ' ἢ μέλλουσιν; ὡς — στρ. β'
προμνᾶταί τί μοι
γνώμα τάχ' ἀντάσειν[1]
τᾶν δεινὰ τλασᾶν, δεινὰ δ' εὑρουσᾶν πρὸς αὐθαί-
μων πάθη.
τελεῖ τελεῖ Ζεύς τι κατ' ἆμαρ·
μάντις εἴμ' ἐσθλῶν ἀγώνων.
εἴθ' ἀελλαία ταχύρρωστος πελειὰς
αἰθερίας νεφέλας κύρσαιμ' ἄνωθ'[2] ἀγώνων
αἰωρήσασα[3] τοὐμὸν ὄμμα.

ἰὼ θεῶν πάνταρχε, παντ- — ἀντ. β'
όπτα Ζεῦ,[4] πόροις
γᾶς τᾶσδε δαμούχοις
σθένει 'πινικείῳ τὸν εὔαγρον τελειῶσαι λόχον,
σεμνά τε παῖς Παλλὰς Ἀθάνα.
καὶ τὸν ἀγρευτὰν Ἀπόλλω
καὶ κασιγνήταν πυκνοστίκτων ὀπαδὸν
ὠκυπόδων ἐλάφων στέργω διπλᾶς ἀρωγὰς
μολεῖν γᾷ τᾷδε καὶ πολίταις.

ὦ ξεῖν' ἀλῆτα, τῷ σκοπῷ μὲν οὐκ ἐρεῖς
ὡς ψευδόμαντις· τὰς κόρας γὰρ εἰσορῶ
τάσδ' ἆσσον αὖθις ὧδε προσπολουμένας.

[1] ἂν δώσειν MSS., Bücheler corr.
[2] αὐτων δ' MSS., Hermann corr.
[3] θεωρήσασα MSS., Dinsdorf corr. [4] Jebb changes order of words, in MSS. ἰὼ Ζεῦ πάνταρχε θεῶν παντόπτα.

Pallas their patron, or
Him whose wide floods enring
Earth, the great Ocean-king
Whom Rhea bore.

Fight they or now prepare (*Str.* 2)
To fight? a vision rare
Tells me that soon again
I shall behold the twain
Maidens so ill bestead,
By their kin buffeted.
To-day; to-day Zeus worketh some great thing
This day shall victory bring.
O for the wings, the wings of a dove,
To be borne with the speed of the gale,
Up and still upwards to sail
And gaze on the fray from the clouds above.

All-seeing Zeus, O lord of heaven, (*Ant.* 2)
To our guardian host be given
Might triumphant to surprise
Flying foes and win their prize.
Hear us, Zeus, and hear us, child
Of Zeus, Athenè undefiled,
Hear, Apollo, hunter, hear,
Huntress, sister of Apollo,
Who the dappled swift-foot deer
O'er the wooded glade dost follow;
Help with your two-fold power
Athens in danger's hour!

O wayfarer, thou wilt not have to tax
The friends who watch for thee with false presage,
For lo, an escort with the maids draws near.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποῦ ποῦ; τί φῄς; πῶς εἶπας;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ πάτερ πάτερ,
τίς ἂν θεῶν σοι τόνδ᾽ ἄριστον ἄνδρ᾽ ἰδεῖν
δοίη, τὸν ἡμᾶς δεῦρο προσπέμψαντά σοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ἦ πάρεστον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

αἵδε γὰρ χέρες·
Θησέως ἔσωσαν φιλτάτων τ᾽ ὀπαόνων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

προσέλθετ᾽, ὦ παῖ, πατρὶ καὶ τὸ μηδαμὰ
ἐλπισθὲν ἥξειν σῶμα βαστάσαι δότε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

αἰτεῖς ἃ τεύξει· σὺν πόθῳ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποῦ δῆτα, ποῦ ᾽στόν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

αἵδ᾽ ὁμοῦ πελάζομεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλτατ᾽ ἔρνη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τῷ τεκόντι πᾶν φίλον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ σκῆπτρα φωτός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

δυσμόρου γε δύσμορα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔχω τὰ φίλτατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἂν πανάθλιος
θανὼν ἂν εἴην σφῷν παρεστώσαιν ἐμοί.

Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE *with* THESEUS.

OEDIPUS

Where, where? what sayest thou?

ANTIGONE

O father, father,
Would that some god might grant thee eyes to see
This best of men who brings us back again.

OEDIPUS

My child! and are ye back indeed!

ANTIGONE

Yes, saved
By Theseus and his gallant followers.

OEDIPUS

Come to your father's arms, O let me feel
A child's embrace I never hoped for more.

ANTIGONE

Thou askest what is doubly sweet to give.

OEDIPUS

Where are ye then?

ANTIGONE

We come together both.

OEDIPUS

My precious nurslings!

ANTIGONE

Fathers aye were fond.

OEDIPUS

Props of my age!

ANTIGONE

So sorrow sorrow props.

OEDIPUS

I have my darlings, and if death should come,
Death were not wholly bitter with you near.

ἐρείσατ', ὦ παῖ, πλευρὸν ἀμφιδέξιον
ἐμφύντε[1] *τῷ φύσαντι, κἀναπαύσατον*
τοῦ πρόσθ' ἐρήμου τοῦδε δυστήνου πλάνου.
καί μοι τὰ πραχθέντ' εἴπαθ' ὡς βράχιστ', ἐπεὶ
ταῖς τηλικαῖσδε σμικρὸς ἐξαρκεῖ λόγος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὅδ' ἔσθ' ὁ σώσας· τοῦδε χρὴ κλύειν, πάτερ,
οὗ κἄστι τοὔργον· τοὐμὸν ὧδ' ἔσται βραχύ.[2]

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ ξεῖνε, μὴ θαύμαζε, πρὸς τὸ λιπαρὲς
τέκν' εἰ φανέντ' ἄελπτα μηκύνω λόγον.
ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ τήνδε τὴν ἐς τάσδε μοι
τέρψιν παρ' ἄλλου μηδενὸς πεφασμένην.
σὺ γάρ νιν ἐξέσωσας, οὐκ ἄλλος βροτῶν.
καί σοι θεοὶ πόροιεν ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω,
αὐτῷ τε καὶ γῇ τῇδ', ἐπεὶ τό γ' εὐσεβὲς
μόνοις παρ' ὑμῖν ηὗρον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ
καὶ τοὐπιεικὲς καὶ τὸ μὴ ψευδοστομεῖν.
εἰδὼς δ' ἀμύνω τοῖσδε τοῖς λόγοις τάδε·
ἔχω γὰρ ἅχω διὰ σὲ κοὐκ ἄλλον βροτῶν.
καί μοι χέρ', ὦναξ, δεξιὰν ὄρεξον, ὡς
ψαύσω φιλήσω τ', εἰ θέμις, τὸ σὸν κάρα.
καίτοι τί φωνῶ; πῶς σ' ἂν ἄθλιος γεγὼς
θιγεῖν θελήσαιμ' ἀνδρός, ᾧ τίς οὐκ ἔνι
κηλὶς κακῶν ξύνοικος; οὐκ ἔγωγέ σε,
οὐδ' οὖν ἐάσω· τοῖς γὰρ ἐμπείροις βροτῶν
μόνοις οἷόν τε συνταλαιπωρεῖν τάδε.
σὺ δ' αὐτόθεν μοι χαῖρε καὶ τὰ λοιπά μου
μέλου δικαίως, ὥσπερ ἐς τόδ' ἡμέρας.

[1] A. ἐμφῦτε, Mudge corr.
[2] MS. τοὔργον τοὐμὸν ἔσται βραχύ, Wex corr.

Cling to me, press me close on either side,
There rest ye from your dreary wayfaring.
Now tell me of your ventures, but in brief;
Brief speech suffices for young maids like you.

ANTIGONE

Here is our saviour; thou should'st hear the tale
From his own lips; so shall my part be brief.

OEDIPUS

I pray thee do not wonder if the sight
Of children, given o'er for lost, has made
My converse somewhat long and tedious.
Full well I know the joy I have of them
Is due to thee, to thee and no man else;
Thou wast their sole deliverer, none else.
The gods deal with thee after my desire,
With thee and with this land! for fear of heaven
I found above all peoples most with you,
And righteousness and lips that cannot lie.
I speak in gratitude of what I know,
For all I have I owe to thee alone.
Give me thy hand, O Prince, that I may touch it,
And if thou wilt permit me, kiss thy cheek.
What say I? Can I wish that thou should'st touch
One fallen like me to utter wretchedness,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand ills?
Oh no, I would not let thee if thou would'st.
They only who have known calamity
Can share it. Let me greet thee where thou art,
And still befriend me as thou hast till now.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὔτ᾽ εἴ τι μῆκος τῶν λόγων ἔθου πλέον,
τέκνοισι τερφθεὶς τοῖσδε, θαυμάσας ἔχω,
οὔτ᾽ εἰ πρὸ τοὐμοῦ προὔλαβες τὰ τῶνδ᾽ ἔπη.
βάρος γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ἐκ τούτων ἔχει.
οὐ γὰρ λόγοισι τὸν βίον σπουδάζομεν
λαμπρὸν ποεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς δρωμένοις.
δείκνυμι δ᾽· ὧν γὰρ ὤμοσ᾽ οὐκ ἐψευσάμην
οὐδέν σε, πρέσβυ· τάσδε γὰρ πάρειμ᾽ ἄγων
ζώσας, ἀκραιφνεῖς τῶν κατηπειλημένων.
χὤπως μὲν ἁγὼν ᾑρέθη, τί δεῖ μάτην
κομπεῖν, ἅ γ᾽ εἴσει καὐτὸς ἐκ ταύταιν ξυνών;
λόγος δ᾽ ὃς ἐμπέπτωκεν ἀρτίως ἐμοὶ
στείχοντι δεῦρο, συμβαλοῦ γνώμην, ἐπεὶ
σμικρὸς μὲν εἰπεῖν, ἄξιος δὲ θαυμάσαι·
πρᾶγος δ᾽ ἀτίζειν οὐδὲν ἄνθρωπον χρεών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ᾽ ἔστι, τέκνον Αἰγέως; δίδασκέ με
ὡς μὴ εἰδότ᾽ αὐτὸν μηδὲν ὧν σὺ πυνθάνει.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φασίν τιν᾽ ἡμῖν ἄνδρα, σοὶ μὲν ἔμπολιν
οὐκ ὄντα, συγγενῆ δέ, προσπεσόντα πως
βωμῷ καθῆσθαι τῷ Ποσειδῶνος, παρ᾽ ᾧ
θύων ἔκυρον, ἡνίχ᾽ ὡρμώμην ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποδαπόν; τί προσχρῄζοντα τῷ θακήματι;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἕν· σοῦ γάρ, ὡς λέγουσί μοι,
βραχύν τιν᾽ αἰτεῖ μῦθον οὐκ ὄγκου πλέων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποῖόν τιν᾽; οὐ γὰρ ἥδ᾽ ἕδρα σμικροῦ λόγου.

THESEUS

I marvel not if thou hast dallied long
In converse with thy children and preferred
Their speech to mine; I feel no jealousy,
I would be famous more by deeds than words.
Of this, old friend, thou hast had proof; my oath
I have fulfilled and brought thee back the maids
Alive and nothing harmed for all those threats.
And how the fight was won, 'twere waste of words
To boast—thy daughters here will tell thee all.
But of a matter that has lately chanced
On my way hitherward, I fain would have
Thy counsel—slight 'twould seem, yet worthy thought.
A wise man heeds all matters great or small.

OEDIPUS

What is it, son of Aegeus? Let me hear.
Of what thou askest I myself know nought.

THESEUS

'Tis said a man, no countryman of thine,
But of thy kin, hath taken sanctuary
Beside the altar of Poseidon, where
I was at sacrifice when called away.

OEDIPUS

What is his country? what the suitor's prayer?

THESEUS

I know but one thing; he implores, I am told,
A word with thee—he will not trouble thee.

OEDIPUS

What seeks he? If a suppliant, something grave.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

σοὶ φασὶν αὐτὸν ἐς λόγους ἐλθεῖν μόνον[1]
αἰτεῖν ἀπελθεῖν τ' ἀσφαλῶς τῆς δεῦρ' ὁδοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δῆτ' ἂν εἴη τήνδ' ὁ προσθακῶν ἕδραν;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὅρα κατ' Ἄργος εἴ τις ὑμὶν ἐγγενὴς
ἔσθ', ὅστις ἄν σου τοῦτο προσχρῄζοι τυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλτατε,[2] σχὲς οὗπερ εἶ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί δ' ἔστι σοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μή μου δεηθῇς.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πράγματος ποίου; λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔξοιδ' ἀκούων τῶνδ' ὃς ἐσθ' ὁ προστάτης.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

καὶ τίς ποτ' ἐστὶν ὅν γ' ἐγὼ ψέξαιμί τι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παῖς οὑμός, ὦναξ, στυγνός, οὗ λόγων ἐγὼ
ἄλγιστ' ἂν ἀνδρῶν ἐξανασχοίμην κλύων.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί δ'; οὐκ ἀκούειν ἔστι καὶ μὴ δρᾶν ἃ μὴ
χρῄζεις; τί σοι τοῦτ' ἐστὶ λυπηρὸν κλύειν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔχθιστον, ὦναξ, φθέγμα τοῦθ' ἥκει πατρί·
καὶ μή μ' ἀνάγκῃ προσβάλῃς τάδ' εἰκαθεῖν.

[1] μολόντ' MSS., Vauvilliers corrects and adds τ' after ἀπελθεῖν.

[2] φιλτατ' ἴσχες MSS., Heath corr.

THESEUS

He only waits, they say, to speak with thee,
And then unharmed to go upon his way.

OEDIPUS

I marvel who is this petitioner.

THESEUS

Think if there be not any of thy kin
At Argos who might claim this boon of thee.

OEDIPUS

Dear friend, forbear, I pray.

THESEUS

What ails thee now?

OEDIPUS

Ask it not of me.

THESEUS

Ask not what? explain.

OEDIPUS

Thy words have told me who the suppliant is.

THESEUS

Who can he be that I should frown on him?

OEDIPUS

My son, O king, my hateful son, whose words
Of all men's most would jar upon my ears.

THESEUS

Thou sure mightst listen. If his suit offend,
No need to grant it. Why so loth to hear him?

OEDIPUS

That voice, O king, grates on a father's ears;
I have come to loathe it. Force me not to yield.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ τὸ θάκημ' ἐξαναγκάζει, σκόπει
μή σοι πρόνοι' ᾖ τοῦ θεοῦ φυλακτέα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, πιθοῦ μοι, κεἰ νέα παραινέσω.
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἔασον τόνδε τῇ θ' αὑτοῦ φρενὶ
χάριν παρασχεῖν τῷ θεῷ θ' ἃ βούλεται,
καὶ νῷν ὕπεικε τὸν κασίγνητον μολεῖν.
οὐ γάρ σε, θάρσει, πρὸς βίαν παρασπάσει
γνώμης, ἃ μή σοι συμφέροντα λέξεται.
λόγων δ' ἀκοῦσαι τίς βλάβη; τά τοι κακῶς [1]
ηὑρημέν' ἔργα τῷ λόγῳ μηνύεται.
ἔφυσας αὐτόν· ὥστε μηδὲ δρῶντά σε
τὰ τῶν κακίστων δυσσεβέστατ',[2] ὦ πάτερ,
θέμις σέ γ' εἶναι κεῖνον ἀντιδρᾶν κακῶς.
ἀλλ' ἔασον·[3] εἰσὶ χἀτέροις γοναὶ κακαὶ
καὶ θυμὸς ὀξύς, ἀλλὰ νουθετούμενοι
φίλων ἐπῳδαῖς ἐξεπᾴδονται φύσιν.
σὺ δ' εἰς ἐκεῖνα, μὴ τὰ νῦν, ἀποσκόπει
πατρῷα καὶ μητρῷα πήμαθ' ἅπαθες·
κἂν κεῖνα λεύσσῃς, οἶδ' ἐγώ, γνώσει κακοῦ
θυμοῦ τελευτὴν ὡς κακὴ προσγίγνεται.
ἔχεις γὰρ οὐχὶ βαιὰ τἀνθυμήματα,
τῶν σῶν ἀδέρκτων ὀμμάτων τητώμενος.
ἀλλ' ἡμὶν εἶκε· λιπαρεῖν γὰρ οὐ καλὸν
δίκαια προσχρῄζουσιν, οὐδ' αὐτὸν μὲν εὖ
πάσχειν, παθόντα δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθαι τίνειν.

[1] καλῶς MSS., Hermann corr.
[2] δυσσεβεστάτων MSS., Dawes corr.
[3] ἀλλ' αὐτόν or ἀλλ' αὐτόν MSS., Elmsley corr.

THESEUS

But he hath found asylum. O beware,
And fail not in due reverence to the god.

ANTIGONE

O heed me, father, though I am young in years.
Let the prince have his will and pay withal
What in his eyes is service to the god;
For our sake also let our brother come.
If what he urges tend not to thy good
He cannot surely wrest perforce thy will.
To hear him then, what harm? By open words
A scheme of villainy is soon bewrayed.
Thou art his father, therefore canst not pay
In kind a son's most impious outrages.
O listen to him; other men like thee
Have thankless children and are choleric,
But yielding to persuasion's gentle spell
They let their savage mood be exorcised.
Look thou to the past, forget the present, think
On all the woe thy sire and mother brought thee;
Thence wilt thou draw this lesson without fail,
Of evil passion evil is the end.
Thou hast, alas, to prick thy memory,
Stern monitors, these ever-sightless orbs.
O yield to us; just suitors should not need
To be importunate, nor he that takes
A favour lack the grace to make return.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τέκνον, βαρεῖαν ἡδονὴν νικᾶτέ με
λέγοντες· ἔστω δ' οὖν ὅπως ὑμῖν φίλον.
μόνον, ξέν', εἴπερ κεῖνος ὧδ' ἐλεύσεται,
μηδεὶς κρατείτω τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ποτε.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἅπαξ τὰ τοιαῦτ', οὐχὶ δὶς χρῄζω κλύειν,
ὦ πρέσβυ. κομπεῖν δ' οὐχὶ βούλομαι· σὺ δ' ὢν
σῶς ἴσθ', ἐάν περ κἀμέ τις σῴζῃ θεῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ — στρ.

ὅστις τοῦ πλέονος μέρους χρῄζει τοῦ μετρίου παρεὶς
ζώειν, σκαιοσύναν φυλάσσων
ἐν ἐμοὶ κατάδηλος ἔσται.
ἐπεὶ πολλὰ μὲν αἱ μακραὶ ἁμέραι κατέθεντο δὴ
λύπας ἐγγυτέρω, τὰ τέρποντα δ' οὐκ ἂν ἴδοις ὅπου,
ὅταν τις ἐς πλέον πέσῃ
τοῦ δέοντος·[1] ὁ δ' ἐπίκουρος ἰσοτέλεστος,
Ἄϊδος ὅτε μοῖρ' ἀνυμέναιος
ἄλυρος ἄχορος ἀναπέφηνε,
θάνατος ἐς τελευτάν.

ἀντ.

μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ,
βῆναι κεῖθεν ὅθεν περ ἥκει,
πολὺ δεύτερον, ὡς τάχιστα.

[1] MSS. τοῦ θέλοντος, Reiske corr.

OEDIPUS

Grievous to me, my child, the boon ye win
By pleading. Let it be then; have your way,
Only if come he must, I beg thee, friend,
Let none have power to dispose of me.

THESEUS

No need, Sir, to appeal a second time.
It likes me not to boast, but be assured
Thy life is safe while any god saves mine.

[*Exit* THESEUS.

CHORUS (*Str.*)

Who craves excess of days,
　　Scorning the common span
　　Of life, I judge that man
A giddy wight who walks in folly's ways.
For the long years heap up a grievous load,
　　Scant pleasures, heavier pains,
　　Till not one joy remains
For him who lingers on life's weary road.
　And come it slow or fast,
　　One doom of fate
　　Doth all await,
　　For dance and marriage bell,
　　The dirge and funeral knell.
Death the deliverer freeth all at last.

(*Ant.*)

　　Not to be born at all
　　Is best, far best that can befall,
　　Next best, when born, with least delay,
　　To trace the backward way.

ὡς εὖτ' ἂν τὸ νέον παρῇ κούφας ἀφροσύνας
    φέρον,
τίς πλαγὰ[1] πολύμοχθος ἔξω; τίς οὐ καμάτων
    ἔνι;
φθόνος, στάσεις, ἔρις, μάχαι
καὶ φόνοι· τό τε κατάμεμπτον ἐπιλέλογχε
πύματον ἀκρατὲς ἀπροσόμιλον
γῆρας ἄφιλον, ἵνα πρόπαντα
κακὰ κακῶν ξυνοικεῖ.

ἐπῳδ.

ἐν ᾧ τλάμων ὅδ', οὐκ ἐγὼ μόνος,
πάντοθεν βόρειος ὥς τις
ἀκτὰ κυματοπλὴξ χειμερία κλονεῖται,
ὣς καὶ τόνδε κατ' ἄκρας
δειναὶ κυματοαγεῖς
ἆται κλονέουσιν ἀεὶ ξυνοῦσαι,
αἱ μὲν ἀπ' ἀελίου δυσμᾶν,
αἱ δ' ἀνατέλλοντος·
αἱ δ' ἀνὰ μέσσαν ἀκτῖν',
αἱ δ' ἐννυχιᾶν ἀπὸ Ῥιπᾶν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἡμῖν, ὡς ἔοικεν, ὁ ξένος
ἀνδρῶν γε μοῦνος, ὦ πάτερ, δι' ὄμματος
ἀστακτὶ λείβων δάκρυον ὧδ' ὁδοιπορεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς οὗτος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὅνπερ καὶ πάλαι κατείχομεν
γνώμῃ, πάρεστι δεῦρο Πολυνείκης ὅδε.

[1] πλάγχθη MSS., Herwenden corr.

For when youth passes with its giddy train,
  Troubles on troubles follow, toils on toils,
    Pain, pain for ever pain;
    And none escapes life's coils.
    Envy, sedition, strife,
Carnage and war, make up the tale of life.
Last comes the worst and most abhorrèd stage
    Of unregarded age,
Joyless, companionless and slow,
    Of woes the crowning woe.

(*Epode*)

Such ills not I alone,
He too our guest hath known,
E'en as some headland on an iron-bound shore,
Lashed by the wintry blasts and surge's roar,
So is he buffeted on every side
By drear misfortune's whelming tide,
    By every wind of heaven o'erborne
    Some from the sunset, some from orient morn,
    Some from the noonday glow.
Some from Rhipean gloom of everlasting snow.

ANTIGONE

Father, methinks I see the stranger coming,
Alone he comes and weeping plenteous tears.

OEDIPUS

Who may he be?

ANTIGONE

The same that we surmised.
From the outset—Polyneices. He is here.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

οἴμοι, τί δράσω; πότερα τἀμαυτοῦ κακὰ
πρόσθεν δακρύσω, παῖδες, ἢ τὰ τοῦδ' ὁρῶν
πατρὸς γέροντος; ὃς ξένης ἐπὶ χθονὸς
σὺν σφῷν ἐφηύρηκ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκβεβλημένον
ἐσθῆτι σὺν τοιᾷδε, τῆς ὁ δυσφιλὴς
γέρων γέροντι συγκατῴκηκεν πίνος [1]
πλευρὰν μαραίνων, κρατὶ δ' ὀμματοστερεῖ
κόμη δι' αὔρας ἀκτένιστος ᾄσσεται·
ἀδελφὰ δ', ὡς ἔοικε, τούτοισιν φορεῖ
τὰ τῆς ταλαίνης νηδύος θρεπτήρια.
ἁγὼ πανώλης ὄψ' ἄγαν ἐκμανθάνω·
καὶ μαρτυρῶ κάκιστος ἀνθρώπων τροφαῖς
ταῖς σαῖσιν ἥκειν· τἀμὰ μὴ 'ξ ἄλλων πύθῃ.
ἀλλ' ἔστι γὰρ καὶ Ζηνὶ σύνθακος θρόνων
Αἰδὼς ἐπ' ἔργοις πᾶσι, καὶ πρὸς σοί, πάτερ,
παρασταθήτω· τῶν γὰρ ἡμαρτημένων
ἄκη μέν ἐστι, προσφορὰ δ' οὐκ ἔστ' ἔτι.
τί σιγᾷς;
φώνησον, ὦ πάτερ, τι· μή μ' ἀποστραφῇς.
οὐδ' ἀνταμείβει μ' οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἀτιμάσας
πέμψεις ἄναυδος, οὐδ' ἃ μηνίεις φράσας;
ὦ σπέρματ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδ', ἐμαὶ δ' ὁμαίμονες,
πειράσατ' ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς γε κινῆσαι πατρὸς
τὸ δυσπρόσοιστον κἀπροσήγορον στόμα,
ὡς μή μ' ἄτιμον, τοῦ θεοῦ γε προστάτην,
οὕτως ἀφῇ με μηδὲν ἀντειπὼν ἔπος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

λέγ', ὦ ταλαίπωρ', αὐτὸς ὧν χρείᾳ πάρει·
τὰ πολλὰ γάρ τοι ῥήματ' ἢ τέρψαντά τι,

[1] MSS. *πόνος*, Scaliger corr.

Enter POLYNEICES.

POLYNEICES

Ah me, my sisters, shall I first lament
My own afflictions, or my aged sire's,
Whom here I find a castaway, with you,
In a strange land, an ancient beggar clad
In antic tatters, marring all his frame,
While o'er the sightless orbs his unkempt locks
Float in the breeze; and, as it were to match,
He bears a wallet against hunger's pinch.
All this too late I learn, wretch that I am,
Alas! I own it, and am proved most vile
In my neglect of thee: I scorn myself.
But as almighty Zeus in all he doth
Hath Mercy for co-partner of his throne,
Let Mercy, father, also sit enthroned
In thy heart likewise. For transgressions past
May be amended, cannot be made worse.

Why silent? Father, speak, nor turn away,
Hast thou no word, wilt thou dismiss me then
In mute disdain, nor tell me why thou art wrath?
O ye his daughters, sisters mine, do ye
This sullen, obstinate silence try to move.
Let him not spurn, without a single word
Of answer, me the suppliant of the god.

ANTIGONE

Tell him thyself, unhappy one, thine errand;
For large discourse may send a thrill of joy,

ἢ δυσχεράναντ᾽ ἢ κατοικτίσαντά πως,
παρέσχε φωνὴν τοῖς ἀφωνήτοις τινά.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ἐξερῶ· καλῶς γὰρ ἐξηγεῖ σύ μοι·
πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὸν θεὸν ποιούμενος
ἀρωγόν, ἔνθεν μ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἀνέστησεν μολεῖν
ὁ τῆσδε τῆς γῆς κοίρανος, διδοὺς ἐμοὶ
λέξαι τ᾽ ἀκοῦσαί τ᾽ ἀσφαλεῖ σὺν ἐξόδῳ.
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ὑμῶν, ὦ ξένοι, βουλήσομαι
καὶ ταῖνδ᾽ ἀδελφαῖν καὶ πατρὸς κυρεῖν ἐμοί.
ἃ δ᾽ ἦλθον, ἤδη σοι θέλω λέξαι, πάτερ.
γῆς ἐκ πατρῴας ἐξελήλαμαι φυγάς,
τοῖς σοῖς πανάρχοις οὕνεκ᾽ ἐνθακεῖν θρόνοις
γονῇ πεφυκὼς ἠξίουν γεραίτερος.
ἀνθ᾽ ὧν μ᾽ Ἐτεοκλῆς, ὢν φύσει νεώτερος,
γῆς ἐξέωσεν, οὔτε νικήσας λόγῳ
οὔτ᾽ εἰς ἔλεγχον χειρὸς οὐδ᾽ ἔργου μολών,
πόλιν δὲ πείσας. ὧν ἐγὼ μάλιστα μὲν
τὴν σὴν ἐρινὺν αἰτίαν εἶναι λέγω.
ἔπειτα κἀπὸ μάντεων ταύτῃ κλύω.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦλθον Ἄργος ἐς τὸ Δωρικόν,
λαβὼν Ἄδραστον πενθερόν, ξυνωμότας
ἔστησ᾽ ἐμαυτῷ γῆς ὅσοιπερ Ἀπίας
πρῶτοι καλοῦνται καὶ τετίμηνται δόρει,
ὅπως τὸν ἑπτάλογχον ἐς Θήβας στόλον
ξὺν τοῖσδ᾽ ἀγείρας ἢ θάνοιμι πανδίκως
ἢ τοὺς τάδ᾽ ἐκπράξαντας ἐκβάλοιμι γῆς.
εἶεν· τί δῆτα νῦν ἀφιγμένος κυρῶ;
σοὶ προστροπαίους, ὦ πάτερ, λιτὰς ἔχων
αὐτός τ᾽ ἐμαυτοῦ ξυμμάχων τε τῶν ἐμῶν,
οἳ νῦν σὺν ἑπτὰ τάξεσιν σὺν ἑπτά τε

Or stir a chord of wrath or tenderness,
And to the tongue-tied somehow give a tongue

POLYNEICES

Well dost thou counsel, and I will speak out.
First will I call in aid the god himself,
Poseidon, from whose altar I was raised,
With warrant from the monarch of this land,
To parley with you, and depart unscathed.
These pledges, strangers, I would see observed
By you and by my sisters and my sire.
Now, father, let me tell thee why I came.
I have been banished from my native land
Because by right of primogeniture
I claimed possession of thy sovereign throne
Wherefrom Eteocles, my younger brother,
Ousted me, not by weight of precedent,
Nor by the last arbitrament of war,
But by his popular acts; and the prime cause
Of this I deem the curse that rests on thee.
So likewise hold the soothsayers, for when
I came to Argos in the Dorian land
And took the king Adrastus' child to wife,
Under my standard I enlisted all
The foremost captains of the Apian isle,
To levy with their aid that sevenfold host
Of spearmen against Thebes, determining
To oust my foes or die in a just cause.
Why then, thou askest, am I here to-day?
Father, I come a suppliant to thee
Both for myself and my allies who now
With squadrons seven beneath their seven spears

λόγχαις τὸ Θήβης πέδιον ἀμφεστᾶσι πᾶν·
οἷος δορυσσοῦς Ἀμφιάρεως, τὰ πρῶτα μὲν
δόρει κρατύνων, πρῶτα δ' οἰωνῶν ὁδοῖς·
ὁ δεύτερος δ' Αἰτωλὸς Οἰνέως τόκος
Τυδεύς. τρίτος δ' Ἐτέοκλος, Ἀργεῖος γεγώς·
τέταρτον Ἱππομέδοντ' ἀπέστειλεν πατὴρ
Ταλαός· ὁ πέμπτος δ' εὔχεται κατασκαφῇ
Καπανεὺς τὸ Θήβης ἄστυ δῃώσειν πυρί·
ἕκτος δὲ Παρθενοπαῖος Ἀρκὰς ὄρνυται,
ἐπώνυμος τῆς πρόσθεν ἀδμήτης χρόνῳ
μητρὸς λοχευθείς, πιστὸς Ἀταλάντης γόνος·
ἐγὼ δὲ σός, κεἰ μὴ σός, ἀλλὰ τοῦ κακοῦ
πότμου φυτευθείς, σός γέ τοι καλούμενος,
ἄγω τὸν Ἄργους ἄφοβον ἐς Θήβας στρατόν.
οἵ σ' ἀντὶ παίδων τῶνδε καὶ ψυχῆς, πάτερ,
ἱκετεύομεν ξύμπαντες ἐξαιτούμενοι
μῆνιν βαρεῖαν εἰκαθεῖν ὁρμωμένῳ
τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ τοὐμοῦ πρὸς κασιγνήτου τίσιν,
ὅς μ' ἐξέωσε κἀπεσύλησεν πάτρας.
εἰ γάρ τι πιστόν ἐστιν ἐκ χρηστηρίων,
οἷς ἂν σὺ προσθῇ, τοῖσδ' ἔφασκ' εἶναι κράτος.
πρός νύν σε κρηνῶν καὶ θεῶν ὁμογνίων
αἰτῶ πιθέσθαι καὶ παρεικαθεῖν, ἐπεὶ
πτωχοὶ μὲν ἡμεῖς καὶ ξένοι, ξένος δὲ σύ.
ἄλλους δὲ θωπεύοντες οἰκοῦμεν σύ τε
κἀγώ, τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξειληχότες.
ὁ δ' ἐν δόμοις τύραννος, ὢ τάλας ἐγώ,
κοινῇ καθ' ἡμῶν ἐγγελῶν ἁβρύνεται·
ὅν, εἰ σὺ τἠμῇ ξυμπαραστήσει φρενί,
βραχεῖ σὺν ὄγκῳ καὶ χρόνῳ διασκεδῶ.
ὥστ' ἐν δόμοισι τοῖσι σοῖς στήσω σ' ἄγων,
στήσω δ' ἐμαυτόν, κεῖνον ἐκβαλὼν βίᾳ.

Beleaguer all the plain that circles Thebes.
Foremost the peerless warrior, peerless seer,
Amphiaraüs with his lightning lance;
Next an Aetolian, Tydeus, Oeneus' son;
Eteoclus of Argive birth the third;
The fourth Hippomedon, sent to the war
By his sire Talaos; Capaneus, the fifth,
Vaunts he will fire and raze the town; the sixth
Parthenopaeus, an Arcadian born
Named of that maid, longtime a maid and late
Espousèd, Atalanta's true-born child;
Last I thy son, or thine at least in name,
If but the bastard of an evil fate,
Lead against Thebes the fearless Argive host.
Thus by thy children and thy life, my sire,
We all adjure thee to remit thy wrath
And favour one who seeks a just revenge
Against a brother who has banned and robbed him.
For victory, if oracles speak true,
Will fall to those who have thee for ally.
So, by our fountains and familiar gods
I pray thee, yield and hear; a beggar I
And exile, thou an exile likewise; both
Involved in one misfortune find a home
As pensioners, while he, the lord of Thebes,
O agony! makes mock of thee and me.
I'll scatter with a breath the upstart's might,
And bring thee home again and stablish thee,
And stablish, having cast him out, myself.

καὶ ταῦτα σοῦ μὲν ξυνθέλοντος ἔστι μοι
κομπεῖν, ἄνευ σοῦ δ' οὐδὲ σωθῆναι σθένω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦ πέμψαντος οὕνεκ', Οἰδίπους,
εἰπὼν ὁποῖα ξύμφορ' ἔκπεμψαι πάλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ μέν, ἄνδρες, τῆσδε δημοῦχοι χθονὸς,
μὴ 'τύγχαν' αὐτὸν δεῦρο προσπέμψας ἐμοὶ
Θησεύς, δικαιῶν ὥστ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν λόγους,
οὔ τἄν ποτ' ὀμφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἐπῄσθετο·
νῦν δ' ἀξιωθεὶς εἶσι κἀκούσας γ' ἐμοῦ
τοιαῦθ' ἃ τὸν τοῦδ' οὔ ποτ' εὐφρανεῖ βίον·
ὅς γ', ὦ κάκιστε, σκῆπτρα καὶ θρόνους ἔχων,
ἃ νῦν ὁ σὸς ξύναιμος ἐν Θήβαις ἔχει,
τὸν αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ πατέρα τόνδ' ἀπήλασας
κἄθηκας ἄπολιν καὶ στολὰς ταύτας φορεῖν,
ἃς νῦν δακρύεις εἰσορῶν, ὅτ' ἐν πόνῳ
ταὐτῷ βεβηκὼς τυγχάνεις κακῶν ἐμοί.
οὐ κλαυστὰ δ' ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν οἰστέα
τάδ', ἕωσπερ ἂν ζῶ, σοῦ φονέως μεμνημένος·
σὺ γάρ με μόχθῳ τῷδ' ἔθηκας ἔντροφον,
σύ μ' ἐξέωσας, ἐκ σέθεν δ' ἀλώμενος
ἄλλους ἐπαιτῶ τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν βίον.
εἰ δ' ἐξέφυσα τάσδε μὴ 'μαυτῷ τροφοὺς
τὰς παῖδας, ἦ τἂν οὐκ ἂν ἦ, τὸ σὸν μέρος·
νῦν δ' αἵδε μ' ἐκσῴζουσιν, αἵδ' ἐμαὶ τροφοί,
αἵδ' ἄνδρες, οὐ γυναῖκες, εἰς τὸ συμπονεῖν·
ὑμεῖς δ' ἀπ' ἄλλου κοὐκ ἐμοῦ πεφύκατον.
τοιγάρ σ' ὁ δαίμων εἰσορᾷ μὲν οὔ τί πω
ὡς αὐτίκ', εἴπερ οἵδε κινοῦνται λόχοι
πρὸς ἄστυ Θήβης. οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως πόλιν

This with thy goodwill I will undertake,
Without it I can scarce return alive.

CHORUS

For the king's sake who sent him, Oedipus,
Dismiss him not without a meet reply.

OEDIPUS

Nay, worthy seniors, but for Theseus' sake
Who sent him hither to have word of me,
Never again would he have heard my voice;
But now he shall obtain this parting grace,
An answer that will bring him little joy.
O villain, when thou hadst the sovereignty
That now thy brother holdeth in thy stead,
Didst thou not drive me, thine own father, out,
An exile, cityless, and make me wear
This beggar's garb thou weepest to behold,
Now thou art come thyself to my sad plight?
Nothing is here for tears; it must be borne
By *me* till death, and I shall think of thee
As of my murderer; thou didst thrust me out;
'Tis thou hast made me conversant with woe,
Through thee I beg my bread in a strange land;
And had not these my daughters tended me
I had been dead for aught of aid from thee.
They tend me, they preserve me, they are men
Not women in true service to their sire;
But ye are bastards, and no sons of mine.
Therefore just Heaven hath an eye on thee;
Howbeit not yet with aspect so austere
As thou shalt soon experience, if indeed
These banded hosts are moving against Thebes.

κείνην ἐρείψεις, ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν αἵματι
πεσεῖ μιανθεὶς χὠ σύναιμος ἐξ ἴσου.
τοιάσδ᾽ ἀρὰς σφῷν πρόσθε τ᾽ ἐξανῆκ᾽ ἐγὼ
νῦν τ᾽ ἀνακαλοῦμαι ξυμμάχους ἐλθεῖν ἐμοί,
ἵν᾽ ἀξιῶτον τοὺς φυτεύσαντας σέβειν
καὶ μὴ ᾽ξατιμάζητον, εἰ τυφλοῦ πατρὸς
τοιώδ᾽ ἐφύτην· αἵδε γὰρ τάδ᾽ οὐκ ἔδρων.
τοιγὰρ τὸ σὸν θάκημα καὶ τοὺς σοὺς θρόνους
κρατοῦσιν, εἴπερ ἐστὶν ἡ παλαίφατος
Δίκη ξύνεδρος Ζηνὸς ἀρχαίοις νόμοις.
σὺ δ᾽ ἔρρ᾽ ἀπόπτυστός τε κἀπάτωρ ἐμοῦ,
κακῶν κάκιστε, τάσδε συλλαβὼν ἀράς,
ἅς σοι καλοῦμαι, μήτε γῆς ἐμφυλίου
δόρει κρατῆσαι μήτε νοστῆσαί ποτε
τὸ κοῖλον Ἄργος, ἀλλὰ συγγενεῖ χερὶ
θανεῖν κτανεῖν θ᾽ ὑφ᾽ οὗπερ ἐξελήλασαι.
τοιαῦτ᾽ ἀρῶμαι καὶ καλῶ τὸ Ταρτάρου
στυγνὸν πατρῷον ἔρεβος, ὥς σ᾽ ἀποικίσῃ,
καλῶ δὲ τάσδε δαίμονας, καλῶ δ᾽ Ἄρη
τὸν σφῷν τὸ δεινὸν μῖσος ἐμβεβληκότα.
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀκούσας στεῖχε, κἀξάγγελλ᾽ ἰὼν
καὶ πᾶσι Καδμείοισι τοῖς σαυτοῦ θ᾽ ἅμα
πιστοῖσι συμμάχοισιν, οὕνεκ᾽ Οἰδίπους
τοιαῦτ᾽ ἔνειμε παισὶ τοῖς αὑτοῦ γέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πολύνεικες, οὔτε ταῖς παρελθούσαις ὁδοῖς
ξυνήδομαί σοι, νῦν τ᾽ ἴθ᾽ ὡς τάχος πάλιν.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

οἴμοι κελεύθου τῆς τ᾽ ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας,
οἴμοι δ᾽ ἑταίρων· οἷον ἆρ᾽ ὁδοῦ τέλος
Ἄργους ἀφωρμήθημεν, ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,

That city thou canst never storm, but first
Shalt fall, thou and thy brother, blood-imbrued.
Such curse I lately launched against you twain,
Such curse I now invoke to fight for me,
That ye may learn to honour those who bare thee
Nor flout a sightless father who begat
Degenerate sons—these maidens did not so.
Therefore my curse is stronger than thy "throne,"
Thy "suppliance," if by right of laws eterne
Primeval Justice sits enthroned with Zeus.
Begone, abhorred, disowned, no son of mine,
Thou vilest of the vile! and take with thee
This curse I leave thee as my last bequest:—
Never to win by arms thy native land,
No, nor return to Argos in the Vale,
But by a kinsman's hand to die and slay
Him who expelled thee. So I pray and call
On the ancestral gloom of Tartarus
To snatch thee hence, on these dread goddesses
I call, and Ares who incensed you both
To mortal enmity. Go now proclaim
What thou hast heard to the Cadmeians all,
Thy staunch confederates—this the heritage
That Oedipus divideth to his sons.

CHORUS

Thy errand, Polyneices, liked me not
From the beginning; now go back with speed.

POLYNEICES

Woe worth my journey and my baffled hopes!
Woe worth my comrades! What a desperate end
To that glad march from Argos! Woe is me!

τοιοῦτον οἷον οὐδὲ φωνῆσαί τινι
ἔξεσθ' ἑταίρων, οὐδ' ἀποστρέψαι πάλιν,
ἀλλ' ὄντ' ἄναυδον τῇδε συγκῦρσαι τύχῃ.
ὦ τοῦδ' ὅμαιμοι παῖδες, ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς, ἐπεὶ
τὰ σκληρὰ πατρὸς κλύετε ταῦτ' ἀρωμένου,
μή τοί με πρὸς θεῶν σφώ γ', ἐὰν αἱ τοῦδ' ἀραὶ
πατρὸς τελῶνται καί τις ὑμῖν ἐς δόμους
νόστος γένηται, μή μ' ἀτιμάσητέ γε,
ἀλλ' ἐν τάφοισι θέσθε κἀν κτερίσμασιν.
καὶ σφῷν ὁ νῦν ἔπαινος, ὃν κομίζετον
τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς οἷς πονεῖτον, οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
ἔτ' ἄλλον οἴσει τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπουργίας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

Πολύνεικες, ἱκετεύω σε πεισθῆναί τί μοι.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη, τὸ ποῖον, Ἀντιγόνη; λέγε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

στρέψαι στράτευμ' ἐς Ἄργος ὡς τάχιστά γε,
καὶ μὴ σέ τ' αὐτὸν καὶ πόλιν διεργάσῃ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐχ οἷόν τε· πῶς γὰρ αὖθις ἂν πάλιν
στράτευμ' ἄγοιμι ταὐτόν, εἰσάπαξ τρέσας;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί δ' αὖθις, ὦ παῖ, δεῖ σε θυμοῦσθαι; τί σοι
πάτραν κατασκάψαντι κέρδος ἔρχεται;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

αἰσχρὸν τὸ φεύγειν καὶ τὸ πρεσβεύοντ' ἐμὲ
οὕτω γελᾶσθαι τοῦ κασιγνήτου πάρα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁρᾷς τὰ τοῦδ' οὖν ὡς ἐς ὀρθὸν ἐκφέρει
μαντεύμαθ', ὃς σφῷν θάνατον ἐξ ἀμφοῖν θροεῖ;

I dare not whisper it to my allies
Or turn them back, but mute must meet my doom.
My sisters, ye his daughters, ye have heard
The prayers of our stern father, if his curse
Should come to pass and ye some day return
To Thebes, O then disown me not, I pray,
But grant me burial and due funeral rites.
So shall the praise your filial care now wins
Be doubled for the service wrought for me.

ANTIGONE

One boon, O Polyneices, let me crave.

POLYNEICES

What would'st thou, sweet Antigone? Say on.

ANTIGONE

Turn back thy host to Argos with all speed,
And ruin not thyself and Thebes as well.

POLYNEICES

That cannot be. How could I lead again
An army that had seen their leader quail?

ANTIGONE

But, brother, why shouldst thou be wroth again?
What profit from thy country's ruin comes?

POLYNEICES

'Tis shame to live in exile, and shall I
The elder bear a younger brother's flouts?

ANTIGONE

Wilt thou then bring to pass his prophecies
Who threatens mutual slaughter to you both?

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

χρῄζει γάρ· ἡμῖν δ' οὐχὶ συγχωρητέα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἴμοι τάλαινα· τίς δὲ τολμήσει κλύων
τὰ τοῦδ' ἕπεσθαι τἀνδρός, οἷ' ἐθέσπισεν;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

οὐκ ἀγγελοῦμεν φλαῦρ'· ἐπεὶ στρατηλάτου
χρηστοῦ τὰ κρείσσω μηδὲ τἀνδεᾶ λέγειν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὕτως ἄρ', ὦ παῖ, ταῦτά σοι δεδογμένα;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

καὶ μή μ' ἐπίσχῃς γ'· ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν ἥδ' ὁδὸς
ἔσται μέλουσα δύσποτμός τε καὶ κακὴ
πρὸς τοῦδε πατρὸς τῶν τε τοῦδ' ἐρινύων·
σφῷν δ' εὖ διδοίη Ζεύς, τάδ' εἰ θανόντι μοι
τελεῖτ',[1] *ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ζῶντί γ' αὖθις ἕξετον.*
μέθεσθε δ' ἤδη χαίρετόν τ'· οὐ γάρ μ' ἔτι
βλέποντ' ἐσόψεσθ' αὖθις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

μή τοί μ' ὀδύρου.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ τίς ἄν σ' ὁρμώμενον
εἰς προῦπτον Ἅιδην οὐ καταστένοι, κάσι;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

εἰ χρή, θανοῦμαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

μὴ σύ γ', ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

μὴ πεῖθ' ἃ μὴ δεῖ.

[1] MSS. τελεῖτέ μοι | θανόντ', Lobeck corr.

POLYNEICES

Aye, so he wishes:—but I must not yield.

ANTIGONE

O woe is me! but say, will any dare,
Hearing his prophecy, to follow thee?

POLYNEICES

I shall not tell it; a good general
Reports successes and conceals mishaps.

ANTIGONE

Misguided youth, thy purpose then stands fast!

POLYNEICES

'Tis so, and stay me not. The road I choose,
Dogged by my sire and his avenging spirit,
Leads me to ruin; but for you may Zeus
Make your path bright if ye fulfil my hest
When dead; in life ye cannot serve me more.
Now let me go, farewell, a long farewell!
Ye ne'er shall see my living face again.

ANTIGONE

Ah me!

POLYNEICES

Bewail me not.

ANTIGONE

Who would not mourn
Thee, brother, hurrying to an open pit!

POLYNEICES

If I must die, I must.

ANTIGONE

Nay, hear me plead.

POLYNEICES

It may not be; forbear.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

δυστάλαινά τἄρ᾽ ἐγώ,
εἴ σου στερηθῶ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ταῦτα δ᾽ ἐν τῷ δαίμονι
καὶ τῇδε φῦναι χἀτέρᾳ. σφῷν δ᾽ οὖν ἐγὼ
θεοῖς ἀρῶμαι μή ποτ᾽ ἀντῆσαι κακῶν·
ἀνάξιαι γὰρ πᾶσίν ἐστε δυστυχεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νέα τάδε νεόθεν ἦλθέ μοι — στρ. α΄.
κακὰ βαρύποτμα παρ᾽ ἀλαοῦ ξένου,
εἴ τι μοῖρα μὴ κιγχάνει.
ματᾶν[1] γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀξίωμα δαιμόνων ἔχω φράσαι.
ὁρᾷ ὁρᾷ ταῦτ᾽ ἀεὶ χρόνος, στρέφων μὲν[2] ἕτερα,
τὰ δὲ παρ᾽ ἦμαρ αὖθις αὔξων ἄνω.
ἔκτυπεν αἰθήρ, ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, πῶς ἄν, εἴ τις ἔντοπος,
τὸν πάντ᾽ ἄριστον δεῦρο Θησέα πόροι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, τί δ᾽ ἐστὶ τἀξίωμ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ᾧ καλεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Διὸς πτερωτὸς ἥδε μ᾽ αὐτίκ᾽ ἄξεται
βροντὴ πρὸς Ἅιδην· ἀλλὰ πέμψαθ᾽ ὡς τάχος.

[1] μάτην MSS., Hermann corr.
[2] ἐπεί MSS., Wecklein corr.

ANTIGONE

Then woe is me,
If I must lose thee.

POLYNEICES

Nay, that rests with fate,
Whether I live or die; but for you both
I pray to heaven ye may escape all ill;
For ye are blameless in the eyes of all.

[*Exit* POLYNEICES.

CHORUS

Ills on ills! no pause or rest! (*Str.* 1)
Come they from our sightless guest?
Or haply now we see fulfilled
What fate long time hath willed?
For ne'er have I proved vain
Aught that the heavenly powers ordain.
Time with never sleeping eye
Watches what is writ on high,
Overthrowing now the great,
Raising now from low estate.
Hark! How the thunder rumbles! Zeus defend us!

OEDIPUS

Children, my children! will no messenger
Go summon hither Theseus my best friend?

ANTIGONE

And wherefore, father, dost thou summon him?

OEDIPUS

This winged thunder of the god must bear me
Anon to Hades. Send and tarry not.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέγας, ἴδε, μάλ' ὅδ' ἐρείπεται   ἀντ. α'
κτύπος ἄφατος διόβολος·[1] ἐς δ' ἄκραν
δεῖμ' ὑπῆλθε κρατὸς φόβαν.
ἔπτηξα θυμόν· οὐρανία γὰρ ἀστραπὴ φλέγει πάλιν.
τί μὰν ἀφήσει τέλος; δέδοικα δ'· οὐ γὰρ ἅλιον
ἀφορμᾷ ποτ', οὐκ ἄνευ ξυμφορᾶς.
ὦ μέγας αἰθήρ, ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ παῖδες, ἥκει τῷδ' ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θέσφατος
βίου τελευτὴ κοὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἀποστροφή.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πῶς οἶσθα; τῷ δὲ τοῦτο συμβαλὼν ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καλῶς κάτοιδ'· ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστά μοι μολὼν
ἄνακτα χώρας τῆσδέ τις πορευσάτω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ   στρ. β'

ἔα ἔα, ἰδοὺ μάλ' αὖθις ἀμφίσταται διαπρύσιος
ὄτοβος.
ἵλαος, ὦ δαίμων, ἵλαος, εἴ τι γᾷ
ματέρι τυγχάνεις ἀφεγγὲς φέρων.
ἐναισίου δὲ σοῦ τύχοιμι,[2] μηδ' ἄλαστον ἄνδρ' ἰδὼν
ἀκερδῆ χάριν μετάσχοιμί πως. Ζεῦ ἄνα, σοὶ
φωνῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἆρ' ἐγγὺς ἁνήρ; ἆρ' ἔτ' ἐμψύχου, τέκνα,
κιχήσεταί μου καὶ κατορθοῦντος φρένα;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί δ' ἂν θέλοις τὸ πιστὸν ἐμφῦναι φρενί;

[1] MSS. ἴδε μάλα μέγας ἐρείπεται | κτύπος ἄφατος ὅδε διόβολος, Jebb corr.
[2] συνεύχοιμι MSS., Cobet corr.

CHORUS

Hark! with louder, nearer roar (*Ant.* 1)
The bolt of Zeus descends once more.
My spirit quails and cowers: my hair
Bristles for fear. Again that flare!
What doth the lightning-flash portend?
Ever it points to issues grave.
Dread powers of air! Save, Zeus, O save!

OEDIPUS

Daughters, upon me the predestined end
Has come; no turning from it any more.

ANTIGONE

How knowest thou? What sign convinces thee?

OEDIPUS

I know full well. Let some one with all speed
Go summon hither the Athenian prince.

CHORUS

Ha! once more the deafening sound (*Str.* 2)
Peals yet louder all around.
If thou darkenest our land,
Lightly, lightly lay thy hand;
Grace, not anger, let me win,
If upon a man of sin
I have looked with pitying eye,
Zeus, our king, to thee I cry!

OEDIPUS

Is the prince coming? Will he when he comes
Find me yet living and my senses clear!

ANTIGONE

What solemn charge would'st thou impress on him?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀνθ᾽ ὧν ἔπασχον εὖ, τελεσφόρον χάριν
δοῦναί σφιν, ἥνπερ τυγχάνων ὑπεσχόμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ παῖ, βᾶθι βᾶθ᾽, εἴτ᾽ ἄκρα.   *ἀντ. β΄.*
περὶ γύαλ᾽ ἐναλίῳ Ποσειδωνίῳ θεῷ[1] *τυγχάνεις*
βούθυτον ἑστίαν ἁγίζων, ἱκοῦ.
ὁ γὰρ ξένος σε καὶ πόλισμα καὶ φίλους ἐπαξιοῖ
δικαίαν χάριν παρασχεῖν παθών.
[σπεῦσον][2] *ἄϊσσ᾽, ὦναξ.*

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τίς αὖ παρ᾽ ὑμῶν κοινὸς ἠχεῖται κτύπος,
σαφὴς μὲν ἀστῶν,[3] *ἐμφανὴς δὲ τοῦ ξένου;*
μή τις Διὸς κεραυνὸς ἤ τις ὀμβρία
χάλαζ᾽ ἐπιρράξασα; πάντα γὰρ θεοῦ
τοιαῦτα χειμάζοντος εἰκάσαι πάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄναξ, ποθοῦντι προυφάνης, καί σοι θεῶν
τύχην τις ἐσθλὴν τῆσδ᾽ ἔθηκε τῆς ὁδοῦ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί δ᾽ ἐστίν, ὦ παῖ Λαΐου, νέορτον αὖ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ῥοπὴ βίου μοι· καί σ᾽ ἅπερ ξυνῄνεσα
θέλω πόλιν τε τήνδε μὴ ψεύσας θανεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τῷ δ᾽ ἐκπέπεισαι τοῦ μόρου τεκμηρίῳ;

[1] MSS. *ἰὼ παῖ | βᾶθι βᾶθ᾽ εἴτ᾽ ἄκραν ἐπιγύαλον ἐναλίωι | Ποσειδαωνίαι θεῶι* Jebb corr.
[2] Added by Triclinius. [3] MSS. *αὐτῶν*, Reiske corr.

OEDIPUS

For all his benefits I would perform
The promise made when I received them first.

CHORUS

Hither haste, my son, arise, (*Ant.* 2)
Altar leave and sacrifice,
If haply to Poseidon now
In the far glade thou pay'st thy vow.
For our guest to thee would bring
And thy folk an offering,
Thy due guerdon. Haste, O King!

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Wherefore again this general din? at once
My people call me and the stranger calls.
Is it a thunderbolt of Zeus or sleet
Of arrowy hail? a storm so fierce as this
Would warrant all surmises of mischance.

OEDIPUS

Thou com'st much wished for, Prince, and sure some god
Hath bid good luck attend thee on thy way.

THESEUS

What, son of Laïus, hath chanced of new?

OEDIPUS

My life hath turned the scale. I would do all
I promised thee and thine before I die.

THESEUS

What sign assures thee that thine end is near?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αὐτοὶ θεοὶ κήρυκες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι,
ψεύδοντες οὐδὲν σῆμα τῶν προκειμένων.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας, ὦ γεραιέ, δηλοῦσθαι τάδε;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αἱ πολλὰ βρονταὶ διατελεῖς τὰ πολλά τε
στράψαντα χειρὸς τῆς ἀνικήτου βέλη.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πείθεις με· πολλά γάρ σε θεσπίζονθ' ὁρῶ
κοὐ ψευδόφημα· χὤ τι χρὴ ποιεῖν λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐγὼ διδάξω τέκνον Αἰγέως, ἅ σοι
γήρως ἄλυπα τῇδε κείσεται πόλει.
χῶρον μὲν αὐτὸς αὐτίκ' ἐξηγήσομαι,
ἄθικτος ἡγητῆρος, οὗ με χρὴ θανεῖν.
τοῦτον δὲ φράζε μή ποτ' ἀνθρώπων τινί,
μήθ' οὗ κέκευθε μήτ' ἐν οἷς κεῖται τόποις·
ὥς σοι πρὸ πολλῶν ἀσπίδων ἀλκὴν ὅδε
δορός τ' ἐπακτοῦ γειτονῶν ἀεὶ τιθῇ.
ἃ δ' ἐξάγιστα μηδὲ κινεῖται λόγῳ,
αὐτὸς μαθήσει, κεῖσ' ὅταν μόλῃς μόνος·
ὡς οὔτ' ἂν ἀστῶν τῶνδ' ἂν ἐξείποιμί τῳ
οὔτ' ἂν τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς, στέργων ὅμως.
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αἰεὶ σῷζε, χὤταν εἰς τέλος
τοῦ ζῆν ἀφικνῇ, τῷ προφερτάτῳ μόνῳ
σήμαιν', ὁ δ' αἰεὶ τὠπιόντι δεικνύτω.
χοὕτως ἀδῇον τήνδ' ἐνοικήσεις πόλιν
σπαρτῶν ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν· αἱ δὲ μυρίαι πόλεις,
κἂν εὖ τις οἰκῇ, ῥᾳδίως καθύβρισαν.

OEDIPUS

The gods themselves are heralds of my fate;
Of their appointed warnings nothing fails.

THESEUS

How sayest thou they signify their will?

OEDIPUS

This thunder, peal on peal, this lightning hurled
Flash upon flash, from the unconquered hand.

THESEUS

I must believe thee, having found thee oft
A prophet true; then speak what must be done.

OEDIPUS

O son of Aegeus, for this state will I
Unfold a treasure age cannot corrupt.
Myself anon without a guiding hand
Will take thee to the spot where I must end.
This secret ne'er reveal to mortal man,
Neither the spot nor whereabouts it lies,
So shall it ever serve thee for defence
Better than native shields and near allies.
But those dread mysteries speech may not profane
Thyself shalt gather coming there alone;
Since not to any of thy subjects, nor
To my own children, though I love them dearly,
Can I reveal what thou must guard alone,
And whisper to thy chosen heir alone,
So to be handed down from heir to heir.
Thus shalt thou hold this land inviolate
From the dread Dragon's brood.[1] The justest State
By countless wanton neighbours may be wronged,

[1] The Thebans sprung from the Dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus.

θεοὶ γὰρ εὖ μέν, ὀψὲ δ' εἰσορῶσ', ὅταν
τὰ θεῖ' ἀφείς τις εἰς τὸ μαίνεσθαι τραπῇ·
ὃ μὴ σύ, τέκνον Αἰγέως, βούλου παθεῖν.
τὰ μὲν τοιαῦτ' οὖν εἰδότ' ἐκδιδάσκομεν.
χῶρον δ', ἐπείγει γάρ με τοὐκ θεοῦ παρόν,
στείχωμεν ἤδη μηδ' ἔτ' ἐντρεπώμεθα.
ὦ παῖδες, ὧδ' ἕπεσθ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡγεμὼν
σφῷν αὖ πέφασμαι καινός, ὥσπερ σφὼ πατρί.
χωρεῖτε καὶ μὴ ψαύετ', ἀλλ' ἐᾶτέ με
αὐτὸν τὸν ἱερὸν τύμβον ἐξευρεῖν, ἵνα
μοῖρ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδε τῇδε κρυφθῆναι χθονί.
τῇδ' ὧδε, τῇδε βᾶτε· τῇδε γάρ μ' ἄγει
Ἑρμῆς ὁ πομπὸς ἥ τε νερτέρα θεός.
ὦ φῶς ἀφεγγές, πρόσθε πού ποτ' ἦσθ' ἐμόν,
νῦν δ' ἔσχατόν σου τοὐμὸν ἅπτεται δέμας.
ἤδη γὰρ ἕρπω τὸν τελευταῖον βίον
κρύψων παρ' Ἅιδην. ἀλλά, φίλτατε ξένων,
αὐτός τε χώρα θ' ἥδε πρόσπολοί τε σοὶ
εὐδαίμονες γένοισθε, κἀπ' εὐπραξίᾳ
μέμνησθέ μου θανόντος εὐτυχεῖς ἀεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ θέμις ἐστί μοι τὰν ἀφανῆ θεὸν — στρ.
καὶ σὲ λιταῖς σεβίζειν,
ἐννυχίων ἄναξ,
Αἰδωνεῦ Αἰδωνεῦ, λίσσωμαι
ἄπονα μήτ' ἐπὶ[1] βαρυαχεῖ
ξένον ἐξανύσαι
μόρῳ τὰν παγκευθῆ κάτω
νεκρῶν πλάκα καὶ Στύγιον δόμον.

[1] L. μήτ' ἐπιπόνῳ, Wecklein corr.

For the gods, though they tarry, mark for doom
The godless sinner in his mad career.
Far from thee, son of Aegeus, be such fate!
Thou knowest, yet I would admonish thee.
But to the spot—the god within me goads—
Let us set forth nor longer hesitate.
Follow me, daughters, this way. Strange that I
Whom ye have led so long should lead you now.
Oh, touch me not, but let me all alone
Find out the sepulchre that destiny
Appoints me in this land. Hither, this way,
For this way Hermes leads, the spirit guide,
And Persephassa, empress of the dead.
O light, no light to me, but mine erewhile,
Now the last time I feel thee palpable,
For I am drawing near the final gloom
Of Hades. Blessing on thee, dearest friend,
On thee and on thy land and followers!
Live prosperous and in your happy state
Still for your welfare think on me, the dead.

[*Exit* THESEUS *followed by* ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

CHORUS

If mortal prayers are heard in hell, (*Str.*)
Hear, Goddess dread, invisible!
Monarch of the regions drear,
Aïdoneus, hear, O hear!
By a gentle, tearless doom
Speed this stranger to the gloom,
Let him enter without pain
The all-shrouding Stygian plain.

πολλῶν γὰρ ἂν καὶ μάταν
πημάτων ἱκνουμένων
πάλιν σφε δαίμων δίκαιος αὔξοι.
ὦ χθόνιαι θεαὶ σῶμά τ' ἀμαιμάκου
θηρός, ὃν ἐν πύλαισι
ταῖσι πολυξένοις
εὐνᾶσθαι κνυζεῖσθαί τ' ἐξ ἄντρων
ἀδάματον φύλακα παρ' Ἀίδᾳ
λόγος αἰὲν ἔχει·
τόν, ὦ Γᾶς παῖ καὶ Ταρτάρου,
κατεύχομαι ἐν καθαρῷ βῆναι
ὁρμωμένῳ νερτέρας
τῷ ξένῳ νεκρῶν πλάκας·
σέ τοι κικλήσκω τὸν αἰένυπνον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄνδρες πολῖται, ξυντομωτάτως μὲν ἂν
τύχοιμι λέξας Οἰδίπουν ὀλωλότα·
ἃ δ' ἦν τὰ πραχθέντ', οὔθ' ὁ μῦθος ἐν βραχεῖ
φράσαι πάρεστιν οὔτε τἄργ' ὅσ' ἦν ἐκεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄλωλε γὰρ δύστηνος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὡς λελοιπότα
κεῖνον τὸν ἀεὶ βίοτον ἐξεπίστασο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς; ἆρα θείᾳ κἀπόνῳ τάλας τύχῃ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἤδη κἀποθαυμάσαι πρέπον.
ὡς μὲν γὰρ ἐνθένδ' εἷρπε, καὶ σύ που παρὼν
ἔξοισθ', ὑφηγητῆρος οὐδενὸς φίλων,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἡμῖν πᾶσιν ἐξηγούμενος.

Wrongfully in life oppressed,
Be he now by Justice blessed.

Queen infernal, and thou fell
Watch-dog of the gates of hell,
Who, as legends tell, dost glare,
Gnarling in thy cavernous lair
At all comers, let him go
Scathless to the fields below.
For thy master orders thus,
The son of earth and Tartarus;
In his den the monster keep,
Giver of eternal sleep.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Friends, countrymen, my tidings are in sum
That Oedipus is gone, but the event
Was not so brief, nor can the tale be brief.

CHORUS

What, has he gone, the unhappy man?

MESSENGER

Know well
That he has passed away from life to death.

CHORUS

How? By a god-sent, painless doom, poor soul?

MESSENGER

Thy question hits the marvel of the tale.
How he moved hence, you saw him and must know;
Without a friend to lead the way, himself
Guiding us all. So having reached the abrupt

ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφῖκτο τὸν καταρράκτην ὀδὸν
χαλκοῖς βάθροισι γῆθεν ἐρριζωμένον,
ἔστη κελεύθων ἐν πολυσχίστων μιᾷ,
κοίλου πέλας κρατῆρος, οὗ τὰ Θησέως
Περίθου τε κεῖται πίστ' ἀεὶ ξυνθήματα.
ἀφ' οὗ μέσος στὰς τοῦ τε Θορικίου πέτρου
κοίλης τ' ἀχέρδου κἀπὸ λαΐνου τάφου,
καθέζετ'· εἶτ' ἔλυσε δυσπινεῖς στολάς.
κἄπειτ' ἀύσας παῖδας ἠνώγει ῥυτῶν
ὑδάτων ἐνεγκεῖν λουτρὰ καὶ χοάς ποθεν·
τὼ δ' εὐχλόου Δήμητρος εἰς προσόψιον
πάγον μολοῦσαι τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς πατρὶ
ταχεῖ 'πόρευσαν σὺν χρόνῳ, λουτροῖς τέ νιν
ἐσθῆτί τ' ἐξήσκησαν ᾗ νομίζεται.
ἐπεὶ δὲ παντὸς εἶχε δρῶντος ἡδονὴν
κοὐκ ἦν ἔτ' οὐδὲν ἀργὸν ὧν ἐφίετο,
κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος αἱ δὲ παρθένοι
ῥίγησαν, ὡς ἤκουσαν· ἐς δὲ γούνατα
πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι 'κλαιον οὐδ' ἀνίεσαν
στέρνων ἀραγμοὺς οὐδὲ παμμήκεις γόους.
ὁ δ' ὡς ἀκούει φθόγγον ἐξαίφνης πικρόν,
πτύξας ἐπ' αὐταῖς χεῖρας εἶπεν· ὦ τέκνα,
οὐκ ἔστ' ἔθ' ὑμῖν τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ πατήρ.
ὄλωλε γὰρ δὴ πάντα τἀμά, κοὐκέτι
τὴν δυσπόνητον ἕξετ' ἀμφ' ἐμοὶ τροφήν·
σκληρὰν μέν, οἶδα, παῖδες· ἀλλ' ἓν γάρ μόνον
τὰ πάντα λύει ταῦτ' ἔπος μοχθήματα.
τὸ γὰρ φιλεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἐξ ὅτου πλέον
ἢ τοῦδε τἀνδρὸς ἔσχεθ', οὗ τητώμεναι
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη τὸν βίον διάξετον.
τοιαῦτ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἀμφικείμενοι
λύγδην ἔκλαιον πάντες. ὡς δὲ πρὸς τέλος

Earth-rooted Threshold with its brazen stairs,
He paused at one of the converging paths,
Hard by the rocky basin which records
The pact of Theseus and Peirithoüs.
Betwixt that rift and the Thorician rock,
The hollow pear-tree and the marble tomb,
Midway he sat and loosed his beggar's weeds;
Then calling to his daughters bade them fetch
Of running water, both to wash withal
And make libation ; so they clomb the steep,
Demeter's hill, who waters the green shoots ;
And in brief space brought what their father bade,
Then laved and dressed him with observance due.
But when he had his will in everything,
And no desire was left unsatisfied,
It thundered from the netherworld ; the maids
Shivered, and crouching at their father's knees
Wept, beat their breast and uttered a long wail.
He, as he heard their sudden bitter cry,
Folded his arms about them both and said,
" My children, ye will lose your sire to-day,
For all of me has perished, and no more
Have ye to bear your long, long ministry ;
A heavy load, I know, and yet one word
Wipes out all score of tribulations—*love.*
And love from me ye had—from no man more ;
But now must live without me all your days."
So clinging to each other sobbed and wept
Father and daughters both, but when at last

γόων ἀφίκοντ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ὠρώρει βοή,
ἦν μὲν σιωπή· φθέγμα δ᾽ ἐξαίφνης τινὸς
θώϋξεν αὐτόν, ὥστε πάντας ὀρθίας
στῆσαι φόβῳ δείσαντας ἐξαίφνης τρίχας·
καλεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῇ θεός·
ὦ οὗτος οὗτος, Οἰδίπους, τί μέλλομεν
χωρεῖν; πάλαι δὴ τἀπὸ σοῦ βραδύνεται.
ὁ δ᾽ ὡς ἐπῄσθετ᾽ ἐκ θεοῦ καλούμενος,
αὐδᾷ μολεῖν οἱ γῆς ἄνακτα Θησέα.
κἀπεὶ προσῆλθεν, εἶπεν· ὦ φίλον κάρα,
δός μοι χερὸς σῆς πίστιν ὁρκίαν τέκνοις,
ὑμεῖς τε, παῖδες, τῷδε· καὶ καταίνεσον
μήποτε προδώσειν τάσδ᾽ ἑκών, τελεῖν δ᾽ ὅσ᾽ ἂν
μέλλῃς φρονῶν εὖ ξυμφέροντ᾽ αὐταῖς ἀεί.
ὁ δ᾽, ὡς ἀνὴρ γενναῖος, οὐκ οἴκτου μέτα
κατῄνεσεν τάδ᾽ ὅρκιος δράσειν ξένῳ.
ὅπως δὲ ταῦτ᾽ ἔδρασεν, εὐθὺς Οἰδίπους
ψαύσας ἀμαυραῖς χερσὶν ὧν παίδων λέγει·
ὦ παῖδε, τλάσας χρὴ τὸ γενναῖον φρενὶ
χωρεῖν τόπων ἐκ τῶνδε, μηδ᾽ ἃ μὴ θέμις
λεύσσειν δικαιοῦν μηδὲ φωνούντων κλύειν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἕρπεθ᾽ ὡς τάχιστα· πλὴν ὁ κύριος
Θησεὺς παρέστω μανθάνων τὰ δρώμενα.
τοσαῦτα φωνήσαντος εἰσηκούσαμεν
ξύμπαντες· ἀστακτὶ δὲ σὺν ταῖς παρθένοις
στένοντες ὡμαρτοῦμεν. ὡς δ᾽ ἀπήλθομεν,
χρόνῳ βραχεῖ στραφέντες ἐξαπείδομεν
τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν οὐδαμοῦ παρόντ᾽ ἔτι,
ἄνακτα δ᾽ αὐτὸν ὀμμάτων ἐπίσκιον
χεῖρ᾽ ἀντέχοντα κρατός, ὡς δεινοῦ τινος
φόβου φανέντος οὐδ᾽ ἀνασχετοῦ βλέπειν.
ἔπειτα μέντοι βαιὸν οὐδὲ σὺν χρόνῳ

Their mourning had an end and no wail rose,
A moment there was silence; suddenly
A voice that summoned him; with sudden dread
The hair of all stood up and all were 'mazed;
For the call came, now loud, now low, and oft.
"Oedipus, Oedipus, why tarry we?
Too long, too long thy passing is delayed."
But when he heard the summons of the god,
He prayed that Theseus might be brought, and when
The Prince came nearer: "O my friend," he cried,
"Pledge ye my daughters, giving thy right hand—
And, daughters, give him yours—and promise me
Thou never wilt forsake them, but do all
That time and friendship prompt in their behoof."
And he of his nobility repressed
His tears and swore to be their constant friend.
This promise given, Oedipus put forth
Blind hands and laid them on his children, saying,
"O children, prove your true nobility
And hence depart nor seek to witness sights
Unlawful or to hear unlawful words.
Nay, go with speed; let none but Theseus stay,
Our ruler, to behold what next shall hap."
So we all heard him speak, and weeping sore
We companied the maidens on their way.
After brief space we looked again, and lo
The man was gone, evanished from our eyes;
Only the king we saw with upraised hand
Shading his eyes as from some awful sight,
That no man might endure to look upon.

ὁρῶμεν αὐτὸν γῆν τε προσκυνοῦνθ' ἅμα
καὶ τὸν θεῶν Ὄλυμπον ἐν ταὐτῷ λόγῳ.
μόρῳ δ' ὁποίῳ κεῖνος ὤλετ', οὐδ' ἂν εἷς
θνητῶν φράσειε πλὴν τὸ Θησέως κάρα.
οὐ γάρ τις αὐτὸν οὔτε πυρφόρος θεοῦ
κεραυνὸς ἐξέπραξεν οὔτε ποντία
θύελλα κινηθεῖσα τῷ τότ' ἐν χρόνῳ,
ἀλλ' ἤ τις ἐκ θεῶν πομπὸς ἢ τὸ νερτέρων
εὔνουν διαστὰν γῆς ἀλύπητον βάθρον.
ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὐδὲ σὺν νόσοις
ἀλγεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ', ἀλλ' εἴ τις βροτῶν
θαυμαστός. εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκῶ φρονῶν λέγειν,
οὐκ ἂν παρείμην οἷσι μὴ δοκῶ φρονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῦ δ' αἵ τε παῖδες χοἰ προπέμψαντες φίλων;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αἵδ' οὐχ ἑκάς· γόων γὰρ οὐκ ἀσήμονες
φθόγγοι σφε σημαίνουσι δεῦρ' ὁρμωμένας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

αἰαῖ, φεῦ, ἔστιν ἔστι νῷν δὴ *στρ. α΄.*
οὐ τὸ μέν, ἄλλο δὲ μή, πατρὸς ἔμφυτον
ἄλαστον αἷμα δυσμόροιν στενάζειν,
ᾧτινι τὸν πολὺν
ἄλλοτε μὲν πόνον ἔμπεδον εἴχομεν,
ἐν πυμάτῳ δ' ἀλόγιστα παροίσομεν
ἰδόντε καὶ παθόντε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν;

A moment later, and we saw him bend
In prayer to Earth and prayer to Heaven at once.
But by what doom the stranger met his end
No man save Theseus knoweth. For there fell
No fiery bolt that reft him in that hour,
Nor whirlwind from the sea, but he was taken.
It was a messenger from heaven, or else
Some gentle, painless cleaving of earth's base;
For without wailing or disease or pain
He passed away—an end most marvellous.
And if to some my tale seems foolishness
I am content that such could count me fool.

CHORUS

Where are the maids and their attendant friends?

MESSENGER

They cannot be far off; the approaching sound
Of lamentation tells they come this way.

Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

ANTIGONE

Woe, woe! on this sad day (*Str.* 1)
    We sisters of one blasted stock
    Must bow beneath the shock,
Must weep and weep the curse that lay
    On him our sire, for whom
In life, a life-long world of care
    'Twas ours to bear,
    In death must face the gloom
    That wraps his tomb.
What tongue can tell
That sight ineffable?

CHORUS

What mean ye, maidens?

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἔστιν μὲν εἰκάσαι, φίλοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡς μάλιστ' ἂν ἐν πόθῳ λάβοις.
τί γάρ, ὅτῳ μήτ' Ἄρης
μήτε πόντος ἀντέκυρσεν,
ἄσκοποι δὲ πλάκες ἔμαρψαν
ἐν ἀφανεῖ τινι μόρῳ φερόμενον.
τάλαινα· νῷν δ' ὀλεθρία
νὺξ ἐπ' ὄμμασιν βέβακε.
πῶς γὰρ ἤ τιν' ἀπίαν
γᾶν ἢ πόντιον κλύδων' ἀλώμεναι, βίου δύσοιστον
ἕξομεν τροφάν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐ κάτοιδα. κατά με φόνιος
Ἀΐδας ἕλοι πατρὶ ξυνθανεῖν γεραίῳ
τάλαιναν, ὡς ἔμοιγ' ὁ μέλλων βίος οὐ βιωτός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ διδύμα τέκνων ἀρίστα,
τὸ φέρον ἐκ θεοῦ φέρειν,[1]
μηδὲν ἄγαν φλέγεσθον· οὔ τοι κατάμεμπτ'
ἔβητον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πόθος τοι[2] καὶ κακῶν ἄρ' ἦν τις. ἀντ. α'.
καὶ γὰρ ὃ μηδαμὰ δὴ φίλον ἦν φίλον,[3]
ὁπότε γε καὶ τὸν ἐν χεροῖν κατεῖχον.
ὦ πάτερ, ὦ φίλος,

[1] In MSS. καλῶς, φέρειν χρή, Hermann omits καλῶς and χρή.
[2] τοι added by Hartung.
[3] L. τὸ φίλον φίλον, Brunck. corr.

ANTIGONE

All is but surmise.

CHORUS

Is he then gone?

ANTIGONE

Gone as ye most might wish.
Not in battle or sea storm,
But reft from sight,
By hands invisible borne
To viewless fields of night.
Ah me! on us too night has come,
The night of mourning. Whither roam
O'er land or sea in our distress
Eating the bread of bitterness?

ISMENE

I know not. O that Death
Might nip my breath,
And let me share my aged father's fate.
I cannot live a life thus desolate.

CHORUS

Best of daughters, worthy pair,
What Heaven brings ye needs must bear,
Fret no more 'gainst Heaven's will;
Fate hath dealt with you not ill. (*Ant.* 1)

ANTIGONE

Love can turn past pain to bliss,
What seemed bitter now is sweet.
Ah me! that happy toil to miss,
The guidance of those dear blind feet.

ὦ τὸν ἀεὶ κατὰ γᾶς σκότον εἱμένος·
οὐδέ γ' ἔνερθ'[1] ἀφίλητος ἐμοί ποτε
καὶ τᾷδε μὴ κυρήσῃς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔπραξεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἔπραξεν οἷον ἤθελεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ ποῖον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἇς ἔχρῃζε γᾶς ἐπὶ ξένας
ἔθανε· κοίταν δ' ἔχει
νέρθεν εὐσκίαστον αἰέν,
οὐδὲ πένθος ἔλιπ' ἄκλαυτον.
ἀνὰ γὰρ ὄμμα σε τόδ', ὦ πάτερ, ἐμὸν
στένει δακρῦον, οὐδ' ἔχω
πῶς με χρὴ τὸ σὸν τάλαιναν
ἀφανίσαι τοσόνδ' ἄχος.
ὤμοι, γᾶς ἐπὶ ξένας θανεῖν ἔχρῃζες ἀλλ'
ἔρημος ἔθανες ὧδέ μοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὦ τάλαινα, τίς ἄρα με πότμος αὖθις ὧδ'
ἐπαμμένει σέ τ', ὦ φίλα, τὰς πατρὸς ὧδ' ἐρήμας;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ὀλβίως γ' ἔλυσεν
τὸ τέλος, ὦ φίλαι, βίου,
λήγετε τοῦδ' ἄχους· κακῶν γὰρ δυσάλωτος οὐδείς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάλιν, φίλα, συθῶμεν. στρ. β'

[1] οὐδὲ γέρων. MSS., Wecklein corr.

Dear father, wrapt for aye in nether gloom,
        E'en in the tomb
Never shalt thou for lack of love repine,
        Her love and mine.

CHORUS

His fate—

ANTIGONE

Is even as he planned.

CHORUS

How so?

ANTIGONE

He died, so willed he, in a foreign land.
Lapped in kind earth he sleeps his long last sleep,
        And o'er his grave friends weep.
How great our loss these streaming eyes can tell,
        This sorrow nought can quell.
Thou hadst thy wish 'mid strangers thus to die,
        But I, ah me, not by.

ISMENE

Alas, my sister, what new fate
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
Befalls us orphans desolate?

CHORUS

His end was blessèd; therefore, children, stay
Your sorrow. Man is born to fate a prey.

ANTIGONE

Sister, let us back again.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡς τί ῥέξομεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἵμερος ἔχει με.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τίς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τὰν χθόνιον ἑστίαν ἰδεῖν

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τίνος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πατρός, τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θέμις δὲ πῶς τάδ' ἐστί; μῶν
οὐχ ὁρᾷς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί τόδ' ἐπέπληξας;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ τόδ', ὡς

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί τόδε μάλ' αὖθις;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἄταφος ἔπιτνε δίχα τε παντός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἄγε με, καὶ τότ' ἐπενάριξον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

αἰαῖ, δυστάλαινα, ποῦ δῆτ'
αὖθις ὧδ' ἔρημος ἄπορος
αἰῶνα τλάμον' ἕξω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φίλαι, τρέσητε μηδέν. ἀντ. β'

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλὰ ποῖ φύγω;

ISMENE

Why return?

ANTIGONE

My soul is fain—

ISMENE

Is fain?

ANTIGONE

To see the earthy bed.

ISMENE

Sayest thou?

ANTIGONE

Where our sire is laid.

ISMENE

Nay, thou can'st not; dost not see—

ANTIGONE

Sister, wherefore wroth with me?

ISMENE

Know'st not—beside—

ANTIGONE

More must I hear?

ISMENE

Tombless he died, none near.

ANTIGONE

Lead me thither; slay me there.

ISMENE

How shall I unhappy fare,
Friendless, helpless, how drag on
A life of misery alone?

CHORUS

Fear not, maids— (*Ant.* 2)

ANTIGONE

Ah, whither flee?

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πάρος ἀπέφυγε

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰ σφῷν τὸ μὴ πίτνειν κακῶς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

φρονῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δῆθ' ὅπερ νοεῖς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὅπως μολούμεθ' ἐς δόμους
οὐκ ἔχω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μηδέ γε μάτευε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

μόγος ἔχει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πάρος ἐπεῖχε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τοτὲ μὲν ἄπορα, τοτὲ δ' ὕπερθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέγ' ἄρα πέλαγος ἐλάχετόν τι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ναὶ ναί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξύμφημι καὐτός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

αἰαῖ, ποῖ μόλωμεν, ὦ Ζεῦ;
ἐλπίδων γὰρ ἐς τίν' ἔτι με
δαίμων τανῦν γ' ἐλαύνει;

CHORUS

Refuge hath been found.

ANTIGONE

For me?

CHORUS

Where thou shalt be safe from harm.

ANTIGONE

I know it.

CHORUS

Why then this alarm?

ANTIGONE

How again to get us home
I know not.

CHORUS

Why then roam?

ANTIGONE

Troubles whelm us—

CHORUS

As of yore.

ANTIGONE

Worse than what was worst before.

CHORUS

Sure ye are driven on the breakers' surge.

ANTIGONE

Alas! we are.

CHORUS

Alas! 'tis so.

ANTIGONE

Ah whither turn, O Zeus? No ray
Of hope to cheer the way
Whereon the fates our desperate voyage urge.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

παύετε θρήνων, παῖδες· ἐν οἷς γὰρ
χάρις ἡ χθονία ξύν' ἀπόκειται,
πενθεῖν οὐ χρή· νέμεσις γάρ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ τέκνον Αἰγέως, προσπίτνομέν σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τίνος, ὦ παῖδες, χρείας ἀνύσαι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τύμβον θέλομεν προσιδεῖν αὐταὶ
πατρὸς ἡμετέρου.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ θεμιτόν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πῶς εἶπας, ἄναξ, κοίραν' Ἀθηνῶν;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ παῖδες, ἀπεῖπεν ἐμοὶ κεῖνος
μήτε πελάζειν ἐς τούσδε τόπους
μήτ' ἐπιφωνεῖν μηδένα θνητῶν
θήκην ἱεράν, ἣν κεῖνος ἔχει.
καὶ ταῦτά μ' ἔφη πράσσοντα καλῶς
χώραν ἕξειν αἰὲν ἄλυπον.
ταῦτ' οὖν ἔκλυεν δαίμων ἡμῶν
χὼ πάντ' ἀΐων Διὸς Ὅρκος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἰ τάδ' ἔχει κατὰ νοῦν κείνῳ,
ταῦτ' ἂν ἀπαρκοῖ· Θήβας δ' ἡμᾶς
τὰς ὠγυγίους πέμψον, ἐάν πως
διακωλύσωμεν ἰόντα φόνον
τοῖσιν ὁμαίμοις.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Dry your tears ; when grace is shed
On the quick and on the dead
By dark Powers beneficent,
Over-grief they would resent.

ANTIGONE

Aegeus' child, to thee we pray.

THESEUS

What the boon, my children, say.

ANTIGONE

With our own eyes we fain would see
Our father's tomb.

THESEUS

That may not be.

ANTIGONE

What say'st thou, King ?

THESEUS

My children, he
Charged me straitly that no mortal
Should approach the sacred portal,
Or greet with funeral litanies
The hidden tomb wherein he lies ;
Saying, "If thou keep'st my hest
Thou shalt hold thy realm at rest."
The God of Oaths this promise heard,
And to Zeus I pledged my word.

ANTIGONE

Well, if he would have it so,
We must yield. Then let us go
Back to Thebes, if yet we may
Heal this mortal feud and stay
The self-wrought doom
That drives our brothers to their tomb.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δράσω καὶ τάδε καὶ πάνθ᾽ ὁπόσ᾽ ἂν
μέλλω πράσσειν πρόσφορά θ᾽ ὑμῖν
καὶ τῷ κατὰ γῆς, ὃς νέον ἔρρει,
πρὸς χάριν· οὐ δεῖ μ᾽ ἀποκάμνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ἀποπαύετε μηδ᾽ ἐπὶ πλείω
θρῆνον ἐγείρετε·
πάντως γὰρ ἔχει τάδε κῦρος.

THESEUS

Go in peace; nor will I spare
Ought of toil and zealous care,
But on all your needs attend,
Gladdening in his grave my friend.

CHORUS

Wail no more, let sorrow rest,
All is ordered for the best.

ANTIGONE

ARGUMENT

ANTIGONE, *daughter of Oedipus, the late king of Thebes, in defiance of Creon who rules in his stead, resolves to bury her brother Polyneices, slain in his attack on Thebes. She is caught in the act by Creon's watchmen and brought before the king. She justifies her action, asserting that she was bound to obey the eternal laws of right and wrong in spite of any human ordinance. Creon, unrelenting, condemns her to be immured in a rock-hewn chamber. His son Haemon, to whom Antigone is betrothed, pleads in vain for her life and threatens to die with her. Warned by the seer Teiresias Creon repents him and hurries to release Antigone from her rocky prison. But he is too late : he finds lying side by side Antigone who has hanged herself and Haemon who also has perished by his own hand. Returning to the palace he sees within the dead body of his queen who on learning of her son's death has stabbed herself to the heart.*

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ΑΙΜΩΝ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΕΥΡΥΔΙΚΗ

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANTIGONE } *daughters of Oedipus and sisters of Polyneices*
ISMENE } *and Eteocles.*

CREON, *King of Thebes.*

HAEMON, *son of Creon, betrothed to Antigone.*

EURYDICE, *wife of Creon.*

TEIRESIAS, *the prophet.*

CHORUS, *of Theban Elders.*

A WATCHMAN.

A MESSENGER.

A SECOND MESSENGER.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

Ὦ κοινὸν αὐτάδελφον Ἰσμήνης κάρα,
ἆρ' οἶσθ' ὅ τι Ζεὺς τῶν ἀπ' Οἰδίπου κακῶν
ὁποῖον οὐχὶ νῷν ἔτι ζώσαιν τελεῖ;
οὐδὲν γὰρ οὔτ' ἀλγεινὸν οὔτ' ἄτης ἄτερ
οὔτ' αἰσχρὸν οὔτ' ἄτιμόν ἐσθ', ὁποῖον οὐ
τῶν σῶν τε κἀμῶν οὐκ ὄπωπ' ἐγὼ κακῶν.
καὶ νῦν τί τοῦτ' αὖ φασι πανδήμῳ πόλει
κήρυγμα θεῖναι τὸν στρατηγὸν ἀρτίως;
ἔχεις τι κεἰσήκουσας; ἤ σε λανθάνει
πρὸς τοὺς φίλους στείχοντα τῶν ἐχθρῶν κακά;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδεὶς μῦθος, Ἀντιγόνη, φίλων
οὔθ' ἡδὺς οὔτ' ἀλγεινὸς ἵκετ' ἐξ ὅτου
δυοῖν ἀδελφοῖν ἐστερήθημεν δύο,
μιᾷ θανόντοιν ἡμέρᾳ διπλῇ χερί·
ἐπεὶ δὲ φροῦδός ἐστιν Ἀργείων στρατὸς
ἐν νυκτὶ τῇ νῦν, οὐδὲν οἶδ' ὑπέρτερον,
οὔτ' εὐτυχοῦσα μᾶλλον οὔτ' ἀτωμένη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ᾔδη καλῶς, καί σ' ἐκτὸς αὐλείων πυλῶν
τοῦδ' οὕνεκ' ἐξέπεμπον, ὡς μόνη κλύοις.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί δ' ἔστι; δηλοῖς γάρ τι καλχαίνουσ' ἔπος.

ANTIGONE

Antigone and Ismene before the Palace gates.

ANTIGONE

Ismene, sister of my blood and heart,
See'st thou how Zeus would in our lives fulfil
The weird of Oedipus, a world of woes!
For what of pain, affliction, outrage, shame,
Is lacking in our fortunes, thine and mine?
And now this proclamation of to-day
Made by our Captain-General to the State,
What can its purport be? Didst hear and heed,
Or art thou deaf when friends are banned as foes?

ISMENE

To me, Antigone, no word of friends
Has come, or glad or grievous, since we twain
Were reft of our two brethren in one day
By double fratricide; and since i' the night
Our Argive leaguers fled, no later news
Has reached me, to inspirit or deject.

ANTIGONE

I knew 'twas so, and therefore summoned thee
Beyond the gates to breathe it in thine ear.

ISMENE

What is it? Some dark secret stirs thy breast.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐ γὰρ τάφου νῷν τὼ κασιγνήτω Κρέων
τὸν μὲν προτίσας, τὸν δ' ἀτιμάσας ἔχει;
Ἐτεοκλέα μέν, ὡς λέγουσι, σὺν δίκης
χρήσει δικαίᾳ καὶ νόμου[1] κατὰ χθονὸς
ἔκρυψε τοῖς ἔνερθεν ἔντιμον νεκροῖς·
τὸν δ' ἀθλίως θανόντα Πολυνείκους νέκυν
ἀστοῖσί φασιν ἐκκεκηρῦχθαι τὸ μὴ
τάφῳ καλύψαι μηδὲ κωκῦσαί τινα,
ἐᾶν δ' ἄκλαυτον, ἄταφον, οἰωνοῖς γλυκὺν
θησαυρὸν εἰσορῶσι πρὸς χάριν βορᾶς.
τοιαῦτά φασι τὸν ἀγαθὸν Κρέοντά σοι
κἀμοί, λέγω γὰρ κἀμέ, κηρύξαντ' ἔχειν,
καὶ δεῦρο νεῖσθαι ταῦτα τοῖσι μὴ εἰδόσιν
σαφῆ προκηρύξοντα, καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἄγειν
οὐχ ὡς παρ' οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ὃς ἂν τούτων τι δρᾷ,
φόνον προκεῖσθαι δημόλευστον ἐν πόλει.
οὕτως ἔχει σοι ταῦτα, καὶ δείξεις τάχα
εἴτ' εὐγενὴς πέφυκας εἴτ' ἐσθλῶν κακή.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί δ', ὦ ταλαῖφρον, εἰ τάδ' ἐν τούτοις, ἐγὼ
λύουσ' ἂν ἢ 'φάπτουσα προσθείμην πλέον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

εἰ ξυμπονήσεις καὶ ξυνεργάσει σκόπει.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ποῖόν τι κινδύνευμα; ποῦ γνώμης ποτ' εἶ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

εἰ τὸν νεκρὸν ξὺν τῇδε κουφιεῖς χερί.

[1] σὺν δίκῃ δικαίᾳ χρησθεὶς καὶ νόμῳ, emended by G. H. Müller and R. Jebb.

ANTIGONE

What but the thought of our two brothers dead,
The one by Creon graced with funeral rites,
The other disappointed? Eteocles
He hath consigned to earth (as fame reports)
With obsequies that use and wont ordain,
So gracing him among the dead below.
But Polyneices, a dishonoured corse,
(So by report the royal edict runs)
No man may bury him or make lament—
Must leave him tombless and unwept, a feast
For kites to scent afar and swoop upon.
Such is the edict (if report speak true)
Of Creon, our most noble Creon, aimed
At thee and me, aye me too; and anon
He will be here to promulgate, for such
As have not heard, his mandate; 'tis in sooth
No passing humour, for the edict says
Whoe'er transgresses shall be stoned to death.
So stands it with us; now 'tis thine to show
If thou art worthy of thy blood or base.

ISMENE

But how, my rash, fond sister, in such case
Can I do anything to make or mar?

ANTIGONE

Say, wilt thou aid me and abet? Decide.

ISMENE

In what bold venture? What is in thy thought?

ANTIGONE

Lend me a hand to bear the corpse away.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἦ γὰρ νοεῖς θάπτειν σφ᾽, ἀπόρρητον πόλει;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τὸν γοῦν ἐμὸν καὶ τὸν σόν, ἢν σὺ μὴ θέλῃς,
ἀδελφόν· οὐ γὰρ δὴ προδοῦσ᾽ ἁλώσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὦ σχετλία, Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ᾽ οὐδὲν αὐτῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μ᾽ εἴργειν μέτα.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οἴμοι· φρόνησον, ὦ κασιγνήτη, πατὴρ
ὡς νῷν ἀπεχθὴς δυσκλεής τ᾽ ἀπώλετο,
πρὸς αὐτοφώρων ἀμπλακημάτων διπλᾶς
ὄψεις ἀράξας αὐτὸς αὐτουργῷ χερί·
ἔπειτα μήτηρ καὶ γυνή, διπλοῦν ἔπος,
πλεκταῖσιν ἀρτάναισι λωβᾶται βίον·
τρίτον δ᾽ ἀδελφὼ δύο μίαν καθ᾽ ἡμέραν
αὐτοκτονοῦντε τὼ ταλαιπώρω μόρον
κοινὸν κατειργάσαντ᾽ ἐπαλλήλοιν χεροῖν.
νῦν δ᾽ αὖ μόνα δὴ νὼ λελειμμένα σκόπει
ὅσῳ κάκιστ᾽ ὀλούμεθ᾽, εἰ νόμου βίᾳ
ψῆφον τυράννων ἢ κράτη παρέξιμεν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐννοεῖν χρὴ τοῦτο μὲν γυναῖχ᾽ ὅτι
ἔφυμεν, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρας οὐ μαχουμένα·
ἔπειτα δ᾽ οὕνεκ᾽ ἀρχόμεσθ᾽ ἐκ κρεισσόνων,
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀκούειν κἄτι τῶνδ᾽ ἀλγίονα.
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αἰτοῦσα τοὺς ὑπὸ χθονὸς
ξύγγνοιαν ἴσχειν, ὡς βιάζομαι τάδε,
τοῖς ἐν τέλει βεβῶσι πείσομαι· τὸ γὰρ
περισσὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἔχει νοῦν οὐδένα.

ISMENE

What, bury him despite the interdict?

ANTIGONE

My brother, and, though thou deny him, thine.
No man shall say that *I* betrayed a brother.

ISMENE

Wilt thou persist, though Creon has forbid?

ANTIGONE

What right has he to keep me from my own?

ISMENE

Bethink thee, sister, of our father's fate,
Abhorred, dishonoured, self-convinced of sin,
Blinded, himself his executioner.
Think of his mother-wife (ill-sorted names)
Done by a noose herself had twined to death.
And last, our hapless brethren in one day,
Both in a mutual destiny involved,
Self-slaughtered, both the slayer and the slain.
Bethink thee, sister, we are left alone;
Shall we not perish wretchedest of all,
If in defiance of the law we cross
A monarch's will?—weak women, think of that,
Not framed by nature to contend with men.
Remember this too that the stronger rules;
We must obey his orders, these or worse.
Therefore I plead compulsion and entreat
The dead to pardon. I perforce obey
The powers that be. 'Tis foolishness, I ween,
To overstep in aught the golden mean.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὔτ' ἂν κελεύσαιμ' οὔτ' ἄν, εἰ θέλοις ἔτι
πράσσειν, ἐμοῦ γ' ἂν ἡδέως δρῴης μέτα.
ἀλλ' ἴσθ' ὁποῖά σοι δοκεῖ, κεῖνον δ' ἐγὼ
θάψω. καλόν μοι τοῦτο ποιούσῃ θανεῖν.
φίλη μετ' αὐτοῦ κείσομαι, φίλου μέτα,
ὅσια πανουργήσασ'· ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος
ὃν δεῖ μ' ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε.
ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι· σὺ δ', εἰ δοκεῖ,
τὰ τῶν θεῶν ἔντιμ' ἀτιμάσασ' ἔχε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμα ποιοῦμαι, τὸ δὲ
βίᾳ πολιτῶν δρᾶν ἔφυν ἀμήχανος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σὺ μὲν τάδ' ἂν προὔχοι'· ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τάφον
χώσουσ' ἀδελφῷ φιλτάτῳ πορεύσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οἴμοι ταλαίνης, ὡς ὑπερδέδοικά σου.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

μή μου προτάρβει· τὸν σὸν ἐξόρθου πότμον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὖν προμηνύσῃς γε τοῦτο μηδενὶ
τοὔργον, κρυφῇ δὲ κεῦθε, σὺν δ' αὔτως ἐγώ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἴμοι, καταύδα· πολλὸν ἐχθίων ἔσει
σιγῶσ', ἐὰν μὴ πᾶσι κηρύξῃς τάδε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θερμὴν ἐπὶ ψυχροῖσι καρδίαν ἔχεις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἀρέσκουσ' οἷς μάλισθ' ἁδεῖν με χρή.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

εἰ καὶ δυνήσει γ'· ἀλλ' ἀμηχάνων ἐρᾷς.

ANTIGONE

I urge no more; nay, wert thou willing still,
I would not welcome such a fellowship.
Go thine own way; myself will bury him.
How sweet to die in such employ, to rest,—
Sister and brother linked in love's embrace—
A sinless sinner, banned awhile on earth,
But by the dead commended; and with them
I shall abide for ever. As for thee,
Scorn, if thou wilt, the eternal laws of Heaven.

ISMENE

I scorn them not, but to defy the State
Or break her ordinance I have no skill.

ANTIGONE

A specious pretext. I will go alone
To lap my dearest brother in the grave.

ISMENE

My poor, fond sister, how I fear for thee!

ANTIGONE

O waste no fears on me; look to thyself.

ISMENE

At least let no man know of thine intent,
But keep it close and secret, as will I.

ANTIGONE

O tell it, sister; I shall hate thee more
If thou proclaim it not to all the town.

ISMENE

Thou hast a fiery soul for numbing work.

ANTIGONE

I pleasure those whom I would liefest please.

ISMENE

If thou succeed; but thou art doomed to fail.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐκοῦν, ὅταν δὴ μὴ σθένω, πεπαύσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀρχὴν δὲ θηρᾶν οὐ πρέπει τἀμήχανα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

εἰ ταῦτα λέξεις, ἐχθαρεῖ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,
ἐχθρὰ δὲ τῷ θανόντι προσκείσει δίκῃ.
ἀλλ' ἔα με καὶ τὴν ἐξ ἐμοῦ δυσβουλίαν
παθεῖν τὸ δεινὸν τοῦτο· πείσομαι γὰρ οὐ
τοσοῦτον οὐδὲν ὥστε μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, στεῖχε· τοῦτο δ' ἴσθ' ὅτι
ἄνους μὲν ἔρχει, τοῖς φίλοις δ' ὀρθῶς φίλη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ — στρ. α'.

ἀκτὶς ἀελίου, τὸ κάλλιστον ἑπταπύλῳ φανὲν
Θήβᾳ τῶν προτέρων φάος,
ἐφάνθης ποτ', ὦ χρυσέας
ἁμέρας βλέφαρον,
Διρκαίων ὑπὲρ ῥεέθρων μολοῦσα,
τὸν λεύκασπιν Ἀργόθεν ἐκβάντα φῶτα πανσαγίᾳ
φυγάδα πρόδρομον ὀξυτέρῳ κινήσασα χαλινῷ·
ὃς ἐφ' ἡμετέρᾳ γῇ Πολυνείκους[1]
ἀρθεὶς νεικέων ἐξ ἀμφιλόγων
ὀξέα κλάζων
ἀετὸς εἰς γῆν ὣς ὑπερέπτα,
λευκῆς χιόνος πτέρυγι στεγανός,
πολλῶν μεθ' ὅπλων

[1] ὃν . . . Πολυνείκης MSS., Scaliger corr.

ANTIGONE

When strength shall fail me, yes, but not before.

ISMENE

But, if the venture's hopeless, why essay?

ANTIGONE

Sister, forbear, or I shall hate thee soon,
And the dead man will hate thee too, with cause.
Say I am mad and give my madness rein
To wreck itself; the worst that can befall
Is but to die an honourable death.

ISMENE

Have thine own way then; 'tis a mad endeavour,
Yet to thy lovers thou art dear as ever.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS

Sunbeam, of all that ever dawned upon (*Str.* 1)
Our seven-gated Thebes the brightest ray,
O eye of golden day,
How fair thy light o'er Dircè's fountain shone,
Speeding upon their headlong homeward course,
Far quicker than they came, the Argive force;
Putting to flight
The argent shields, the host with scutcheons white.
Against our land the proud invader came
To vindicate fell Polyneices' claim.
Like to an eagle swooping low,
On pinions white as new fall'n snow,
With clanging scream, a horsetail plume his crest,
The aspiring lord of Argos onward pressed.

ξύν θ' ἱπποκόμοις κορύθεσσιν. ἀντ. α'
στὰς δ' ὑπὲρ μελάθρων φονώσαισιν ἀμφιχανὼν
κύκλῳ
λόγχαις ἑπτάπυλον στόμα
ἔβα, πρίν ποθ' ἁμετέρων
αἱμάτων γένυσιν πλησθῆναί τε καὶ στεφάνωμα
πύργων
πευκάενθ' Ἥφαιστον ἑλεῖν· τοῖος ἀμφὶ νῶτ' ἐτάθη
πάταγος Ἄρεος, ἀντιπάλου δυσχείρωμα δράκοντος.
Ζεὺς γὰρ μεγάλης γλώσσης κόμπους
ὑπερεχθαίρει, καὶ σφας ἐσιδὼν
πολλῷ ῥεύματι προσνισσομένους
χρυσοῦ καναχῆς ὑπεροπλίαις,
παλτῷ ῥιπτεῖ πυρὶ βαλβίδων
ἐπ' ἄκρων ἤδη
νίκην ὁρμῶντ' ἀλαλάξαι.

ἀντιτύπᾳ δ' ἐπὶ γᾷ πέσε τανταλωθεὶς στρ. β'.
πυρφόρος, ὃς τότε μαινομένᾳ ξὺν ὁρμᾷ
βακχεύων ἐπέπνει
ῥιπαῖς ἐχθίστων ἀνέμων.
εἶχε δ' ἄλλᾳ τὰ μέν,
ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλοις ἐπενώμα στυφελίζων μέγας
Ἄρης
δεξιόσειρος.
ἑπτὰ λοχαγοὶ γὰρ ἐφ' ἑπτὰ πύλαις
ταχθέντες ἴσοι πρὸς ἴσους ἔλιπον
Ζηνὶ τροπαίῳ πάγχαλκα τέλη,
πλὴν τοῖν στυγεροῖν, ὣ πατρὸς ἑνὸς
μητρός τε μιᾶς φύντε καθ' αὑτοῖν
δικρατεῖς λόγχας στήσαντ' ἔχετον
κοινοῦ θανάτου μέρος ἄμφω.

Hovering around our city walls he waits, (*Ant.* 1)
His spearmen raven at our seven gates.
But ere a torch our crown of towers could burn,
Ere they had tasted of our blood, they turn
Forced by the Dragon; in their rear
The din of Ares panic-struck they hear.
For Zeus who hates the braggart's boast
Beheld that gold-bespangled host;
As at the goal the pæan they upraise,
He struck them with his forkèd lightning blaze.

(*Str.* 2)
To earth from earth rebounding, down he crashed;
The fire-brand from his impious hand was dashed,
As like a Bacchic reveller on he came,
Outbreathing hate and flame,
And tottered. Elsewhere in the field,
Here, there, great Ares like a war-horse wheeled;
Beneath his car down thrust
Our foemen bit the dust.

Seven captains at our seven gates
Thundered; for each a champion waits,
Each left behind his armour bright,
Trophy for Zeus who turns the fight;
Save two alone, that ill-starred pair
One mother to one father bare,
Who lance in rest, one 'gainst the other
Drave, and both perished, brother slain by brother.

ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἁ μεγαλώνυμος ἦλθε Νίκα   ἀντ. β
τᾷ πολυαρμάτῳ ἀντιχαρεῖσα Θήβᾳ,
ἐκ μὲν δὴ πολέμων
τῶν νῦν θέσθαι λησμοσύναν,
θεῶν δὲ ναοὺς χοροῖς
παννυχίοις πάντας ἐπέλθωμεν, ὁ Θήβας δ' ἐλελί-
    χθων
Βάκχιος ἄρχοι.
ἀλλ' ὅδε γὰρ δὴ βασιλεὺς χώρας,
Κρέων ὁ Μενοικέως [ἄρχων][1] νεοχμὸς
νεαραῖσι θεῶν ἐπὶ συντυχίαις
χωρεῖ, τίνα δὴ μῆτιν ἐρέσσων,
ὅτι σύγκλητον τήνδε γερόντων
προύθετο λέσχην,
κοινῷ κηρύγματι πέμψας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄνδρες, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος ἀσφαλῶς θεοὶ
πολλῷ σάλῳ σείσαντες ὤρθωσαν πάλιν·
ὑμᾶς δ' ἐγὼ πομποῖσιν ἐκ πάντων δίχα
ἔστειλ' ἱκέσθαι, τοῦτο μὲν τὰ Λαΐου
σέβοντας εἰδὼς εὖ θρόνων ἀεὶ κράτη,
τοῦτ' αὖθις, ἡνίκ' Οἰδίπους ὤρθου πόλιν,
κἀπεὶ διώλετ', ἀμφὶ τοὺς κείνων ἔτι
παῖδας μένοντας ἐμπέδοις φρονήμασιν.
ὅτ' οὖν ἐκεῖνοι πρὸς διπλῆς μοίρας μίαν
καθ' ἡμέραν ὤλοντο παίσαντές τε καὶ
πληγέντες αὐτόχειρι σὺν μιάσματι,
ἐγὼ κράτη δὴ πάντα καὶ θρόνους ἔχω
γένους κατ' ἀγχιστεῖα τῶν ὀλωλότων.
ἀμήχανον δὲ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐκμαθεῖν
ψυχήν τε καὶ φρόνημα καὶ γνώμην, πρὶν ἂν

[1] A word has dropped out.

Now Victory to Thebes returns again (*Ant.* 2)
And smiles upon her chariot-circled plain.
Now let feast and festal shout
Memories of war blot out.
Let us to the temples throng,
Dance and sing the live night long.
God of Thebes, lead thou the round,
Bacchus, shaker of the ground!
Let us end our revels here;
Lo! Creon our new lord draws near,
Crowned by this strange chance, our king.
What, I marvel, pondering?
Why this summons? Wherefore call
Us, his elders, one and all,
Bidding us with him debate,
On some grave concern of State?

Enter CREON.

CREON

Elders, the gods have righted once again
Our storm-tossed ship of state, now safe in port.
But you by special summons I convened
As my most trusted councillors; first, because
I knew you loyal to Laïus of old;
Again, when Oedipus restored our State,
Both while he ruled and when his rule was o'er,
Ye still were constant to the royal line.
Now that his two sons perished in one day,
Brother by brother murderously slain,
By right of kinship to the Princes dead,
I claim and hold the throne and sovereignty.
Yet 'tis no easy matter to discern
The temper of a man, his mind and will,
Till he be proved by exercise of power;

ἀρχαῖς τε καὶ νόμοισιν ἐντριβὴς φανῇ.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις πᾶσαν εὐθύνων πόλιν
μὴ τῶν ἀρίστων ἅπτεται βουλευμάτων,
ἀλλ' ἐκ φόβου του γλῶσσαν ἐγκλῄσας ἔχει,
κάκιστος εἶναι νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι δοκεῖ·
καὶ μεῖζον ὅστις ἀντὶ τῆς αὑτοῦ πάτρας
φίλον νομίζει, τοῦτον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω.
ἐγὼ γάρ, ἴστω Ζεὺς ὁ πάνθ' ὁρῶν ἀεί,
οὔτ' ἂν σιωπήσαιμι τὴν ἄτην ὁρῶν
στείχουσαν ἀστοῖς ἀντὶ τῆς σωτηρίας,
οὔτ' ἂν φίλον ποτ' ἄνδρα δυσμενῆ χθονὸς
θείμην ἐμαυτῷ, τοῦτο γιγνώσκων ὅτι
ἥδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σῴζουσα καὶ ταύτης ἔπι
πλέοντες ὀρθῆς τοὺς φίλους ποιούμεθα.
τοιοῖσδ' ἐγὼ νόμοισι τήνδ' αὔξω πόλιν,
καὶ νῦν ἀδελφὰ τῶνδε κηρύξας ἔχω
ἀστοῖσι παίδων τῶν ἀπ' Οἰδίπου πέρι·
Ἐτεοκλέα μέν, ὃς πόλεως ὑπερμαχῶν
ὄλωλε τῆσδε, πάντ' ἀριστεύσας δόρει,
τάφῳ τε κρύψαι καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἀφαγνίσαι
ἃ τοῖς ἀρίστοις ἔρχεται κάτω νεκροῖς·
τὸν δ' αὖ ξύναιμον τοῦδε, Πολυνείκη λέγω,
ὃς γῆν πατρῴαν καὶ θεοὺς τοὺς ἐγγενεῖς
φυγὰς κατελθὼν ἠθέλησε μὲν πυρὶ
πρῆσαι κατ' ἄκρας, ἠθέλησε δ' αἵματος
κοινοῦ πάσασθαι, τοὺς δὲ δουλώσας ἄγειν,
τοῦτον πόλει τῇδ' ἐκκεκήρυκται τάφῳ
μήτε κτερίζειν μήτε κωκῦσαί τινα,
ἐᾶν δ' ἄθαπτον καὶ πρὸς οἰωνῶν δέμας
καὶ πρὸς κυνῶν ἐδεστὸν αἰκισθέν τ' ἰδεῖν.
τοιόνδ' ἐμὸν φρόνημα, κοὔποτ' ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ
τιμὴν προέξουσ' οἱ κακοὶ τῶν ἐνδίκων·

And in my case, if one who reigns supreme
Swerve from the highest policy, tongue-tied
By fear of consequence, that man I hold,
And ever held, the basest of the base.
And I contemn the man who sets his friend
Before his country. For myself, I call
To witness Zeus, whose eyes are everywhere,
If I perceive some mischievous design
To sap the State, I will not hold my tongue;
Nor would I reckon as my private friend
A public foe, well knowing that the State
Is the good ship that holds our fortunes all:
Farewell to friendship, if she suffers wreck.
Such is the policy by which I seek
To serve the Commons and conformably
I have proclaimed an edict as concerns
The sons of Oedipus; Eteocles
Who in his country's battle fought and fell,
The foremost champion—duly bury him
With all observances and ceremonies
That are the guerdon of the heroic dead.
But for the miscreant exile who returned
Minded in flames and ashes to blot out
His father's city and his father's gods,
And glut his vengeance with his kinsmen's blood,
Or drag them captive at his chariot wheels—
For Polyneices 'tis ordained that none
Shall give him burial or make mourn for him,
But leave his corpse unburied, to be meat
For dogs and carrion crows, a ghastly sight.
So am I purposed; never by my will
Shall miscreants take precedence of true men,

ἀλλ᾽ ὅστις εὔνους τῇδε τῇ πόλει, θανὼν
καὶ ζῶν ὁμοίως ἐξ ἐμοῦ τιμήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σοὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀρέσκει, παῖ Μενοικέως Κρέον,
τὸν τῇδε δύσνουν κἀς τὸν εὐμενῆ πόλει·
νόμῳ δὲ χρῆσθαι παντί που πάρεστί σοι
καὶ τῶν θανόντων χὠπόσοι ζῶμεν πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὡς ἂν σκοποί νυν εἶτε τῶν εἰρημένων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νεωτέρῳ τῳ τοῦτο βαστάζειν πρόθες.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ᾽ εἴσ᾽ ἕτοιμοι τοῦ νεκροῦ γ᾽ ἐπίσκοποι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δῆτ᾽ ἂν ἄλλο τοῦτ᾽ ἐπεντέλλοις ἔτι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τὸ μὴ ᾽πιχωρεῖν τοῖς ἀπιστοῦσιν τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω μῶρος ὃς θανεῖν ἐρᾷ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ὁ μισθός γ᾽ οὗτος· ἀλλ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἐλπίδων
ἄνδρας τὸ κέρδος πολλάκις διώλεσεν.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ἄναξ, ἐρῶ μὲν οὐχ ὅπως τάχους ὕπο
δύσπνους ἱκάνω κοῦφον ἐξάρας πόδα.
πολλὰς γὰρ ἔσχον φροντίδων ἐπιστάσεις,
ὁδοῖς κυκλῶν ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀναστροφήν·
ψυχὴ γὰρ ηὔδα πολλά μοι μυθουμένη·
τάλας, τί χωρεῖς οἷ μολὼν δώσεις δίκην;
τλήμων, μένεις αὖ; κεἰ τάδ᾽ εἴσεται Κρέων
ἄλλου παρ᾽ ἀνδρός; πῶς σὺ δῆτ᾽ οὐκ ἀλγυνεῖ;

But all good patriots, alive or dead,
Shall be by me preferred and honourèd.

CHORUS

Son of Menoeceus, thus thou will'st to deal
With him who loathed and him who loved our State.
Thy word is law; thou canst dispose of us
The living, as thou will'st, as of the dead.

CREON

See then ye execute what I ordain.

CHORUS

On younger shoulders lay this grievous charge.

CREON

Fear not, I've posted guards to watch the corpse.

CHORUS

What further duty would'st thou lay on us?

CREON

Not to connive at disobedience.

CHORUS

No man is mad enough to court his death.

CREON

The penalty *is* death: yet hope of gain
Hath lured men to their ruin oftentimes.

GUARD

My lord, I will not make pretence to pant
And puff as some lightfooted messenger.
In sooth my soul beneath its pack of thought
Made many a halt and turned and turned again;
For conscience plied her spur and curb by turns.
"Why hurry headlong to thy fate, poor fool?"
She whispered. Then again, "If Creon learn
This from another, thou wilt rue it worse."

τοιαῦθ' ἑλίσσων ἤνυτον σχολῇ βραδύς,
χοὔτως ὁδὸς βραχεῖα γίγνεται μακρά.
τέλος γε μέντοι δεῦρ' ἐνίκησεν μολεῖν
σοί· κεἰ τὸ μηδὲν ἐξερῶ, φράσω δ' ὅμως·
τῆς ἐλπίδος γὰρ ἔρχομαι δεδραγμένος,
τὸ μὴ παθεῖν ἂν ἄλλο πλὴν τὸ μόρσιμον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστὶν ἀνθ' οὗ τήνδ' ἔχεις ἀθυμίαν;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

φράσαι θέλω σοι πρῶτα τἀμαυτοῦ· τὸ γὰρ
πρᾶγμ' οὔτ' ἔδρασ' οὔτ' εἶδον ὅστις ἦν ὁ δρῶν,
οὐδ' ἂν δικαίως ἐς κακὸν πέσοιμί τι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εὖ γε στοχάζει κἀποφάργνυσαι κύκλῳ
τὸ πρᾶγμα· δηλοῖς δ' ὥς τι σημανῶν νέον.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

τὰ δεινὰ γάρ τοι προστίθησ' ὄκνον πολύν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔκουν ἐρεῖς ποτ', εἶτ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς ἄπει;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

καὶ δὴ λέγω σοι. τὸν νεκρόν τις ἀρτίως
θάψας βέβηκε κἀπὶ χρωτὶ διψίαν
κόνιν παλύνας κἀφαγιστεύσας ἃ χρή·

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί φής; τίς ἀνδρῶν ἦν ὁ τολμήσας τάδε;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐκεῖ γὰρ οὔτε του γενῇδος ἦν
πλῆγμ', οὐ δικέλλης ἐκβολή· στύφλος δὲ γῆ
καὶ χέρσος, ἀρρὼξ οὐδ' ἐπημαξευμένη
τροχοῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἄσημος οὑργάτης τις ἦν.
ὅπως δ' ὁ πρῶτος ἡμὶν ἡμεροσκόπος

Thus leisurely I hastened on my road;
Much thought extends a furlong to a league.
But in the end the forward voice prevailed,
To face thee. I will speak though I say nothing.
For plucking courage from despair methought,
'Let the worst hap, thou canst but meet thy fate.'

CREON

What is thy news? Why this despondency?

GUARD

Let me premise a word about myself.
I neither did the deed nor saw it done,
Nor were it just that I should come to harm.

CREON

Thou art good at parry, and canst fence about
Some matter of grave import, as is plain.

GUARD

The bearer of dread tidings needs must quake.

CREON

Then, sirrah, shoot thy bolt and get thee gone.

GUARD

Well, it must out; the corpse is buried; someone
E'en now besprinkled it with thirsty dust,
Performed the proper ritual—and was gone.

CREON

What say'st thou? Who hath dared to do this thing

GUARD

I cannot tell, for there was ne'er a trace
Of pick or mattock—hard unbroken ground,
Without a scratch or rut of chariot wheels,
No sign that human hands had been at work.
When the first sentry of the morning watch

δείκνυσι, πᾶσι θαῦμα δυσχερὲς παρῆν.
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἠφάνιστο, τυμβήρης μὲν οὔ,
λεπτὴ δ', ἄγος φεύγοντος ὥς, ἐπῆν κόνις·
σημεῖα δ' οὔτε θηρὸς οὔτε του κυνῶν
ἐλθόντος, οὐ σπάσαντος ἐξεφαίνετο.
λόγοι δ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐρρόθουν κακοί,
φύλαξ ἐλέγχων φύλακα, κἂν ἐγίγνετο
πληγὴ τελευτῶσ', οὐδ' ὁ κωλύσων παρῆν.
εἷς γάρ τις ἦν ἕκαστος οὐξειργασμένος,
κοὐδεὶς ἐναργής, ἀλλ' ἔφευγε μὴ εἰδέναι.[1]
ἦμεν δ' ἕτοιμοι καὶ μύδρους αἴρειν χεροῖν
καὶ πῦρ διέρπειν καὶ θεοὺς ὁρκωμοτεῖν,
τὸ μήτε δρᾶσαι μήτε τῳ ξυνειδέναι
τὸ πρᾶγμα βουλεύσαντι μηδ' εἰργασμένῳ.
τέλος δ' ὅτ' οὐδὲν ἦν ἐρευνῶσιν πλέον,
λέγει τις εἷς, ὃ πάντας ἐς πέδον κάρα
νεῦσαι φόβῳ προὔτρεψεν· οὐ γὰρ εἴχομεν
οὔτ' ἀντιφωνεῖν οὔθ' ὅπως δρῶντες καλῶς
πράξαιμεν. ἦν δ' ὁ μῦθος ὡς ἀνοιστέον
σοὶ τοὔργον εἴη τοῦτο κοὐχὶ κρυπτέον.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἐνίκα, κἀμὲ τὸν δυσδαίμονα
πάλος καθαιρεῖ τοῦτο τἀγαθὸν λαβεῖν.
πάρειμι δ' ἄκων οὐχ ἑκοῦσιν, οἶδ' ὅτι·
στέργει γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἄγγελον κακῶν ἐπῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἐμοί τοι, μή τι καὶ θεήλατον
τοὔργον τόδ', ἡ ξύννοια βουλεύει πάλαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

παῦσαι, πρὶν ὀργῆς καί με μεστῶσαι λέγων,
μὴ 'φευρέθῃς ἄνους τε καὶ γέρων ἅμα.
λέγεις γὰρ οὐκ ἀνεκτὰ δαίμονας λέγων

[1] τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι MSS., Erfurdt corr.

Gave the alarm, we all were terror-stricken.
The corpse had vanished, not interred in earth,
But strewn with dust, as if by one who sought
To avert the curse that haunts the unburied dead:
Of hound or ravening jackal, not a sign.
Thereat arose an angry war of words;
Guard railed at guard and blows were like to end it,
For none was there to part us, each in turn
Suspected, but the guilt brought home to none,
From lack of evidence. We challenged each
The ordeal, or to handle red-hot iron,
Or pass through fire, affirming on our oath
Our innocence—we neither did the deed
Ourselves, nor know who did or compassed it.
Our quest was at a standstill, when one spake
And bowed us all to earth like quivering reeds,
For there was no gainsaying him nor way
To escape perdition: *Ye are bound to tell*
The King, ye cannot hide it; so he spake.
And he convinced us all; so lots were cast,
And I, unlucky scapegoat, drew the prize.
So here I am unwilling and withal
Unwelcome; no man cares to hear ill news.

CHORUS

I had misgivings from the first, my liege,
Of something more than natural at work.

CREON

O cease, you vex me with your babblement;
I am like to think you dote in your old age.
Is it not arrant folly to pretend

πρόνοιαν ἴσχειν τοῦδε τοῦ νεκροῦ πέρι.
πότερον ὑπερτιμῶντες ὡς εὐεργέτην
ἔκρυπτον αὐτόν, ὅστις ἀμφικίονας
ναοὺς πυρώσων ἦλθε κἀναθήματα
καὶ γῆν ἐκείνων καὶ νόμους διασκεδῶν;
ἢ τοὺς κακοὺς τιμῶντας εἰσορᾷς θεούς;
οὐκ ἔστιν. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα καὶ πάλαι πόλεως
ἄνδρες μόλις φέροντες ἐρρόθουν ἐμοί,
κρυφῇ κάρα σείοντες, οὐδ' ὑπὸ ζυγῷ
λόφον δικαίως εἶχον, ὡς στέργειν ἐμέ.
ἐκ τῶνδε τούτους ἐξεπίσταμαι καλῶς
παρηγμένους μισθοῖσιν εἰργάσθαι τάδε.
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἷον ἄργυρος
κακὸν νόμισμ' ἔβλαστε. τοῦτο καὶ πόλεις
πορθεῖ, τόδ' ἄνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δόμων·
τόδ' ἐκδιδάσκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας
χρηστὰς πρὸς αἰσχρὰ πράγμαθ' ἵστασθαι βροτῶν·
πανουργίας δ' ἔδειξεν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν
καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἰδέναι.
ὅσοι δὲ μισθαρνοῦντες ἤνυσαν τάδε,
χρόνῳ ποτ' ἐξέπραξαν ὡς δοῦναι δίκην.
ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἴσχει Ζεὺς ἔτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ σέβας,
εὖ τοῦτ' ἐπίστασ', ὅρκιος δέ σοι λέγω·
εἰ μὴ τὸν αὐτόχειρα τοῦδε τοῦ τάφου
εὑρόντες ἐκφανεῖτ' ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐμούς,
οὐχ ὑμὶν Ἅιδης μοῦνος ἀρκέσει, πρὶν ἂν
ζῶντες κρεμαστοὶ τήνδε δηλώσηθ' ὕβριν,
ἵν' εἰδότες τὸ κέρδος ἔνθεν οἰστέον
τὸ λοιπὸν ἁρπάζητε, καὶ μάθηθ' ὅτι
οὐκ ἐξ ἅπαντος δεῖ τὸ κερδαίνειν φιλεῖν.
ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν λημμάτων τοὺς πλείονας
ἀτωμένους ἴδοις ἂν ἢ σεσωσμένους.

That gods would have a thought for this dead man?
Did they forsooth award him special grace,
And as some benefactor bury him,
Who came to fire their hallowed sanctuaries,
To sack their shrines, to desolate their land,
And scout their ordinances? Or perchance
The gods bestow their favours on the bad.
No! no! I long have noted malcontents,
Who wagged their heads, and kicked against the yoke,
Misliking these my orders, and my rule.
'Tis they, I warrant, who suborned my guards
By bribes. Of evils current upon earth
The worst is money. Money 'tis that sacks
Cities, and drives men forth from hearth and home;
Warps and seduces native innocence,
And breeds a habit of dishonesty.
But they who sold themselves shall find their greed
Out-shot the mark, and rue it soon or late.
Yea, as I still revere the dread of Zeus,
By Zeus I swear, except ye find and bring
Before my presence here the very man
Who carried out this lawless burial,
Death for your punishment shall not suffice.
Hanged on a cross, alive ye first shall make
Confession of this outrage. This will teach you
What practices are like to serve your turn.
There are some villainies that bring no gain,
For by dishonesty the few may thrive,
The many come to ruin and disgrace.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

εἰπεῖν τι δώσεις ἢ στραφεὶς οὕτως ἴω;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκ οἶσθα καὶ νῦν ὡς ἀνιαρῶς λέγεις;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ἐν τοῖσιν ὠσὶν ἢ 'πὶ τῇ ψυχῇ δάκνει;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δὲ ῥυθμίζεις τὴν ἐμὴν λύπην ὅπου;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ὁ δρῶν σ' ἀνιᾷ τὰς φρένας, τὰ δ' ὦτ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἴμ' ὡς λάλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκὸς εἶ.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

οὔκουν τό γ' ἔργον τοῦτο ποιήσας ποτέ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπ' ἀργύρῳ γε τὴν ψυχὴν προδούς.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

φεῦ·
ἦ δεινὸν ᾧ δοκῇ γε καὶ ψευδῆ δοκεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κόμψευέ νυν τὴν δόξαν· εἰ δὲ ταῦτα μὴ
φανεῖτέ μοι τοὺς δρῶντας, ἐξερεῖθ' ὅτι
τὰ δειλὰ κέρδη πημονὰς ἐργάζεται.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ἀλλ' εὑρεθείη μὲν μάλιστ'· ἐὰν δέ τοι
ληφθῇ τε καὶ μή, τοῦτο γὰρ τύχη κρινεῖ,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ὄψει σὺ δεῦρ' ἐλθόντα με·
καὶ νῦν γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἐλπίδος γνώμης τ' ἐμῆς
σωθεὶς ὀφείλω τοῖς θεοῖς πολλὴν χάριν.

GUARD

May I not speak, or must I turn and go
Without a word?—

CREON

Begone! canst thou not see
That e'en this question irks me?

GUARD

Where, my lord?
Is it thy ears that suffer, or thy heart?

CREON

Why seek to probe and find the seat of pain?

GUARD

I gall thine ears—this miscreant thy mind.

CREON

What an inveterate babbler! get thee gone!

GUARD

Babbler perchance, but innocent of the crime.

CREON

Twice guilty, having sold thy soul for gain.

GUARD

Alas! how sad when reasoners reason wrong.

CREON

Go, quibble with thy reason. If thou fail'st
To find these malefactors, thou shalt own
The wages of ill-gotten gains is death.

[*Exit* CREON.

GUARD

I pray he may be found. But caught or not
(And fortune must determine that) thou never
Shalt see me here returning; that is sure.
For past all hope or thought I have escaped,
And for my safety owe the gods much thanks.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον
πέλει·
τοῦτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ
χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίοισιν
περῶν ὑπ' οἴδμασιν·
θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν, Γᾶν
ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν, ἀποτρύεται
ἰλλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος,
ἱππείῳ γένει πολεύων.

ἀντ. α'

κουφονόων τε φῦλον ὀρνίθων ἀμφιβαλὼν ἄγει
καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν
σπείραισι δικτυοκλώστοις,
περιφραδὴς ἀνήρ·
κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραύλου
θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ'
ἵππον ὀχμάζεται ἀμφὶ λοφον[1] ζυγῶν
οὔρειόν τ' ἀκμῆτα ταῦρον.

στρ. β'

καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόεν φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμους
ἀγορὰς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσαύλων
πάγων ὑπαίθρεια καὶ δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη,
παντοπόρος· ἄπορος ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται
τὸ μέλλον· Ἅιδα μόνον φεῦξιν οὐκ ἐπάξεται·

[1] ἕξεται ἀμφίλοφον ζυγόν, MSS. G. Schöne corr.

CHORUS (*Str.* 1)

Many wonders there be, but naught more wondrous than man:
Over the surging sea, with a whitening south wind wan,
Through the foam of the firth, man makes his perilous way;
And the eldest of deities Earth that knows not toil nor decay [out,
Ever he furrows and scores, as his team, year in year
With breed of the yokèd horse, the ploughshare turneth about.

(*Ant.* 1)

The light-witted birds of the air, the beasts of the weald and the wood
He traps with his woven snare, and the brood of the briny flood.
Master of cunning he: The savage bull, and the hart
Who roams the mountain free, are tamed by his infinite art;
And the shaggy rough-maned steed is broken to bear the bit.

(*Str.* 2)

Speech and the wind-swift speed of counsel and civic wit,
He hath learnt for himself all these; and the arrowy rain to fly
And the nipping airs that freeze, 'neath the open winter sky.
He hath provision for all: Fell plague he hath learnt to endure;
Safe whate'er may befall: yet for death he hath found no cure.

ἀντ. β'

νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγὰς ξυμπέφρασται.
σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων
τοτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσθλὸν ἕρπει,
νόμους γεραίρων[1] χθονὸς θεῶν τ' ἔνορκον δίκαν,
ὑψίπολις· ἄπολις ὅτῳ τὸ μὴ καλὸν
ξύνεστι τόλμας χάριν. μήτ' ἐμοὶ παρέστιος
γένοιτο μήτ' ἴσον φρονῶν ὃς τάδ' ἔρδει.

ἐς δαιμόνιον τέρας ἀμφινοῶ
τόδε· πῶς εἰδὼς ἀντιλογήσω
τήνδ' οὐκ εἶναι παῖδ' Ἀντιγόνην.
ὦ δύστηνος
καὶ δυστήνου πατρὸς Οἰδιπόδα,
τί ποτ'; οὐ δή που σέ γ' ἀπιστοῦσαν
τοῖς βασιλείοισιν ἄγουσι νόμοις
καὶ ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ καθελοντες;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ἥδ' ἔστ' ἐκείνη τοὔργον ἡ 'ξειργασμένη·
τήνδ' εἵλομεν θάπτουσαν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ Κρέων;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅδ' ἐκ δόμων ἄψορρος εἰς δέον περᾷ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστι; ποίᾳ ξύμμετρος προύβην τύχῃ;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ἄναξ, βροτοῖσιν οὐδέν ἐστ' ἀπώμοτον.
ψεύδει γὰρ ἡ 'πίνοια τὴν γνώμην· ἐπεὶ
σχολῇ ποθ' ἥξειν δεῦρ' ἂν ἐξηύχουν ἐγὼ

[1] παρείρων, MSS. Reiske corr.

(*Ant.* 2)

Passing the wildest flight of thought are the cunning and skill,
That guide man now to the light, but now to counsels of ill.
If he honours the laws of the land, and reveres the Gods of the State
Proudly his city shall stand; but a cityless outcast I rate
Whoso bold in his pride from the path of right doth depart;
Ne'er may I sit by his side, or share the thoughts of his heart.

What strange vision meets my eyes,
Fills me with a wild surprise?
Sure I know her, sure 'tis she,
The maid Antigone.
Hapless child of hapless sire,
Didst thou recklessly conspire,
Madly brave the King's decree?
Therefore are they haling thee?

Enter GUARD *bringing* ANTIGONE

GUARD

Here is the culprit taken in the act
Of giving burial. But where's the King?

CHORUS

There from the palace he returns in time.

Enter CREON

CREON

Why is my presence timely? What has chanced?

GUARD

No man, my lord, should make a vow, for if
He ever swears he will not do a thing,
His afterthoughts belie his first resolve.

ταῖς σαῖς ἀπειλαῖς, αἷς ἐχειμάσθην τότε,
ἀλλ' ἡ γὰρ ἐκτὸς καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας χαρὰ
ἔοικεν ἄλλῃ μῆκος οὐδὲν ἡδονῇ,
ἥκω, δι' ὅρκων καίπερ ὢν ἀπώμοτος,
κόρην ἄγων τήνδ', ἣ καθῃρέθη τάφον
κοσμοῦσα. κλῆρος ἐνθάδ' οὐκ ἐπάλλετο,
ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἐμὸν θοὔρμαιον, οὐκ ἄλλου, τόδε.
καὶ νῦν, ἄναξ, τήνδ' αὐτός, ὡς θέλεις, λαβὼν
καὶ κρῖνε κἀξέλεγχ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεύθερος
δίκαιός εἰμι τῶνδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄγεις δὲ τήνδε τῷ τρόπῳ πόθεν λαβών;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

αὕτη τὸν ἄνδρ' ἔθαπτε· πάντ' ἐπίστασαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἦ καὶ ξυνίης καὶ λέγεις ὀρθῶς ἃ φής ;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ταύτην γ' ἰδὼν θάπτουσαν ὃν σὺ τὸν νεκρὸν
ἀπεῖπας. ἆρ' ἔνδηλα καὶ σαφῆ λέγω;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ὁρᾶται κἀπίληπτος ᾑρέθη;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

τοιοῦτον ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμ'. ὅπως γὰρ ἥκομεν,
πρὸς σοῦ τὰ δείν' ἐκεῖν' ἐπηπειλημένοι,
πᾶσαν κόνιν σήραντες, ἣ κατεῖχε τὸν
νέκυν, μυδῶν τε σῶμα γυμνώσαντες εὖ,
καθήμεθ' ἄκρων ἐκ πάγων ὑπήνεμοι,
ὀσμὴν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ μὴ βάλοι πεφευγότες,
ἐγερτὶ κινῶν ἄνδρ' ἀνὴρ ἐπιρρόθοις
κακοῖσιν, εἴ τις τοῦδ' ἀκηδήσοι πόνου.[1]

[1] ἀφειδήσοι MSS. Bonitz corr.

When from the hail-storm of thy threats I fled
I sware thou wouldst not see me here again;
But the wild rapture of a glad surprise
Intoxicates, and so I'm here forsworn.
And here's my prisoner, caught in the very act,
Decking the grave. No lottery this time;
This prize is mine by right of treasure-trove.
So take her, judge her, rack her, if thou wilt.
She's thine, my liege; but I may rightly claim
Hence to depart well quit of all these ills.

CREON

Say, how didst thou arrest the maid, and where?

GUARD

Burying the man. There's nothing more to tell.

CREON

Hast thou thy wits? Or know'st thou what thou
say'st?

GUARD

I saw this woman burying the corpse
Against thy orders. Is that clear and plain?

CREON

But how was she surprised and caught in the act?

GUARD

It happened thus. No sooner had we come,
Driven from thy presence by those awful threats,
Than straight we swept away all trace of dust,
And bared the clammy body. Then we sat
High on the ridge to windward of the stench,
While each man kept his fellow alert and rated
Roundly the sluggard if he chanced to nap.
So all night long we watched, until the sun

χρόνον τάδ' ἦν τοσοῦτον, ἔστ' ἐν αἰθέρι
μέσῳ κατέστη λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος
καὶ καῦμ' ἔθαλπε· καὶ τότ' ἐξαίφνης χθονὸς
τυφὼς ἀείρας σκηπτόν, οὐράνιον ἄχος,
πίμπλησι πεδίον, πᾶσαν αἰκίζων φόβην
ὕλης πεδιάδος, ἐν δ' ἐμεστώθη μέγας
αἰθήρ· μύσαντες δ' εἴχομεν θείαν νόσον.
καὶ τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαγέντος ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ,
ἡ παῖς ὁρᾶται, κἀνακωκύει πικρᾶς
ὄρνιθος ὀξὺν φθόγγον, ὡς ὅταν κενῆς
εὐνῆς νεοσσῶν ὀρφανὸν βλέψῃ λέχος·
οὕτω δὲ χαὔτη, ψιλὸν ὡς ὁρᾷ νέκυν,
γόοισιν ἐξῴμωξεν, ἐκ δ' ἀρὰς κακὰς
ἠρᾶτο τοῖσι τοὔργον ἐξειργασμένοις.
καὶ χερσὶν εὐθὺς διψίαν φέρει κόνιν,
ἔκ τ' εὐκροτήτου χαλκέας ἄρδην πρόχου
χοαῖσι τρισπόνδοισι τὸν νέκυν στέφει.
χἡμεῖς ἰδόντες ἱέμεσθα, σὺν δέ νιν
θηρώμεθ' εὐθὺς οὐδὲν ἐκπεπληγμένην,
καὶ τάς τε πρόσθεν τάς τε νῦν ἠλέγχομεν
πράξεις· ἄπαρνος δ' οὐδενὸς καθίστατο,
ἅμ' ἡδέως ἔμοιγε κἀλγεινῶς ἅμα.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐκ κακῶν πεφευγέναι
ἥδιστον, ἐς κακὸν δὲ τοὺς φίλους ἄγειν
ἀλγεινόν· ἀλλὰ πάντα ταῦθ' ἥσσω λαβεῖν
ἐμοὶ πέφυκε τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὲ δή, σὲ τὴν νεύουσαν εἰς πέδον κάρα,
φὴς ἢ καταρνεῖ μὴ δεδρακέναι τάδε;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ φημὶ δρᾶσαι κοὐκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή.

Stood high in heaven, and his blazing beams
Smote us. A sudden whirlwind then upraised
A cloud of dust that blotted out the sky,
And swept the plain, and stripped the woodlands
bare,
And shook the firmament. We closed our eyes
And waited till the heaven-sent plague should pass.
At last it ceased, and lo! there stood this maid.
A piercing cry she uttered, sad and shrill,
As when the mother bird beholds her nest
Robbed of its nestlings; even so the maid
Wailed as she saw the body stripped and bare,
And cursed the ruffians who had done this deed.
Anon she gathered handfuls of dry dust,
Then, holding high a well-wrought brazen urn,
Thrice on the dead she poured a lustral stream.
We at the sight swooped down on her and seized
Our quarry. Undismayed she stood, and when
We taxed her with the former crime and this,
She disowned nothing. I was glad—and grieved;
For 'tis most sweet to 'scape oneself scot-free,
And yet to bring disaster to a friend
Is grievous. Take it all in all, I deem
A man's first duty is to serve himself.

CREON

Speak, girl, with head bent low and downcast eyes,
Dost thou plead guilty or deny the deed?

ANTIGONE

Guilty. I did it, I deny it not.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὺ μὲν κομίζοις ἂν σεαυτὸν ᾗ θέλεις
ἔξω βαρείας αἰτίας ἐλεύθερον·
σὺ δ' εἰπέ μοι μὴ μῆκος, ἀλλὰ συντόμως,
ᾔδησθα κηρυχθέντα μὴ πράσσειν τάδε;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ᾔδη· τί δ' οὐκ ἔμελλον; ἐμφανῆ γὰρ ἦν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ δῆτ' ἐτόλμας τούσδ' ὑπερβαίνειν νόμους;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐ γάρ τί μοι Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε,
οὐδ' ἡ ξύνοικος τῶν κάτω θεῶν Δίκη
τοιούσδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὥρισεν νόμους·
οὐδὲ σθένειν τοσοῦτον ᾠόμην τὰ σὰ
κηρύγμαθ', ὥστ' ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν
νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητὸν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε
ζῇ ταῦτα, κοὐδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.
τούτων ἐγὼ οὐκ ἔμελλον, ἀνδρὸς οὐδενὸς
φρόνημα δείσασ', ἐν θεοῖσι τὴν δίκην
δώσειν· θανουμένη γὰρ ἐξῄδη, τί δ' οὔ;
κεἰ μὴ σὺ προυκήρυξας· εἰ δὲ τοῦ χρόνου
πρόσθεν θανοῦμαι, κέρδος αὔτ' ἐγὼ λέγω.
ὅστις γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακοῖς
ζῇ, πῶς ὅδ' οὐχὶ κατθανὼν κέρδος φέρει;
οὕτως ἔμοιγε τοῦδε τοῦ μόρου τυχεῖν
παρ' οὐδὲν ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἄν, εἰ τὸν ἐξ ἐμῆς
μητρὸς θανόντ' ἄθαπτον ᾐσχόμην νέκυν,
κείνοις ἂν ἤλγουν· τοῖσδε δ' οὐκ ἀλγύνομαι.
σοὶ δ' εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν,
σχεδόν τι μώρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω.

CREON (*to* GUARD)

Sirrah, begone whither thou wilt, and thank
Thy luck that thou hast 'scaped a heavy charge.

(*to* ANTIGONE)

Now answer this plain question, yes or no,
Wast thou acquainted with the interdict?

ANTIGONE

I knew, all knew; how should I fail to know?

CREON

And yet wert bold enough to break the law?

ANTIGONE

Yea, for these laws were not ordained of Zeus,
And she who sits enthroned with gods below,
Justice, enacted not these human laws.
Nor did I deem that thou, a mortal man,
Could'st by a breath annul and override
The immutable unwritten laws of Heaven.
They were not born to-day nor yesterday;
They die not; and none knoweth whence they sprang.
I was not like, who feared no mortal's frown,
To disobey these laws and so provoke
The wrath of Heaven. I know that I must die,
E'en hadst thou not proclaimed it; and if death
Is thereby hastened, I shall count it gain.
For death is gain to him whose life, like mine,
Is full of misery. Thus my lot appears
Not sad, but blissful; for had I endured
To leave my mother's son unburied there,
I should have grieved with reason, but not now.
And if in this thou judgest me a fool,
Methinks the judge of folly's not acquit.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δηλοῖ τὸ γέννημ' ὠμὸν ἐξ ὠμοῦ πατρὸς
τῆς παιδός· εἴκειν δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται κακοῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τὰ σκλήρ' ἄγαν φρονήματα
πίπτειν μάλιστα, καὶ τὸν ἐγκρατέστατον
σίδηρον ὀπτὸν ἐκ πυρὸς περισκελῆ
θραυσθέντα καὶ ῥαγέντα πλεῖστ' ἂν εἰσίδοις·
σμικρῷ χαλινῷ δ' οἶδα τοὺς θυμουμένους
ἵππους καταρτυθέντας· οὐ γὰρ ἐκπέλει
φρονεῖν μέγ' ὅστις δοῦλός ἐστι τῶν πέλας.
αὕτη δ' ὑβρίζειν μὲν τότ' ἐξηπίστατο,
νόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα τοὺς προκειμένους·
ὕβρις δ', ἐπεὶ δέδρακεν, ἥδε δευτέρα,
τούτοις ἐπαυχεῖν καὶ δεδρακυῖαν γελᾶν.
ἦ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἀνήρ, αὕτη δ' ἀνήρ,
εἰ ταῦτ' ἀνατὶ τῇδε κείσεται κράτη.
ἀλλ' εἴτ' ἀδελφῆς εἴθ' ὁμαιμονεστέρα
τοῦ παντὸς ἡμῖν Ζηνὸς ἑρκείου κυρεῖ,
αὐτή τε χἠ ξύναιμος οὐκ ἀλύξετον
μόρου κακίστου· καὶ γὰρ οὖν κείνην ἴσον
ἐπαιτιῶμαι τοῦδε βουλεῦσαι τάφου.
καί νιν καλεῖτ'· ἔσω γὰρ εἶδον ἀρτίως
λυσσῶσαν αὐτὴν οὐδ' ἐπήβολον φρενῶν.
φιλεῖ δ' ὁ θυμὸς πρόσθεν ᾑρῆσθαι κλοπεὺς
τῶν μηδὲν ὀρθῶς ἐν σκότῳ τεχνωμένων·
μισῶ γε μέντοι χὤταν ἐν κακοῖσί τις
ἁλοὺς ἔπειτα τοῦτο καλλύνειν θέλῃ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

θέλεις τι μεῖζον ἢ κατακτεῖναί μ' ἑλών;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν· τοῦτ' ἔχων ἅπαντ' ἔχω.

CHORUS

A stubborn daughter of a stubborn sire,
This ill-starred maiden kicks against the pricks.

CREON

Well, let her know the stubbornest of wills
Are soonest bended, as the hardest iron,
O'er-heated in the fire to brittleness,
Flies soonest into fragments, shivered through.
A snaffle curbs the fieriest steed, and he
Who in subjection lives must needs be meek.
But this proud girl, in insolence well-schooled,
First overstepped the established law, and then—
A second and worse act of insolence—
She boasts and glories in her wickedness.
Now if she thus can flout authority
Unpunished, I am woman, she the man.
But though she be my sister's child or nearer
Of kin than all who worship at my hearth,
Nor she nor yet her sister shall escape
The utmost penalty, for both I hold,
As arch-conspirators, of equal guilt.
Bring forth the other; even now I saw her
Within the palace, frenzied and distraught.
The workings of the mind discover oft
Dark deeds in darkness schemed, before the act.
More hateful still the miscreant who seeks
When caught, to make a virtue of a crime.

ANTIGONE

Would'st thou do more than slay thy prisoner?

CREON

Not I; thy life is mine, and that's enough.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί δῆτα μέλλεις; ὡς ἐμοὶ τῶν σῶν λόγων
ἀρεστὸν οὐδὲν μηδ' ἀρεσθείη ποτέ·
οὕτω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τἄμ' ἀφανδάνοντ' ἔφυ.
καίτοι πόθεν κλέος γ' ἂν εὐκλεέστερον
κατέσχον ἢ τὸν αὐτάδελφον ἐν τάφῳ
τιθεῖσα; τούτοις τοῦτο πᾶσιν ἁνδάνειν
λέγοιτ' ἄν, εἰ μὴ γλῶσσαν ἐγκλῄοι φόβος.
ἀλλ' ἡ τυραννὶς πολλά τ' ἄλλ' εὐδαιμονεῖ
κἄξεστιν αὐτῇ δρᾶν λέγειν θ' ἃ βούλεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὺ τοῦτο μούνη τῶνδε Καδμείων ὁρᾷς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁρῶσι χοὖτοι, σοὶ δ' ὑπίλλουσιν στόμα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐπαιδεῖ, τῶνδε χωρὶς εἰ φρονεῖς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐδὲν γὰρ αἰσχρὸν τοὺς ὁμοσπλάγχνους σέβειν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔκουν ὅμαιμος χὠ καταντίον θανών;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὅμαιμος ἐκ μιᾶς τε καὶ ταὐτοῦ πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πῶς δῆτ' ἐκείνῳ δυσσεβῆ τιμᾷς χάριν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐ μαρτυρήσει ταῦθ' ὁ κατθανὼν νέκυς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἴ τοί σφε τιμᾷς ἐξ ἴσου τῷ δυσσεβεῖ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐ γάρ τι δοῦλος, ἀλλ' ἀδελφὸς ὤλετο.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πορθῶν δὲ τήνδε γῆν· ὁ δ' ἀντιστὰς ὕπερ.

ANTIGONE

Why dally then? To me no word of thine
Is pleasant: God forbid it e'er should please;
Nor am I more acceptable to thee.
And yet how otherwise had I achieved
A name so glorious as by burying
A brother? so my townsmen all would say,
Were they not gagged by terror. Manifold
A king's prerogatives, and not the least
That all his acts and all his words are law.

CREON

Of all these Thebans none so deems but thou.

ANTIGONE

These think as I, but bate their breath to thee.

CREON

Hast thou no shame to differ from all these?

ANTIGONE

To reverence kith and kin can bring no shame.

CREON

Was his dead foeman not thy kinsman too?

ANTIGONE

One mother bare them and the self-same sire.

CREON

Why cast a slur on one by honouring one?

ANTIGONE

The dead man will not bear thee out in this.

CREON

Surely, if good and evil fare alike.

ANTIGONE

The slain man was no villain but a brother.

CREON

The patriot perished by the outlaw's brand.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὁμῶς ὅ γ' Ἅιδης τοὺς νόμους τούτους ποθεῖ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ' οὐχ ὁ χρηστὸς τῷ κακῷ λαχεῖν ἴσος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τίς οἶδεν εἰ κάτωθεν εὐαγῆ τάδε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὔτοι ποθ' οὑχθρός, οὐδ' ὅταν θάνῃ, φίλος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
οὔτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κάτω νυν ἐλθοῦσ', εἰ φιλητέον, φίλει
κείνους· ἐμοῦ δὲ ζῶντος οὐκ ἄρξει γυνή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν πρὸ πυλῶν ἥδ' Ἰσμήνη,
φιλάδελφα κάτω δάκρυ' εἰβομένη·
νεφέλη δ' ὀφρύων ὕπερ αἱματόεν
ῥέθος αἰσχύνει,
τέγγουσ' εὐῶπα παρειάν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σὺ δ', ἣ κατ' οἴκους ὡς ἔχιδν' ὑφειμένη
λήθουσά μ' ἐξέπινες, οὐδ' ἐμάνθανον
τρέφων δύ' ἄτα κἀπαναστάσεις θρόνων,
φέρ' εἰπὲ δή μοι, καὶ σὺ τοῦδε τοῦ τάφου
φήσεις μετασχεῖν ἢ 'ξομεῖ τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
δέδρακα τοὔργον, εἴπερ ἥδ' ὁμορροθεῖ
καὶ ξυμμετίσχω καὶ φέρω τῆς αἰτίας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐάσει τοῦτό γ' ἡ δίκη σ', ἐπεὶ
οὔτ' ἠθέλησας οὔτ' ἐγὼ 'κοινωσάμην.

ANTIGONE

Nathless the realms below these rites require.

CREON

Not that the base should fare as do the brave.

ANTIGONE

Who knows if this world's crimes are virtues there?

CREON

Not even death can make a foe a friend.

ANTIGONE

My nature is for mutual love, not hate.

CREON

Die then, and love the dead if love thou must;
No woman shall be master while I live.

Enter ISMENE.

CHORUS

Lo from out the palace gate,
Weeping o'er her sister's fate,
Comes Ismene; see her brow,
Once serene, beclouded now,
See her beauteous face o'erspread
With a flush of angry red.

CREON

Woman, who like a viper unperceived
Didst harbour in my house and drain my blood,
Two plagues I nurtured blindly, so it proves,
To sap my throne. Say, didst thou too abet
This crime, or dost abjure all privity?

ISMENE

I did the deed, if she will have it so,
And with my sister claim to share the guilt.

ANTIGONE

That were unjust. Thou would'st not act with me
At first, and I refused thy partnership.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ᾽ ἐν κακοῖς τοῖς σοῖσιν οὐκ αἰσχύνομαι
ξύμπλουν ἐμαυτὴν τοῦ πάθους ποιουμένη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὧν τοὔργον, Ἅιδης χοἰ κάτω ξυνίστορες·
λόγοις δ᾽ ἐγὼ φιλοῦσαν οὐ στέργω φίλην.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

μήτοι, κασιγνήτη, μ᾽ ἀτιμάσῃς τὸ μὴ οὐ
θανεῖν τε σὺν σοὶ τὸν θανόντα θ᾽ ἁγνίσαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

μή μοι θάνῃς σὺ κοινὰ μηδ᾽ ἃ μὴ ᾽θιγες
ποιοῦ σεαυτῆς· ἀρκέσω θνῄσκουσ᾽ ἐγώ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ τίς βίος μοι σοῦ λελειμμένῃ φίλος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

Κρέοντ᾽ ἐρώτα· τοῦδε γὰρ σὺ κηδεμών.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί ταῦτ᾽ ἀνιᾷς μ᾽, οὐδὲν ὠφελουμένη;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλγοῦσα μὲν δῆτ᾽ εἰ γελῶ γ᾽ ἐν σοι γελῶ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί δῆτ᾽ ἂν ἀλλὰ νῦν σ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ὠφελοῖμ᾽ ἐγώ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σῶσον σεαυτήν· οὐ φθονῶ σ᾽ ὑπεκφυγεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οἴμοι τάλαινα, κἀμπλάκω τοῦ σοῦ μόρου;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σὺ μὲν γὰρ εἵλου ζῆν, ἐγὼ δὲ κατθανεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἐπ᾽ ἀρρήτοις γε τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις.

ISMENE

But now thy bark is stranded, I am bold
To claim my share as partner in the loss.

ANTIGONE

Who did the deed the under-world knows well:
A friend in word is never friend of mine.

ISMENE

O sister, scorn me not, let me but share
Thy work of piety, and with thee die.

ANTIGONE

Claim not a work in which thou hadst no hand;
One death sufficeth. Wherefore should'st thou die?

ISMENE

What would life profit me bereft of thee?

ANTIGONE

Ask Creon, he's thy kinsman and best friend.

ISMENE

Why taunt me? Find'st thou pleasure in these gibes?

ANTIGONE

'Tis a sad mockery, if indeed I mock.

ISMENE

O say if I can help thee even now.

ANTIGONE

No, save thyself; I grudge not thy escape.

ISMENE

Is e'en this boon denied, to share thy lot?

ANTIGONE

Yea, for thou chosed'st life, and I to die.

ISMENE

Thou canst not say that I did not protest.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καλῶς σὺ μὲν τοῖς, τοῖς δ᾽ ἐγὼ ᾽δόκουν φρονεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ μὴν ἴση νῷν ἐστιν ἡ ᾽ξαμαρτία.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

θάρσει· σὺ μὲν ζῇς, ἡ δ᾽ ἐμὴ ψυχὴ πάλαι
τέθνηκεν, ὥστε τοῖς θανοῦσιν ὠφελεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τὼ παῖδε φημὶ τώδε τὴν μὲν ἀρτίως
ἄνουν πεφάνθαι, τὴν δ᾽ ἀφ᾽ οὗ τὰ πρῶτ᾽ ἔφυ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐ γάρ ποτ᾽, ὦναξ, οὐδ᾽ ὃς ἂν βλάστῃ μένει
νοῦς τοῖς κακῶς πράσσουσιν, ἀλλ᾽ ἐξίσταται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σοὶ γοῦν, ὅθ᾽ εἵλου σὺν κακοῖς πράσσειν κακά.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί γὰρ μόνῃ μοι τῆσδ᾽ ἄτερ βιώσιμον;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ᾽ ἥδε μέντοι μὴ λέγ᾽· οὐ γὰρ ἔστ᾽ ἔτι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλὰ κτενεῖς νυμφεῖα τοῦ σαυτοῦ τέκνου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀρώσιμοι γὰρ χἀτέρων εἰσὶν γύαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐχ ὥς γ᾽ ἐκείνῳ τῇδέ τ᾽ ἦν ἡρμοσμένα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κακὰς ἐγὼ γυναῖκας υἱέσιν στυγῶ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ φίλταθ᾽ Αἷμον, ὥς σ᾽ ἀτιμάζει πατήρ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄγαν γε λυπεῖς καὶ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν λέχος.

ANTIGONE

Well, some approved thy wisdom, others mine.

ISMENE

But now we stand convicted, both alike.

ANTIGONE

Fear not; thou livest, I died long ago,
Then when I gave my life to save the dead.

CREON

Both maids, methinks, are crazed. One suddenly
Has lost her wits, the other was born mad.

ISMENE

Yea, so it falls, sire, when misfortune comes,
The wisest even lose their mother wit.

CREON

I' faith thy wit forsook thee when thou mad'st
Thy choice with evil-doers to do ill.

ISMENE

What life for me without my sister here?

CREON

Say not thy sister *here*: thy sister's dead.

ISMENE

What, wilt thou slay thy own son's plighted bride?

CREON

Aye, let him raise him seed from other fields.

ISMENE

No new espousal can be like the old.

CREON

A plague on trulls who court and woo our sons.

ANTIGONE

O Haemon, how thy sire dishonours thee!

CREON

A plague on thee and thy accursed bride!

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ στερήσεις τῆσδε τὸν σαυτοῦ γόνον;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

Ἅιδης ὁ παύσων τούσδε τοὺς γάμους ἔφυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεδογμέν', ὡς ἔοικε, τήνδε κατθανεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ σοί γε κἀμοί. μὴ τριβὰς ἔτ', ἀλλά νιν
κομίζετ' εἴσω, δμῶες· ἐκ δὲ τοῦδε χρὴ
γυναῖκας εἶναι τάσδε μηδ' ἀνειμένας.
φεύγουσι γάρ τοι χοἰ θρασεῖς, ὅταν πέλας
ἤδη τὸν Ἅιδην εἰσορῶσι τοῦ βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐδαίμονες οἷσι κακῶν ἄγευστος αἰών. *στρ. α'*
οἷς γὰρ ἂν σεισθῇ θεόθεν δόμος, ἄτας
οὐδὲν ἐλλείπει γενεᾶς ἐπὶ πλῆθος ἕρπον·
ὅμοιον ὥστε ποντίαις οἶδμα δυσπνόοις ὅταν
Θρῄσσαισιν ἔρεβος ὕφαλον ἐπιδράμῃ πνοαῖς,
κυλίνδει βυσσόθεν κελαινὰν θῖνα καὶ
δυσάνεμοι, στόνῳ βρέμουσι δ' ἀντιπλῆγες ἀκταί.

ἀρχαῖα τά Λαβδακιδᾶν οἴκων ὁρῶμαι *ἀντ. α'*
πήματα φθιτῶν ἐπὶ πήμασι πίπτοντ',
οὐδ' ἀπαλλάσσει γενεὰν γένος, ἀλλ' ἐρείπει
θεῶν τις, οὐδ' ἔχει λύσιν. νῦν γὰρ ἐσχάτας ὑπὲρ
ῥίζας ὃ τέτατο φάος ἐν Οἰδίπου δόμοις,
κατ' αὖ νιν φοινία θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων
ἀμᾷ κοπὶς[1] λόγου τ' ἄνοια καὶ φρενῶν ἐρινύς.

[1] *κόνις* mss; J. Jortin corr.

CHORUS

What, wilt thou rob thine own son of his bride?

CREON

'Tis death that bars this marriage, not his sire.

CHORUS

So her death-warrant, it would seem, is sealed.

CREON

By you, as first by me; off with them, guards,
And keep them close. Henceforward let them learn
To live as women use, not roam at large.
For e'en the bravest spirits run away
When they perceive death pressing on life's heels.

CHORUS

Thrice blest are they who never tasted pain! (*Str.* 1)
If once the curse of Heaven attaint a race,
The infection lingers on and speeds apace,
Age after age, and each the cup must drain.

So when Etesian blasts from Thrace downpour
Sweep o'er the blackening main and whirl to land
From Ocean's cavernous depths his ooze and sand,
Billow on billow thunders on the shore.

On the Labdacidae I see descending (*Ant.* 1)
Woe upon woe; from days of old some god
Laid on the race a malison, and his rod
Scourges each age with sorrows never ending.

The light that dawned upon its last born son
Is vanished, and the bloody axe of Fate
Has felled the goodly tree that blossomed late.
O Oedipus, by reckless pride undone!

στρ. β′

τεάν, Ζεῦ, δύνασιν τίς ἀνδρῶν ὑπερβασία κατάσχοι;
τὰν οὔθ' ὕπνος αἱρεῖ ποθ' ὁ πάντ' ἀγρεύων,
οὔτε θεῶν ἄκματοι μῆνες, ἀγήρῳ δὲ χρόνῳ
δυνάστας κατέχεις Ὀλύμπου μαρμαρόεσσαν
αἴγλαν.

τό τ' ἔπειτα καὶ τὸ μέλλον
καὶ τὸ πρὶν ἐπαρκέσει
νόμος ὅδ', οὐδὲν ἕρπει
θνατῶν βιότῳ πάμπολύ γ' ἐκτὸς ἄτας.

ἀντ. β′

ἁ γὰρ δὴ πολύπλαγκτος ἐλπὶς πολλοῖς μὲν
ὄνασις ἀνδρῶν,
πολλοῖς δ' ἀπάτα κουφονόων ἐρώτων·
εἰδότι δ' οὐδὲν ἕρπει, πρὶν πυρὶ θερμῷ πόδα τις
προσαύσῃ. σοφίᾳ γὰρ ἔκ του κλεινὸν ἔπος
πέφανται,
τὸ κακὸν δοκεῖν ποτ' ἐσθλὸν
τῷδ' ἔμμεν ὅτῳ φρένας
θεὸς ἄγει πρὸς ἄταν·
πράσσει δ' ὀλίγιστον γρόνον ἐκτὸς ἄτας.

ὅδε μὴν Αἵμων, παίδων τῶν σῶν
νέατον γέννημ'· ἆρ' ἀχνύμενος
τάλιδος ἥκει μόρον Ἀντιγόνης,
ἀπάτης λεχέων ὑπεραλγῶν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τάχ' εἰσόμεσθα μάντεων ὑπέρτερον.
ὦ παῖ, τελείαν ψῆφον ἆρα μὴ κλύων
τῆς μελλονύμφου πατρὶ λυσσαίνων πάρει;
ἢ σοὶ μὲν ἡμεῖς πανταχῇ δρῶντες φίλοι;

(*Str.* 2)

Thy might, O Zeus, what mortal power can quell?
Not sleep that lays all else beneath its spell,
Nor moons that never tire: untouched by Time,
Throned in the dazzling light
That crowns Olympus' height,
Thou reignest King, omnipotent, sublime.

Past, present, and to be,
All bow to thy decree,
All that exceeds the mean by Fate
Is punished, Love or Hate.

(*Ant.* 2)

Hope flits about on never-wearying wings;
Profit to some, to some light loves she brings,
But no man knoweth how her gifts may turn,
Till 'neath his feet the treacherous ashes burn.
Sure 'twas a sage inspired that spake this word;
If evil good appear
To any, Fate is near;
And brief the respite from her flaming sword.

Hither comes in angry mood
Haemon, latest of thy brood;
Is it for his bride he's grieved,
Of her marriage-bed deceived,
Doth he make his mourn for thee,
Maid forlorn, Antigone?

CREON

Soon shall we know, better than seer can tell.
Learning my fixed decree anent thy bride,
Thou mean'st not, son, to rave against thy sire?
Know'st not whate'er we do is done in love?

ΑΙΜΩΝ

πάτερ, σός εἰμι, καὶ σύ μοι γνώμας ἔχων
χρηστὰς ἀπορθοῖς, αἷς ἔγωγ' ἐφέψομαι.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἀξιώσεται γάμος
μείζων φέρεσθαι σοῦ καλῶς ἡγουμένου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὕτω γάρ, ὦ παῖ, χρὴ διὰ στέρνων ἔχειν,
γνώμης πατρῴας πάντ' ὄπισθεν ἑστάναι.
τούτου γὰρ οὕνεκ' ἄνδρες εὔχονται γονὰς
κατηκόους φύσαντες ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν,
ὡς καὶ τὸν ἐχθρὸν ἀνταμύνωνται κακοῖς
καὶ τὸν φίλον τιμῶσιν ἐξ ἴσου πατρί.
ὅστις δ' ἀνωφέλητα φιτύει τέκνα,
τί τόνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἄλλο πλὴν αὑτῷ πόνους
φῦσαι, πολὺν δὲ τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν γέλων;
μή νύν ποτ', ὦ παῖ, τάς φρένας ὑφ' ἡδονῆς
γυναικὸς οὕνεκ' ἐκβάλῃς, εἰδὼς ὅτι
ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα τοῦτο γίγνεται,
γυνὴ κακὴ ξύνευνος ἐν δόμοις. τί γὰρ
γένοιτ' ἂν ἕλκος μεῖζον ἢ φίλος κακός;
ἀλλὰ πτύσας ὡσεί τε δυσμενῆ μέθες
τὴν παῖδ' ἐν Ἅιδου τήνδε νυμφεύειν τινί.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἷλον ἐμφανῶς ἐγὼ
πόλεως ἀπιστήσασαν ἐκ πάσης μόνην,
ψευδῆ γ' ἐμαυτὸν οὐ καταστήσω πόλει,
ἀλλὰ κτενῶ. πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐφυμνείτω Δία
ξύναιμον· εἰ γὰρ δὴ τά γ' ἐγγενῆ φύσει
ἄκοσμα θρέψω, κάρτα τοὺς ἔξω γένους.
ἐν τοῖς γὰρ οἰκείοισιν ὅστις ἔστ' ἀνὴρ
χρηστός, φανεῖται κἀν πόλει δίκαιος ὤν.
ὅστις δ' ὑπερβὰς ἢ νόμους βιάζεται
ἢ τοὐπιτάσσειν τοῖς κρατύνουσιν νοεῖ,

HAEMON

O father, I am thine, and I will take
Thy wisdom as the helm to steer withal.
Therefore no wedlock shall by me be held
More precious than thy loving governance.

CREON

Well spoken: so right-minded sons should feel,
In all deferring to a father's will.
For 'tis the hope of parents they may rear
A brood of sons submissive, keen to avenge
Their father's wrongs, and count his friends their own.
But who begets unprofitable sons,
He verily breeds trouble for himself,
And for his foes much laughter. Son, be warned
And let no woman fool away thy wits.
Ill fares the husband mated with a shrew,
And her embraces very soon wax cold.
For what can wound so surely to the quick
As a false friend? So spue and cast her off,
Bid her go find a husband with the dead.
For since I caught her openly rebelling,
Of all my subjects the one malcontent,
I will not prove a traitor to the State.
She surely dies. Go, let her, if she will,
Appeal to Zeus the God of Kindred, for
If thus I nurse rebellion in my house,
Shall not I foster mutiny without?
For whoso rules his household worthily,
Will prove in civic matters no less wise.
But he who overbears the laws, or thinks
To overrule his rulers, such an one

οὐκ ἔστ᾽ ἐπαίνου τοῦτον ἐξ ἐμοῦ τυχεῖν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὃν πόλις στήσειε, τοῦδε χρὴ κλύειν
καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια καὶ τἀναντία.
καὶ τοῦτον ἂν τὸν ἄνδρα θαρσοίην ἐγὼ
καλῶς μὲν ἄρχειν, εὖ δ᾽ ἂν ἄρχεσθαι θέλειν,
δορός τ᾽ ἂν ἐν χειμῶνι προστεταγμένον
μένειν δίκαιον κἀγαθὸν παραστάτην.
ἀναρχίας δὲ μεῖζον οὐκ ἔστιν κακόν.
αὕτη πόλεις ὄλλυσιν, ἥδ᾽ ἀναστάτους
οἴκους τίθησιν, ἥδε συμμάχου δορὸς
τροπὰς καταρρήγνυσι· τῶν δ᾽ ὀρθουμένων
σῴζει τὰ πολλὰ σώμαθ᾽ ἡ πειθαρχία.
οὕτως ἀμυντέ᾽ ἐστὶ τοῖς κοσμουμένοις,
κοὔτοι γυναικὸς οὐδαμῶς ἡσσητέα.
κρεῖσσον γάρ, εἴπερ δεῖ, πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεσεῖν,
κοὐκ ἂν γυναικῶν ἥσσονες καλοίμεθ᾽ ἄν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μέν, εἰ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ κεκλέμμεθα,
λέγειν φρονούντως ὧν λέγεις δοκεῖς πέρι.

ΑΙΜΩΝ

πάτερ, θεοὶ φύουσιν ἀνθρώποις φρένας,
πάντων ὅσ᾽ ἐστὶ κτημάτων ὑπέρτατον.
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ὅπως σὺ μὴ λέγεις ὀρθῶς τάδε,
οὔτ᾽ ἂν δυναίμην μήτ᾽ ἐπισταίμην λέγειν·
γένοιτο μέντἂν χἀτέρῳ καλῶς ἔχον.
σοῦ δ᾽ οὖν πέφυκα πάντα προσκοπεῖν ὅσα
λέγει τις ἢ πράσσει τις ἢ ψέγειν ἔχει.
τὸ γὰρ σὸν ὄμμα δεινὸν ἀνδρὶ δημότῃ
λόγοις τοιούτοις, οἷς σὺ μὴ τέρψει κλύων·
ἐμοὶ δ᾽ ἀκούειν ἔσθ᾽ ὑπὸ σκότου τάδε,
τὴν παῖδα ταύτην οἷ᾽ ὀδύρεται πόλις,
πασῶν γυναικῶν ὡς ἀναξιωτάτη

I never will allow. Whome'er the State
Appoints, must be obeyed in everything,
Both small and great, just and unjust alike.
I warrant such an one in either case
Would shine, as King or subject; such a man
Would in the storm of battle stand his ground,
A comrade leal and true; but Anarchy—
What evils are not wrought by Anarchy!
She ruins States, and overthrows the home,
She dissipates and routs the embattled host;
While discipline preserves the ordered ranks.
Therefore we must maintain authority
And yield no tittle to a woman's will.
Better, if needs be, men should cast us out
Than hear it said, a woman proved his match.

CHORUS

To me, unless old age have dulled my wits,
Thy words appear both reasonable and wise.

HAEMON

Father, the gods implant in mortal men
Reason, the choicest gift bestowed by heaven.
'Tis not for me to say thou errest, nor
Would I arraign thy wisdom, if I could;
And yet wise thoughts may come to other men
And, as thy son, it falls to me to mark
The acts, the words, the comments of the crowd.
The commons stand in terror of thy frown,
And dare not utter aught that might offend,
But I can overhear their muttered plaints,
Know how the people mourn this maiden doomed
For noblest deeds to die the worst of deaths.

κάκιστ' ἀπ' ἔργων εὐκλεεστάτων φθίνει·
ἥτις τὸν αὑτῆς αὐτάδελφον ἐν φοναῖς
πεπτῶτ' ἄθαπτον μήθ' ὑπ' ὠμηστῶν κυνῶν
εἴασ' ὀλέσθαι μήθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν τινος·
οὐχ ἥδε χρυσῆς ἀξία τιμῆς λαχεῖν;
τοιάδ' ἐρεμνὴ σῖγ' ἐπέρχεται φάτις.
ἐμοὶ δὲ σοῦ πράσσοντος εὐτυχῶς, πάτερ,
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κτῆμα τιμιώτερον.
τί γὰρ πατρὸς θάλλοντος εὐκλείας τέκνοις
ἄγαλμα μεῖζον, ἢ τί πρὸς παίδων πατρί;
μή νυν ἓν ἦθος μοῦνον ἐν σαυτῷ φόρει,
ὡς φὴς σύ, κοὐδὲν ἄλλο, τοῦτ' ὀρθῶς ἔχειν.
ὅστις γὰρ αὐτὸς ἢ φρονεῖν μόνος δοκεῖ,
ἢ γλῶσσαν, ἣν οὐκ ἄλλος, ἢ ψυχὴν ἔχειν,
οὗτοι διαπτυχθέντες ὤφθησαν κενοί.
ἀλλ' ἄνδρα, κεἴ τις ᾖ σοφός, τὸ μανθάνειν
πόλλ' αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν καὶ τὸ μὴ τείνειν ἄγαν.
ὁρᾷς παρὰ ῥείθροισι χειμάρροις ὅσα
δένδρων ὑπείκει, κλῶνας ὡς ἐκσῴζεται,
τὰ δ' ἀντιτείνοντ' αὐτόπρεμν' ἀπόλλυται.
αὕτως δὲ ναὸς ὅστις ἐγκρατῆ πόδα
τείνας ὑπείκει μηδέν, ὑπτίοις κάτω
στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν σέλμασιν ναυτίλλεται.
ἀλλ' εἶκε καὶ θυμῷ μετάστασιν δίδου.
γνώμη γὰρ εἴ τις κἀπ' ἐμοῦ νεωτέρου
πρόσεστι, φήμ' ἔγωγε πρεσβεύειν πολὺ
φῦναι τὸν ἄνδρα πάντ' ἐπιστήμης πλέων·
εἰ δ' οὖν, φιλεῖ γὰρ τοῦτο μὴ ταύτῃ ῥέπειν,
καὶ τῶν λεγόντων εὖ καλὸν τὸ μανθάνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, σέ τ' εἰκός, εἴ τι καίριον λέγει,
μαθεῖν, σέ τ' αὖ τοῦδ'· εὖ γὰρ εἴρηται διπλῇ.

When her own brother slain in battle lay
Unsepulchred, she suffered not his corse
To lie for carrion birds and dogs to maul:
Should not her name (they cry) be writ in gold?
Such the low murmurings that reach my ear.
O father, nothing is by me more prized
Than thy well-being, for what higher good
Can children covet than their sire's fair fame,
As fathers too take pride in glorious sons?
Therefore, my father, cling not to one mood,
And deem not thou art right, all others wrong.
For whoso thinks that wisdom dwells with him,
That he alone can speak or think aright,
Such oracles are empty breath when tried.
The wisest man will let himself be swayed
By others' wisdom and relax in time.
See how the trees beside a stream in flood
Save, if they yield to force, each spray unharmed,
But by resisting perish root and branch.
The mariner who keeps his mainsheet taut,
And will not slacken in the gale, is like
To sail with thwarts reversed, keel uppermost.
Relent then and repent thee of thy wrath;
For, if one young in years may claim some sense,
I'll say 'tis best of all to be endowed
With absolute wisdom; but, if that's denied,
(And nature takes not readily that ply)
Next wise is he who lists to sage advice.

CHORUS

If he says aught in season, heed him, King.

(*to* HAEMON)

Heed thou thy sire too; both have spoken well.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἱ τηλικοίδε καὶ διδαξόμεσθα δὴ
φρονεῖν ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς τηλικοῦδε τὴν φύσιν;

ΑΙΜΩΝ

μηδὲν τὸ μὴ δίκαιον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ νέος,
οὐ τὸν χρόνον χρὴ μᾶλλον ἢ τἄργα σκοπεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔργον γάρ ἐστι τοὺς ἀκοσμοῦντας σέβειν;

ΑΙΜΩΝ

οὐδ' ἂν κελεύσαιμ' εὐσεβεῖν εἰς τοὺς κακούς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐχ ἥδε γὰρ τοιᾷδ' ἐπείληπται νόσῳ;

ΑΙΜΩΝ

οὔ φησι Θήβης τῆσδ' ὁμόπτολις λεώς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πόλις γὰρ ἡμῖν ἁμὲ χρὴ τάσσειν ἐρεῖ;

ΑΙΜΩΝ

ὁρᾷς τόδ' ὡς εἴρηκας ὡς ἄγαν νέος;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄλλῳ γὰρ ἢ 'μοὶ χρή με τῆσδ' ἄρχειν χθονός;

ΑΙΜΩΝ

πόλις γὰρ οὐκ ἔσθ' ἥτις ἀνδρός ἐσθ' ἑνός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἡ πόλις νομίζεται;

ΑΙΜΩΝ

καλῶς γ' ἐρήμης ἂν σὺ γῆς ἄρχοις μόνος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικε, τῇ γυναικὶ συμμαχεῖ.

ΑΙΜΩΝ

εἴπερ γυνὴ σύ· σοῦ γὰρ οὖν προκήδομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, διὰ δίκης ἰὼν πατρί;

CREON

What, would you have us at our age be schooled,
Lessoned in prudence by a beardless boy?

HAEMON

I plead for justice, father, nothing more.
Weigh me upon my merit, not my years.

CREON

Strange merit this to sanction lawlessness!

HAEMON

For evil-doers I would urge no plea.

CREON

Is not this maid an arrant law-breaker?

HAEMON

The Theban commons with one voice say, No.

CREON

What, shall the mob dictate my policy?

HAEMON

'Tis thou, methinks, who speakest like a boy.

CREON

Am I to rule for others, or myself?

HAEMON

A State for one man is no State at all.

CREON

The State is his who rules it, so 'tis held.

HAEMON

As monarch of a desert thou wouldst shine.

CREON

This boy, methinks, maintains the woman's cause.

HAEMON

If thou be'st woman, yes. My thought's for thee.

CREON

O reprobate, would'st wrangle with thy sire?

ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιά σ' ἐξαμαρτάνονθ' ὁρῶ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἁμαρτάνω γὰρ τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρχὰς σέβων;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐ γὰρ σέβεις, τιμάς γε τὰς θεῶν πατῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὦ μιαρὸν ἦθος καὶ γυναικὸς ὕστερον.

ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὔ τἂν ἕλοις ἥσσω γε τῶν αἰσχρῶν ἐμέ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὁ γοῦν λόγος σοι πᾶς ὑπὲρ κείνης ὅδε.

ΑΙΜΩΝ
καὶ σοῦ γε κἀμοῦ, καὶ θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ταύτην ποτ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὡς ἔτι ζῶσαν γαμεῖς.

ΑΙΜΩΝ
ἥ δ' οὖν θανεῖται καὶ θανοῦσ' ὀλεῖ τινα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἦ κἀπαπειλῶν ὧδ' ἐπεξέρχει θρασύς;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
τίς δ' ἔστ' ἀπειλὴ πρὸς κενὰς γνώμας λέγειν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κλαίων φρενώσεις, ὢν φρενῶν αὐτὸς κενός.

ΑΙΜΩΝ
εἰ μὴ πατὴρ ἦσθ', εἶπον ἄν σ' οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
γυναικὸς ὢν δούλευμα μὴ κώτιλλέ με.

ΑΙΜΩΝ
βούλει λέγειν τι καὶ λέγων μηδὲν κλύειν;

HAEMON
Because I see thee wrongfully perverse.

CREON
And am I wrong, if I maintain my rights?

HAEMON
Talk not of rights; thou spurn'st the due of Heaven.

CREON
O heart corrupt, a woman's minion thou!

HAEMON
Slave to dishonour thou wilt never find me.

CREON
Thy speech at least was all a plea for her.

HAEMON
And thee and me, and for the gods below.

CREON
Living the maid shall never be thy bride.

HAEMON
So she shall die, but one will die with her.

CREON
Hast come to such a pass as threaten me?

HAEMON
What threat is this, vain counsels to reprove?

CREON
Vain fool to instruct thy betters; thou shalt rue it.

HAEMON
Wert not my father, I had said thou err'st.

CREON
Play not the spaniel, thou a woman's slave.

HAEMON
When thou dost speak, must no man make reply?

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄληθες; ἀλλ᾽ οὐ τόνδ᾽ Ὄλυμπον, ἴσθ᾽ ὅτι,
χαίρων ἐπὶ ψόγοισι δεννάσεις ἐμέ.
ἄγαγε τὸ μῖσος, ὡς κατ᾽ ὄμματ᾽ αὐτίκα
παρόντι θνήσκῃ πλησία τῷ νυμφίῳ.

ΑΙΜΩΝ

οὐ δῆτ᾽ ἔμοιγε, τοῦτο μὴ δόξῃς ποτέ,
οὔθ᾽ ἥδ᾽ ὀλεῖται πλησία, σύ τ᾽ οὐδαμὰ
τοὐμὸν προσόψει κρᾶτ᾽ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρῶν,
ὡς τοῖς θέλουσι τῶν φίλων μαίνῃ συνών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνήρ, ἄναξ, βέβηκεν ἐξ ὀργῆς ταχύς·
νοῦς δ᾽ ἐστὶ τηλικοῦτος ἀλγήσας βαρύς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δράτω· φρονείτω μεῖζον ἢ κατ᾽ ἄνδρ᾽ ἰών·
τὼ δ᾽ οὖν κόρα τώδ᾽ οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει μόρου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄμφω γὰρ αὐτὼ καὶ κατακτεῖναι νοεῖς;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ τήν γε μὴ θιγοῦσαν· εὖ γὰρ οὖν λέγεις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μόρῳ δὲ ποίῳ καί σφε βουλεύει κτανεῖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄγων ἔρημος ἔνθ᾽ ἂν ᾖ βροτῶν στίβος
κρύψω πετρώδει ζῶσαν ἐν κατώρυχι,
φορβῆς τοσοῦτον ὡς ἄγος μόνον προθείς,
ὅπως μίασμα πᾶσ᾽ ὑπεκφύγῃ πόλις.
κἀκεῖ τὸν Ἅιδην, ὃν μόνον σέβει θεῶν,
αἰτουμένη που τεύξεται τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,
ἢ γνώσεται γοῦν ἀλλὰ τηνικαῦθ᾽ ὅτι
πόνος περισσός ἐστι τἀν Ἅιδου σέβειν.

CREON

This passes bounds. By heaven, thou shalt not rate
And jeer and flout me with impunity.
Off with the hateful thing that she may die
At once, beside her bridegroom, in his sight.

HAEMON

Think not that in my sight the maid shall die,
Or by my side; never shalt thou again
Behold my face hereafter. Go, consort
With friends who like a madman for their mate.

[*Exit* HAEMON.

CHORUS

Thy son has gone, my liege, in angry haste.
Fell is the wrath of youth beneath a smart.

CREON

Let him go vent his fury like a fiend:
These sisters twain he shall not save from death.

CHORUS

Surely, thou meanest not to slay them both?

CREON

I stand corrected; only her who touched
The body.

CHORUS

And what death is she to die?

CREON

She shall be taken to some desert place
By man untrod, and in a rock-hewn cave,
With food no more than to avoid the taint
That homicide might bring on all the State,
Buried alive. There let her call in aid
The King of Death, the one god she reveres,
Or learn too late a lesson learnt at last:
'Tis labour lost, to reverence the dead.

376 The monody. addressed at first to the chorus, + [illegible] [illegible], becomes ultimately talk to herself?

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ.

Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν, Ἔρως, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,
ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις,
φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερπόντιος ἔν τ' ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·
καί σ' οὔτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδεὶς
οὔθ' ἀμερίων σέ γ' ἀνθρώπων· ὁ δ' ἔχων μέμηνεν.

ἀντ.

σὺ καὶ δικαίων ἀδίκους φρένας παρασπᾷς ἐπὶ λώβᾳ,
σὺ καὶ τόδε νεῖκος ἀνδρῶν ξύναιμον ἔχεις ταράξας·
νικᾷ δ' ἐναργὴς βλεφάρων ἵμερος εὐλέκτρου
νύμφας, τῶν μεγάλων πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς
θεσμῶν· ἄμαχος γὰρ ἐμπαίζει θεὸς Ἀφροδίτα.

νῦν δ' ἤδη 'γὼ καὐτὸς θεσμῶν
ἔξω φέρομαι τάδ' ὁρῶν, ἴσχειν δ'
οὐκέτι πηγὰς δύναμαι δακρύων,
τὸν παγκοίτην ὅθ' ὁρῶ θάλαμον
τήνδ' Ἀντιγόνην ἀνύτουσαν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

στρ. α'

ὁρᾶτ' ἔμ', ὦ γᾶς πατρίας πολῖται, τὰν νεάταν ὁδὸν
στείχουσαν, νέατον δὲ φέγγος λεύσσουσαν ἀελίου,
κοὔποτ' αὖθις· ἀλλά μ' ὁ παγκοίτας Ἅιδας ζῶσαν ἄγει

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Love resistless in fight, all yield at a glance of thine eye,
Love who pillowed all night on a maiden's cheek dost lie,
Over the upland folds thou roam'st, and the trackless sea.
Love the gods captive holds. Shall mortals not yield to thee?

(*Ant.*)

Mad are thy subjects all, and even the wisest heart
Straight to folly will fall, at a touch of thy poisoned dart.
Thou didst kindle the strife, this feud of kinsman with kin,
By the eyes of a winsome wife, and the yearning her heart to win.
For as her consort still, enthroned with Justice above,
Thou bendest man to thy will, O all invincible Love.

Lo I myself am borne aside,
From Justice, as I view this bride.
(O sight an eye in tears to drown)
Antigone, so young, so fair,
Thus hurried down
Death's bower with the dead to share.

ANTIGONE

(*Str.* 1)

Friends, countrymen, my last farewell I make;
My journey's done.
One last fond, lingering, longing look I take
At the bright sun.
For Death who puts to sleep both young and old
Hales my young life,

τὰν Ἀχέροντος
ἀκτάν, οὔθ᾽ ὑμεναίων ἔγκληρον, οὔτ᾽ ἐπινύμφειός
πώ μέ τις ὕμνος ὕμνησεν, ἀλλ᾽ Ἀχέροντι
νυμφεύσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκοῦν κλεινὴ καὶ ἔπαινον ἔχουσ᾽
ἐς τόδ᾽ ἀπέρχει κεῦθος νεκύων,
οὔτε φθινάσιν πληγεῖσα νόσοις
οὔτε ξιφέων ἐπίχειρα λαχοῦσ᾽,
ἀλλ᾽ αὐτόνομος ζῶσα μονή δὴ
θνητῶν Ἅιδην καταβήσει.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀντ. α΄

ἤκουσα δὴ λυγροτάταν ὀλέσθαι τὰν Φρυγίαν ξέναν
Ταντάλου Σιπύλῳ πρὸς ἄκρῳ, τὰν κισσὸς ὣς ἀτενὴς
πετραία βλάστα δάμασεν, καί νιν ὄμβροι τακο-
μέναν,
ὡς φάτις ἀνδρῶν,
χιών τ᾽ οὐδαμὰ λείπει, τέγγει δ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ὀφρύσι
παγκλαύτοις
δειράδας· ᾇ με δαίμων ὁμοιοτάταν κατευνάζει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλὰ θεός τοι καὶ θεογεννής,
ἡμεῖς δὲ βροτοὶ καὶ θνητογενεῖς.
καίτοι φθιμένῃ μέγα κἀκοῦσαι
τοῖς ἰσοθέοις σύγκληρα λαχεῖν.
ζῶσαν καὶ ἔπειτα θανοῦσαν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

στρ. β΄

οἴμοι γελῶμαι. τί με, πρὸς θεῶν πατρῴων,
οὐκ οἰχομέναν ὑβρίζεις, ἀλλ᾽ ἐπίφαντον;
ὦ πόλις, ὦ πόλεως πολυκτήμονες ἄνδρες·

And beckons me to Acheron's dark fold,
An unwed wife.
No youths have sung the marriage song for me,
My bridal bed
No maids have strewn with flowers from the lea,
'Tis Death I wed.

CHORUS

But bethink thee, thou art sped,
Great and glorious, to the dead.
Thou the sword's edge hast not tasted,
No disease thy frame hath wasted.
Freely thou alone shalt go
Living to the dead below.

ANTIGONE (*Ant.* 1)

Nay, but the piteous tale I've heard men tell
Of Tantalus' doomed child,
Chained upon Sipylus' high rocky fell,
That clung like ivy wild,
Drenched by the pelting rain and whirling snow,
Left there to pine,
While on her frozen breast the tears aye flow—
Her fate is mine.

CHORUS

She was sprung of gods, divine,
Mortals we of mortal line.
Like renown with gods to gain
Recompenses all thy pain.
Take this solace to thy tomb
Hers in life and death thy doom.

ANTIGONE

Alack, alack! Ye mock me. Is it meet (*Str.* 2)
Thus to insult me living, to my face?
Cease, by our country's altars I entreat,
Ye lordly rulers of a lordly race.

ἰὼ Διρκαῖαι κρῆναι
Θήβας τ' εὐαρμάτου ἄλσος, ἔμπας ξυμμάρτυρας ὔμμ' ἐπικτῶμαι,
οἵα φίλων ἄκλαυτος, οἵοις νόμοις
πρὸς ἕργμα τυμβόχωστον ἔρχομαι τάφου ποταινίου·
ἰὼ δύστανος, βροτοῖς οὔτε νεκροῖς κυροῦσα
μέτοικος οὐ ζῶσιν, οὐ θανοῦσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

προβᾶσ' ἐπ' ἔσχατον θράσους
ὑψηλὸν ἐς Δίκας βάθρον
προσέπεσες, ὦ τέκνον, πολύ·
πατρῷον δ' ἐκτίνεις τιν' ἆθλον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἔψαυσας ἀλγεινοτάτας ἐμοὶ μερίμνας, ἀντ. β′
πατρὸς τριπόλιστον οἶκτον τοῦ τε πρόπαντος
ἁμετέρου πότμου κλεινοῖς Λαβδακίδαισιν.
ἰὼ ματρῷαι λέκτρων
ἆται κοιμήματά τ' αὐτογέννητ' ἐμῷ πατρὶ δυσμόρου ματρός,
οἵων ἐγώ ποθ' ἁ ταλαίφρων ἔφυν·
πρὸς οὓς ἀραῖος ἄγαμος ἅδ' ἐγὼ μέτοικος ἔρχομαι.
ἰὼ δυσπότμων κασίγνητε γαμῶν κυρήσας,
θανὼν ἔτ' οὖσαν κατήναρές με.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σέβειν μὲν εὐσέβειά τις, ἀντ. γ′
κράτος δ' ὅτῳ κράτος μέλει
παραβατὸν οὐδαμᾷ πέλει·
σὲ δ' αὐτόγνωτος ὤλεσ' ὀργά.

O fount of Dirce, wood-embowered plain
    Where Theban chariots to victory speed,
Mark ye the cruel laws that now have wrought my bane,
    The friends who show no pity in my need!
Was ever fate like mine? O monstrous doom,
    Within a rock-built prison sepulchred,
To fade and wither in a living tomb,
    An alien midst the living and the dead.

CHORUS

In thy boldness over-rash (*Str.* 3)
Madly thou thy foot didst dash
'Gainst high Justice' altar stair.
Thou a father's guilt dost bear.

ANTIGONE (*Ant.* 2)

At this thou touchest my most poignant pain,
    My ill-starred father's piteous disgrace,
The taint of blood, the hereditary stain,
    That clings to all of Labdacus' famed race.
Woe worth the monstrous marriage-bed where lay
    A mother with the son her womb had borne;
Therein I was conceived, woe worth the day,
    Fruit of incestuous sheets, a maid forlorn,
And now I pass, accursèd and unwed,
    To meet them as an alien there below;
And thee, O brother, in marriage ill-bestead,
    'Twas thy dead hand that dealt me this death-
        blow.

CHORUS

Religion has her claims, 'tis true, (*Ant.* 3)
Let rites be paid when rites are due.
Yet is it ill to disobey
The powers who hold by might the sway.
Thou hast withstood authority,
A self-willed rebel, thou must die.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἄκλαυτος, ἄφιλος, ἀνυμέναιος ταλαίφρων ἄγομαι
τὰν πυμάταν ὁδόν· οὐκέτι μοι τόδε
λαμπάδος ἱερὸν ὄμμα
θέμις ὁρᾶν ταλαίνᾳ·
τὸν δ' ἐμὸν πότμον ἀδάκρυτον
οὐδεὶς φίλων στενάζει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἆρ' ἴστ', ἀοιδὰς καὶ γόους πρὸ τοῦ θανεῖν
ὡς οὐδ' ἂν εἷς παύσαιτ' ἄν, εἰ χρείη λέγειν;
οὐκ ἄξεθ' ὡς τάχιστα; καὶ κατηρεφεῖ
τύμβῳ περιπτύξαντες, ὡς εἴρηκ' ἐγώ,
ἄφετε μόνην ἔρημον, εἴτε χρῇ θανεῖν
εἴτ' ἐν τοιαύτῃ ζῶσα τυμβεύειν στέγῃ·
ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἁγνοὶ τοὐπὶ τήνδε τὴν κόρην·
μετοικίας δ' οὖν τῆς ἄνω στερήσεται.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ τύμβος, ὦ νυμφεῖον, ὦ κατασκαφὴς
οἴκησις ἀείφρουρος, οἷ πορεύομαι
πρὸς τοὺς ἐμαυτῆς, ὧν ἀριθμὸν ἐν νεκροῖς
πλεῖστον δέδεκται Φερσέφασσ' ὀλωλότων·
ὧν λοισθία 'γὼ καὶ κάκιστα δὴ μακρῷ
κάτειμι, πρίν μοι μοῖραν ἐξήκειν βίου.
ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι κάρτ' ἐν ἐλπίσιν τρέφω
φίλη μὲν ἥξειν πατρί, προσφιλὴς δὲ σοί,
μῆτερ, φίλη δὲ σοί, κασίγνητον κάρα·
ἐπεὶ θανόντας αὐτόχειρ ὑμᾶς ἐγὼ
ἔλουσα κἀκόσμησα κἀπιτυμβίους
χοὰς ἔδωκα· νῦν δέ, Πολύνεικες, τὸ σὸν
δέμας περιστέλλουσα τοιάδ' ἄρνυμαι.
καίτοι σ' ἐγὼ 'τίμησα τοῖς φρονοῦσιν εὖ.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' οὔτ' ἄν, εἰ τέκνων μήτηρ ἔφυν,

ANTIGONE

Unwept, unwed, unfriended, hence I go,
    No longer may I see the day's bright eye;
Not one friend left to share my bitter woe,
    And o'er my ashes heave one passing sigh.

CREON

If wail and lamentation aught availed
To stave off death, I trow they'd never end.
Away with her, and having walled her up
In a rock-vaulted tomb, as I ordained,
Leave her alone at liberty to die,
Or, if she choose, to live in solitude,
The tomb her dwelling. We in either case
Are guiltless as concerns this maiden's blood.
Only on earth no lodging shall she find.

ANTIGONE

O grave, O bridal bower, O prison house
Hewn from the rock, my everlasting home,
Whither I go to join the mighty host
Of kinsfolk, Persephassa's guests long dead,
The last of all, of all most miserable,
I pass, my destined span of years cut short.
And yet good hope is mine that I shall find
A welcome from my sire, a welcome too,
From thee, my mother, and my brother dear;
For with these hands, I laved and decked your limbs
In death, and poured libations on your grave.
And last, my Polyneices, unto thee
I paid due rites, and this my recompense!
Yet am I justified in wisdom's eyes.
For even had it been some child of mine,

οὔτ᾽ εἰ πόσις μοι κατθανὼν ἐτήκετο,
βίᾳ πολιτῶν τόνδ᾽ ἂν ᾐρόμην πόνον.
τίνος νόμου δὴ ταῦτα πρὸς χάριν λέγω;
πόσις μὲν ἄν μοι κατθανόντος ἄλλος ἦν,
καὶ παῖς ἀπ᾽ ἄλλου φωτός, εἰ τοῦδ᾽ ἤμπλακον,
μητρὸς δ᾽ ἐν ῞Αιδου καὶ πατρὸς κεκευθότοιν
οὐκ ἔστ᾽ ἀδελφὸς ὅστις ἂν βλάστοι ποτέ.
τοιῷδε μέντοι σ᾽ ἐκπροτιμήσασ᾽ ἐγὼ
νόμῳ Κρέοντι ταῦτ᾽ ἔδοξ᾽ ἁμαρτάνειν
καὶ δεινὰ τολμᾶν, ὦ κασίγνητον κάρα.
καὶ νῦν ἄγει με διὰ χερῶν οὕτω λαβὼν
ἄλεκτρον, ἀνυμέναιον, οὔτε του γάμου
μέρος λαχοῦσαν οὔτε παιδείου τροφῆς,
ἀλλ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἔρημος πρὸς φίλων ἡ δύσμορος
ζῶσ᾽ εἰς θανόντων ἔρχομαι κατασκαφάς·
ποίαν παρεξελθοῦσα δαιμόνων δίκην;
τί χρή με τὴν δύστηνον ἐς θεοὺς ἔτι
βλέπειν; τίν᾽ αὐδᾶν ξυμμάχων; ἐπεί γε δὴ
τὴν δυσσέβειαν εὐσεβοῦσ᾽ ἐκτησάμην.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ μὲν οὖν τάδ᾽ ἐστὶν ἐν θεοῖς καλά,
παθόντες ἂν ξυγγνοῖμεν ἡμαρτηκότες·
εἰ δ᾽ οἵδ᾽ ἁμαρτάνουσι, μὴ πλείω κακὰ
πάθοιεν ἢ καὶ δρῶσιν ἐκδίκως ἐμέ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔτι τῶν αὐτῶν ἀνέμων αὑταὶ
ψυχῆς ῥιπαὶ τήνδε γ᾽ ἔχουσιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοιγάρ τούτων τοῖσιν ἄγουσιν
κλαύμαθ᾽ ὑπάρξει βραδυτῆτος ὕπερ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἴμοι, θανάτου τοῦτ᾽ ἐγγυτάτω
τοὔπος ἀφῖκται.

Or husband mouldering in death's decay,
I had not wrought this deed despite the State.
What is the law I call in aid? 'Tis thus
I argue. Had it been a husband dead
I might have wed another, and have borne
Another child, to take the dead child's place.
But, now my sire and mother both are dead,
No second brother can be born for me.
Thus by the law of conscience I was led
To honour thee, dear brother, and was judged
By Creon guilty of a heinous crime.
And now he drags me like a criminal,
A bride unwed, amerced of marriage-song
And marriage-bed and joys of motherhood,
By friends deserted to a living grave.
What ordinance of heaven have I transgressed?
Hereafter can I look to any god
For succour, call on any man for help?
Alas, my piety is impious deemed.
Well, if such justice is approved of heaven,
I shall be taught by suffering my sin;
But if the sin is theirs, O may they suffer
No worse ills than the wrongs they do to me!

CHORUS

The same ungovernable will
Drives like a gale the maiden still.

CREON

Therefore, my guards who let her stay
Shall smart full sore for their delay.

ANTIGONE

Ah, woe is me! This word I hear
Brings death most near.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαρσεῖν οὐδὲν παραμυθοῦμαι
μὴ οὐ τάδε ταύτῃ κατακυροῦσθαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὦ γῆς Θήβης ἄστυ πατρῷον
καὶ θεοὶ προγενεῖς,
ἄγομαι δὴ κοὐκέτι μέλλω.
λεύσσετε, Θήβης οἱ κοιρανίδαι
τὴν βασιλειδᾶν [1] μούνην λοιπήν,
οἷα πρὸς οἵων ἀνδρῶν πάσχω,
τὴν εὐσεβίαν σεβίσασα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔτλα καὶ Δανάας οὐράνιον φῶς — στρ. α´
ἀλλάξαι δέμας ἐν χαλκοδέτοις αὐλαῖς·
κρυπτομένα δ᾿ ἐν τυμβήρει θαλάμῳ κατεζεύχθη·
καίτοι καὶ γενεᾷ τίμιος, ὦ παῖ παῖ,
καὶ Ζηνὸς ταμιεύεσκε γονὰς χρυσορύτους.
ἀλλ᾿ ἁ μοιριδία τις δύνασις δεινά·
οὔτ᾿ ἄν νιν ὄλβος οὔτ᾿ Ἄρης, οὐ πύργος, οὐχ
ἁλίκτυποι
κελαιναὶ νᾶες ἐκφύγοιεν.

ζεύχθη δ᾿ ὀξύχολος παῖς ὁ Δρύαντος, — ἀντ. α´
Ἠδωνῶν βασιλεύς, κερτομίοις ὀργαῖς
ἐκ Διονύσου πετρώδει κατάφαρκτος ἐν δεσμῷ.
οὕτω τᾶς μανίας δεινὸν ἀποστάζει
ἀνθηρόν τε μένος. κεῖνος ἐπέγνω μανίαις
ψαύων τὸν θεὸν ἐν κερτομίοις γλώσσαις.
παύεσκε μὲν γὰρ ἐνθέους γυναῖκας εὔιόν τε πῦρ,
φιλαύλους τ᾿ ἠρέθιζε Μούσας.

[1] βασιλίδα MSS., Winckelmann corr.

CHORUS

I have no comfort. What he saith,
Portends no other thing than death.

ANTIGONE

My fatherland, city of Thebes divine,
Ye gods of Thebes whence sprang my line,
Look, puissant lords of Thebes, on me;
The last of all your royal house ye see.
Martyred by men of sin, undone.
Such meed my piety hath won. [*Exit.* ANTIGONE.

CHORUS

Like to thee that maiden bright, (*Str.* 1)
Danaë, in her brass-bound tower,
Once exchanged the glad sunlight
For a cell, her bridal bower.
And yet she sprang of royal line,
My child, like thine,
And nursed the seed
By her conceived
Of Zeus descending in a golden shower.
Strange are the ways of Fate, her power
Nor wealth, nor arms withstand, nor tower;
Nor brass-prowed ships, that breast the sea
From Fate can flee.

Thus Dryas' child, the rash Edonian King, (*Ant.* 1)
For words of high disdain
Did Bacchus to a rocky dungeon bring,
To cool the madness of a fevered brain.
His frenzy passed,
He learnt at last
'Twas madness gibes against a god to fling.
For once he fain had quenched the Maenad's fire;
And of the tuneful Nine provoked the ire.

στρ. β′

παρὰ δὲ Κυανεᾶν πελάγει διδύμας ἁλὸς
ἀκταὶ Βοσπόριαι ἠδ᾽ ὁ Θρῃκῶν ἄξενος[1]
Σαλμυδησσός, ἵν᾽ ἀγχίπτολις Ἄρης
δισσοῖσι Φινεΐδαις
εἶδεν ἀρατὸν ἕλκος
τυφλωθὲν ἐξ ἀγρίας δάμαρτος
ἀλαὸν ἀλαστόροισιν ὀμμάτων κύκλοις
ἀραχθέντων, ὑφ᾽ αἱματηραῖς
χείρεσσι καὶ κερκίδων ἀκμαῖσιν.

ἀντ. β′

κατὰ δὲ τακόμενοι μέλεοι μελέαν πάθαν
κλαῖον, ματρὸς ἔχοντες ἀνύμφευτον γονάν·
ἁ δὲ σπέρμα μὲν ἀρχαιογόνων
ἄντασ᾽ Ἐρεχθειδᾶν,
τηλεπόροις δ᾽ ἐν ἄντροις
τράφη θυέλλαισιν ἐν πατρῴαις
Βορεὰς ἅμιππος ὀρθόποδος ὑπὲρ πάγου
θεῶν παῖς· ἀλλὰ κἀπ᾽ ἐκείνᾳ
Μοῖραι μακραίωνες ἔσχον, ὦ παῖ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

Θήβης ἄνακτες, ἥκομεν κοινὴν ὁδὸν
δύ᾽ ἐξ ἑνὸς βλέποντε· τοῖς τυφλοῖσι γὰρ
αὕτη κέλευθος ἐκ προηγητοῦ πέλει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ᾽ ἔστιν, ὦ γεραιὲ Τειρεσία, νέον;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἐγὼ διδάξω, καὶ σὺ τῷ μάντει πιθοῦ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔκουν πάρος γε σῆς ἀπεστάτουν φρενός.

[1] ἄξενος supplied by Boeckh.

(*Str.* 2)

By the Iron Rocks that guard the double main,
On Bosporus' lone strand,
Where stretcheth Salmydessus' plain
In the wild Thracian land,
There on his borders Ares witnessèd
The vengeance by a jealous step-dame ta'en,
The gore that trickled from a spindle red,
The sightless orbits of her step-sons twain.

(*Ant.* 2)

Wasting away they mourned their piteous doom,
The blasted issue of their mother's womb.
But she her lineage could trace
To great Erechtheus' race;
Daughter of Boreas in her sire's vast caves
Reared, where the tempest raves,
Swift as his horses o'er the hills she sped;
A child of gods; yet she, my child, like thee,
By Destiny
That knows not death nor age—she too was vanquishèd.

Enter TEIRESIAS *and* BOY.

TEIRESIAS

Princes of Thebes, two wayfarers as one,
Having betwixt us eyes for one, we are here.
The blind man cannot move without a guide.

CREON

What tidings, old Teiresias?

TEIRESIAS

I will tell thee;
And when thou hearest thou must heed the seer.

CREON

Thus far I ne'er have disobeyed thy rede.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

τοιγὰρ δι' ὀρθῆς τήνδ' ἐναυκλήρεις πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔχω πεπονθὼς μαρτυρεῖν ὀνήσιμα.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φρόνει βεβὼς αὖ νῦν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τύχης.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὡς ἐγὼ τὸ σὸν φρίσσω στόμα.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

γνώσει, τέχνης σημεῖα τῆς ἐμῆς κλύων.
εἰς γὰρ παλαιὸν θᾶκον ὀρνιθοσκόπον
ἵζων, ἵν' ἦν μοι παντὸς οἰωνοῦ λιμήν,
ἀγνῶτ' ἀκούω φθόγγον ὀρνίθων, κακῷ
κλάζοντας οἴστρῳ καὶ βεβαρβαρωμένῳ·
καὶ σπῶντας ἐν χηλαῖσιν ἀλλήλους φοναῖς
ἔγνων· πτερῶν γὰρ ῥοῖβδος οὐκ ἄσημος ἦν.
εὐθὺς δὲ δείσας ἐμπύρων ἐγευόμην
βωμοῖσι παμφλέκτοισιν· ἐκ δὲ θυμάτων
Ἥφαιστος οὐκ ἔλαμπεν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σποδῷ
μυδῶσα κηκὶς μηρίων ἐτήκετο
κἄτυφε κἀνέπτυε, καὶ μετάρσιοι
χολαὶ διεσπείροντο, καὶ καταρρυεῖς
μηροὶ καλυπτῆς ἐξέκειντο πιμελῆς.
τοιαῦτα παιδὸς τοῦδ' ἐμάνθανον πάρα,
φθίνοντ' ἀσήμων ὀργίων μαντεύματα·
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὗτος ἡγεμών, ἄλλοις δ' ἐγώ.
καὶ ταῦτα τῆς σῆς ἐκ φρενὸς νοσεῖ πόλις.
βωμοὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐσχάραι τε παντελεῖς
πλήρεις ὑπ' οἰωνῶν τε καὶ κυνῶν βορᾶς
τοῦ δυσμόρου πεπτῶτος Οἰδίπου γόνου.
κᾆτ' οὐ δέχονται θυστάδας λιτὰς ἔτι
θεοὶ παρ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲ μηρίων φλόγα,

TEIRESIAS

So hast thou steered the ship of State aright.

CREON

I know it, and I gladly own my debt.

TEIRESIAS

Bethink thee that thou treadest once again
The razor edge of peril.

CREON

What is this?
Thy words inspire a dread presentiment.

TEIRESIAS

The divination of my arts shall tell.
Sitting upon my throne of augury,
As is my wont, where every fowl of heaven
Finds harbourage, upon mine ears was borne
A jargon strange of twitterings, hoots, and screams;
So knew I that each bird at the other tare
With bloody talons, for the whirr of wings
Could signify nought else. Perturbed in soul,
I straight essayed the sacrifice by fire
On blazing altars, but the God of Fire
Came not in flame, and from the thigh bones dripped
And sputtered in the ashes a foul ooze;
Gall-bladders cracked and spurted up: the fat
Melted and fell and left the thigh bones bare.
Such are the signs, taught by this lad, I read—
As I guide others, so the boy guides me—
The frustrate signs of oracles grown dumb.
O King, thy wilful temper ails the State,
For all our shrines and altars are profaned
By what has filled the maw of dogs and crows,
The flesh of Oedipus' unburied son.
Therefore the angry gods abominate
Our litanies and our burnt offerings;

οὐδ' ὄρνις εὐσήμους ἀπορροιβδεῖ βοάς,
ἀνδροφθόρου βεβρῶτες αἵματος λίπος.
ταῦτ' οὖν, τέκνον, φρόνησον. ἀνθρώποισι γὰρ
τοῖς πᾶσι κοινόν ἐστι τοὐξαμαρτάνειν·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἁμάρτῃ, κεῖνος οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἀνὴρ
ἄβουλος οὐδ' ἄνολβος, ὅστις ἐς κακὸν
πεσὼν ἀκῆται μηδ' ἀκίνητος πέλῃ.
αὐθαδία τοι σκαιότητ' ὀφλισκάνει.
ἀλλ' εἶκε τῷ θανόντι μηδ' ὀλωλότα
κέντει· τίς ἀλκὴ τὸν θανόντ' ἐπικτανεῖν;
εὖ σοι φρονήσας εὖ λέγω· τὸ μανθάνειν δ'
ἥδιστον εὖ λέγοντος, εἰ κέρδος λέγοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὦ πρέσβυ, πάντες ὥστε τοξόται σκοποῦ
τοξεύετ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, κοὐδὲ μαντικῆς
ἄπρακτος ὑμῖν εἰμι· τῶν δ' ὕπαὶ γένους
ἐξημπόλημαι κἀμπεφόρτισμαι πάλαι.
κερδαίνετ', ἐμπολᾶτε τἀπὸ Σάρδεων
ἤλεκτρον, εἰ βούλεσθε, καὶ τὸν Ἰνδικὸν
χρυσόν· τάφῳ δ' ἐκεῖνον οὐχὶ κρύψετε,
οὐδ' εἰ θέλουσ' οἱ Ζηνὸς αἰετοὶ βορὰν
φέρειν νιν ἁρπάζοντες ἐς Διὸς θρόνους,
οὐδ' ὣς μίασμα τοῦτο μὴ τρέσας ἐγὼ
θάπτειν παρήσω κεῖνον· εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι
θεοὺς μιαίνειν οὔτις ἀνθρώπων σθένει.
πίπτουσι δ', ὦ γεραιὲ Τειρεσία, βροτῶν
χοἰ πολλὰ δεινοὶ πτώματ' αἴσχρ', ὅταν λόγους
αἰσχροὺς καλῶς λέγωσι τοῦ κέρδους χάριν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φεῦ·
ἆρ' οἶδεν ἀνθρώπων τις, ἆρα φράζεται,

Therefore no birds trill out a happy note,
Gorged with the carnival of human gore.
O ponder this, my son. To err is common
To all men, but the man who having erred
Hugs not his errors, but repents and seeks
The cure, is not a wastrel nor unwise.
No fool, the saw goes, like the obstinate fool.
Let death disarm thy vengeance. O forbear
To vex the dead. What glory wilt thou win
By slaying twice the slain? I mean thee well;
Counsel's most welcome if it promise gain.

CREON

Old man, ye all let fly at me your shafts
Like archers at a target; yea, ye set
Your soothsayer on me. Pedlars are ye all
And I the merchandise ye buy and sell.
Go to, and make your profit where ye will,
Silver of Sardis change for gold of Ind;
Ye will not purchase this man's burial,
Not though the wingèd ministers of Zeus
Should bear him in their talons to his throne;
Not e'en in awe of prodigy so dire
Would I permit his burial, for I know
No human soilure can assail the gods;
This too I know, Teiresias, dire's the fall
Of craft and cunning when it tries to gloss
Foul treachery with fair words for filthy gain.

TEIRESIAS

Alas! doth any know and lay to heart—

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί χρῆμα; ποῖον τοῦτο πάγκοινον λέγεις;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ὅσῳ κράτιστον κτημάτων εὐβουλία;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅσῳπερ, οἶμαι, μὴ φρονεῖν πλείστη βλάβη.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ταύτης σὺ μέντοι τῆς νόσου πλήρης ἔφυς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ βούλομαι τὸν μάντιν ἀντειπεῖν κακῶς.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

καὶ μὴν λέγεις, ψευδῆ με θεσπίζειν λέγων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τὸ μαντικὸν γὰρ πᾶν φιλάργυρον γένος.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

τὸ δ' ἐκ τυράννων αἰσχροκέρδειαν φιλεῖ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἆρ' οἶσθα ταγοὺς ὄντας ἂν λέγῃς λέγων;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οἶδ'· ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ τήνδ' ἔχεις σώσας πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σοφὸς σὺ μάντις, ἀλλὰ τἀδικεῖν φιλῶν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ὄρσεις με τἀκίνητα διὰ φρενῶν φράσαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κίνει, μόνον δὲ μὴ 'πὶ κέρδεσιν λέγων

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὕτω γὰρ ἤδη καὶ δοκῶ τὸ σὸν μέρος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὡς μὴ 'μπολήσων ἴσθι τὴν ἐμὴν φρένα.

CREON

Is this the prelude to some hackneyed saw?

TEIRESIAS

How far good counsel is the best of goods?

CREON

True, as unwisdom is the worst of ills.

TEIRESIAS

Thou art infected with that ill thyself.

CREON

I will not bandy insults with thee, seer.

TEIRESIAS

And yet thou say'st my prophecies are frauds.

CREON

Prophets are all a money-getting tribe.

TEIRESIAS

And kings are all a lucre-loving race.

CREON

Dost know at whom thou glancest, me thy lord?

TEIRESIAS

Lord of the State and saviour, thanks to me.

CREON

Skilled prophet art thou, but to wrong inclined.

TEIRESIAS

Take heed, thou wilt provoke me to reveal
The mystery deep hidden in my breast.

CREON

Say on, but see it be not said for gain.

TEIRESIAS

Such thou, methinks, till now hast judged my words.

CREON

Be sure thou wilt not traffic on my wits.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἀλλ᾽ εὖ γέ τοι κάτισθι μὴ πολλοὺς ἔτι
τρόχους ἁμιλλητῆρας ἡλίου τελεῖν,
ἐν οἷσι τῶν σῶν αὐτὸς ἐκ σπλάγχνων ἕνα
νέκυν νεκρῶν ἀμοιβὸν ἀντιδοὺς ἔσει,
ἀνθ᾽ ὧν ἔχεις μὲν τῶν ἄνω βαλὼν κάτω
ψυχήν τ᾽ ἀτίμως ἐν τάφῳ κατῴκισας,
ἔχεις δὲ τῶν κάτωθεν ἐνθάδ᾽ αὖ θεῶν
ἄμοιρον, ἀκτέριστον, ἀνόσιον νέκυν.
ὧν οὔτε σοὶ μέτεστιν οὔτε τοῖς ἄνω
θεοῖσιν, ἀλλ᾽ ἐκ σοῦ βιάζονται τάδε.
τούτων σε λωβητῆρες ὑστεροφθόροι
λοχῶσιν Ἅιδου καὶ θεῶν Ἐρινύες,
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς τοῖσδε ληφθῆναι κακοῖς.
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἄθρησον εἰ κατηργυρωμένος
λέγω· φανεῖ γὰρ οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου τριβὴ
ἀνδρῶν γυναικῶν σοῖς δόμοις κωκύματα.
ἐχθραὶ δὲ πᾶσαι συνταράσσονται πόλεις,
ὅσων σπαράγματ᾽ ἢ κύνες καθήγνισαν
ἢ θῆρες ἤ τις πτηνὸς οἰωνός, φέρων
ἀνόσιον ὀσμὴν ἑστιοῦχον ἐς πόλιν.
τοιαῦτά σου, λυπεῖς γάρ, ὥστε τοξότης
ἀφῆκα θυμῷ καρδίας τοξεύματα
βέβαια, τῶν σὺ θάλπος οὐχ ὑπεκδραμεῖ.
ὦ παῖ, σὺ δ᾽ ἡμᾶς ἄπαγε πρὸς δόμους, ἵνα
τὸν θυμὸν οὗτος ἐς νεωτέρους ἀφῇ,
καὶ γνῷ τρέφειν τὴν γλῶσσαν ἡσυχαιτέραν
τὸν νοῦν τ᾽ ἀμείνω τῶν φρενῶν ἢ νῦν φέρει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἁνήρ, ἄναξ, βέβηκε δεινὰ θεσπίσας·
ἐπιστάμεσθα δ᾽, ἐξ ὅτου λευκὴν ἐγὼ

TEIRESIAS

Know then for sure, the coursers of the sun
Not many times shall run their race, before
Thou shalt have given the fruit of thine own loins
In quittance of thy murder, life for life ;
For that thou hast entombed a living soul,
And sent below a denizen of earth,
And wronged the nether gods by leaving here
A corpse unlaved, unwept, unsepulchred.
Herein thou hast no part, nor e'en the gods
In heaven ; and thou usurp'st a power not thine.
For this the avenging spirits of Heaven and Hell
Who dog the steps of sin are on thy trail :
What these have suffered thou shalt suffer too.
And now, consider whether bought by gold
I prophesy. For, yet a little while,
And sound of lamentation shall be heard,
Of men and women through thy desolate halls ;
And all thy neighbour States are leagued to avenge
Their mangled warriors who have found a grave
I' the maw of wolf or hound, or winged bird
That flying homewards taints their city's air.
These are the shafts, that like a bowman, I
Provoked to anger, loosen at thy breast,
Unerring, and their smart thou shalt not shun.
Boy, lead me home, that he may vent his spleen
On younger men, and learn to curb his tongue
With gentler manners than his present mood.

[*Exit* TEIRESIAS.

CHORUS

My liege, the man hath gone, foretelling woe.
And, O believe me, since these grizzled locks

τήνδ' ἐκ μελαίνης ἀμφιβάλλομαι τρίχα,
μή πώ ποτ' αὐτὸν ψεῦδος ἐς πόλιν λακεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔγνωκα καὐτὸς καὶ ταράσσομαι φρένας·
τό τ' εἰκαθεῖν γὰρ δεινόν, ἀντιστάντα δὲ
ἄτῃ πατάξαι θυμὸν ἐν δεινῷ πάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐβουλίας δεῖ, παῖ Μενοικέως, λαβεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δῆτα χρὴ δρᾶν; φράζε· πείσομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθὼν κόρην μὲν ἐκ κατώρυχος στέγης
ἄνες, κτίσον δὲ τῷ προκειμένῳ, τάφον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπαινεῖς καὶ δοκεῖ[1] παρεικαθεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον γ', ἄναξ, τάχιστα· συντέμνουσι γὰρ
θεῶν ποδώκεις τοὺς κακόφρονας βλάβαι

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἴμοι· μόλις μέν, καρδίας δ' ἐξίσταμαι
τὸ δρᾶν· ἀνάγκῃ δ' οὐχὶ δυσμαχητέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δρᾶ νυν τάδ' ἐλθὼν μηδ' ἐπ' ἄλλοισιν τρέπε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὧδ' ὡς ἔχω στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἴτ' ἴτ' ὀπάονες,
οἵ τ' ὄντες οἵ τ' ἀπόντες, ἀξίνας χεροῖν
ὁρμᾶσθ' ἑλόντες εἰς ἐπόψιον τόπον.
ἐγὼ δ', ἐπειδὴ δόξα τῇδ' ἐπεστράφη,
αὐτός τ' ἔδησα καὶ παρὼν ἐκλύσομαι.
δέδοικα γὰρ μὴ τοὺς καθεστῶτας νόμους
ἄριστον ᾖ σῴζοντα τὸν βίον τελεῖν.

[1] δοκεῖς MSS., Jebb. corr.

Were like the raven, never have I known
The prophet's warning to the State to fail.

CREON

I know it too, and it perplexes me.
To yield is grievous, but the obstinate soul
That fights with Fate, is smitten grievously.

CHORUS

Son of Menoeceus, list to good advice.

CREON

What should I do. Advise me. I will heed.

CHORUS

Go, free the maiden from her rocky cell;
And for the unburied outlaw build a tomb.

CREON

Is that your counsel? You would have me yield?

CHORUS

Yea, king, this instant. Vengeance of the gods
Is swift to overtake the impenitent.

CREON

Ah! what a wrench it is to sacrifice
My heart's resolve; but Fate is ill to fight.

CHORUS

Go, trust not others. Do it quick thyself.

CREON

I go hot-foot. Bestir ye one and all,
My henchmen. Get ye axes. Speed away
To yonder eminence. I too will go,
For all my resolution this way sways.
'Twas I that bound, I too will set her free.
Almost I am persuaded it is best
To keep through life the law ordained of old.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολυώνυμε, Καδμείας νύμφας ἄγαλμα *στρ. α′*
καὶ Διὸς βαρυβρεμέτα
γένος, κλυτὰν ὃς ἀμφέπεις
Ἰταλίαν, μέδεις δὲ
παγκοίνοις Ἐλευσινίας
Δηοῦς ἐν κόλποις, Βακχεῦ, Βακχᾶν
ὁ ματρόπολιν Θήβαν
ναιετῶν παρ᾽ ὑγρῶν
Ἰσμηνοῦ ῥείθρων ἀγρίου τ᾽ ἐπὶ σπορᾷ δράκοντος·

ἀντ. α′

σὲ δ᾽ ὑπὲρ διλόφου πέτρας στέροψ ὄπωπε
λιγνύς, ἔνθα Κωρύκιαι
στείχουσι νύμφαι Βακχίδες,
Κασταλίας τε νᾶμα·
καί σε Νυσαίων ὀρέων
κισσήρεις ὄχθαι χλωρά τ᾽ ἀκτὰ
πολυστάφυλος πέμπει,
ἀμβρότων ἐπέων
εὐαζόντων Θηβαΐας ἐπισκοποῦντ᾽ ἀγυιάς·

τὰν ἐκ πασᾶι τιμᾷς ὑπερτάταν πόλεων *στρ. β′*
ματρὶ σὺν κεραυνίᾳ·
καὶ νῦν, ὡς βιαίας ἔχεται
πάνδαμος πόλις ἐπὶ νόσου,
μολεῖν καθαρσίῳ ποδὶ Παρνασίαν ὑπὲρ κλιτὺν
ἢ στονόεντα πορθμόν.

CHORUS

Thou by many names adored, (*Str.* 1)
Child of Zeus the God of thunder,
Of a Theban bride the wonder,
Fair Italia's guardian lord;

In the deep-embosomed glades
Of the Eleusinian Queen,
Haunt of revellers, men and maids,
Dionysus, thou art seen.

Where Ismenus rolls his waters,
Where the Dragon's teeth were sown,
Where the Bacchanals thy daughters
Round thee roam,
There thy home;
Thebes, O Bacchus, is thine own.

Thee on the two-crested rock (*Ant.* 1)
Lurid-flaming torches see;
Where Corisian maidens flock,
Thee the springs of Castaly.

By Nysa's bastion ivy-clad,
By shores with clustered vineyards glad,
There to thee the hymn rings out,
And through our streets we Thebans shout
All hail to thee
Evoë, Evoë!

Oh, as thou lov'st this city best of all, (*Str.* 2)
To thee, and to thy Mother levin-stricken,
In our dire need we call;
Thou see'st with what a plague our townsfolk sicken.
Thy ready help we crave,
Whether adown Parnassian heights descending,
Or o'er the roaring straits thy swift way wending,
Save us, O save.

ἀντ. β'

ἰὼ πῦρ πνειόντων χοράγ' ἄστρων, νυχίων
φθεγμάτων ἐπίσκοπε,
παῖ Διὸς γένεθλον, προφάνηθ',
ὦναξ, σαῖς ἅμα περιπόλοις
Θυίαισιν, αἵ σε μαινόμεναι πάννυχοι χορεύουσι
τὸν ταμίαν Ἴακχον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Κάδμου πάροικοι καὶ δόμων Ἀμφίονος,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁποῖον στάντ' ἂν ἀνθρώπου βίον
οὔτ' αἰνέσαιμ' ἂν οὔτε μεμψαίμην ποτέ.
τύχη γὰρ ὀρθοῖ καὶ τύχη καταρρέπει
τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα τόν τε δυστυχοῦντ' ἀεί·
καὶ μάντις οὐδεὶς τῶν καθεστώτων βροτοῖς.
Κρέων γὰρ ἦν ζηλωτός, ὡς ἐμοί, ποτέ,
σώσας μὲν ἐχθρῶν τήνδε Καδμείαν χθόνα
λαβών τε χώρας παντελῆ μοναρχίαν
ηὔθυνε, θάλλων εὐγενεῖ τέκνων σπορᾷ·
καὶ νῦν ἀφεῖται πάντα. τὰς γὰρ ἡδονὰς
ὅταν προδῶσιν ἄνδρες, οὐ τίθημ' ἐγὼ
ζῆν τοῦτον, ἀλλ' ἔμψυχον ἡγοῦμαι νεκρόν.
πλούτει τε γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, εἰ βούλει, μέγα
καὶ ζῆ τύραννον σχῆμ' ἔχων· ἐὰν δ' ἀπῇ
τούτων τὸ χαίρειν, τἄλλ' ἐγὼ καπνοῦ σκιᾶς
οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην ἀνδρὶ πρὸς τὴν ἡδονήν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' αὖ τόδ' ἄχθος βασιλέων ἥκεις φέρων;

(*Ant.* 2)

Brightest of all the orbs that breathe forth light,
    Authentic son of Zeus, immortal king,
Leader of all the voices of the night,
    Come, and thy train of Thyiads with thee bring,
        Thy maddened rout
Who dance before thee all night long, and shout,
        Thy handmaids we,
        Evoë, Evoë!

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Attend all ye who dwell beside the halls
Of Cadmus and Amphion. No man's life
As of one tenour would I praise or blame,
For Fortune with a constant ebb and rise
Casts down and raises high and low alike,
And none can read a mortal's horoscope.
Take Creon; he, methought, if any man,
Was enviable. He had saved this land
Of Cadmus from our enemies and attained
A monarch's powers and ruled the state supreme,
While a right noble issue crowned his bliss.
Now all is gone and wasted, for a life
Without life's joys I count a living death.
You'll tell me he has ample store of wealth,
The pomp and circumstance of kings; but if
These give no pleasure, all the rest I count
The shadow of a shade, nor would I weigh
His wealth and power 'gainst a dram of joy.

CHORUS

What fresh woes bring'st thou to the royal house?

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τεθνᾶσιν· οἱ δὲ ζῶντες αἴτιοι θανεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ τίς φονεύει; τίς δ᾽ ὁ κείμενος; λέγε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Αἵμων ὄλωλεν· αὐτόχειρ δ᾽ αἱμάσσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πότερα πατρῴας ἢ πρὸς οἰκείας χερός;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐτὸς πρὸς αὑτοῦ, πατρὶ μηνίσας φόνου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ μάντι, τοὔπος ὡς ἄρ᾽ ὀρθὸν ἤνυσας.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὡς ὧδ᾽ ἐχόντων τἄλλα βουλεύειν πάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὁρῶ τάλαιναν Εὐρυδίκην ὁμοῦ
δάμαρτα τὴν Κρέοντος· ἐκ δὲ δωμάτων
ἤτοι κλύουσα παιδὸς ἢ τύχῃ πάρα.

ΕΥΡΥΔΙΚΗ

ὦ πάντες ἀστοί, τῶν λόγων ἐπῃσθόμην
πρὸς ἔξοδον στείχουσα, Παλλάδος θεᾶς
ὅπως ἱκοίμην εὐγμάτων προσήγορος.
καὶ τυγχάνω τε κλῇθρ᾽ ἀνασπαστοῦ πύλης
χαλῶσα, καί με φθόγγος οἰκείου κακοῦ
βάλλει δι᾽ ὤτων· ὑπτία δὲ κλίνομαι
δείσασα πρὸς δμωαῖσι κἀποπλήσσομαι.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅστις ἦν ὁ μῦθος αὖθις εἴπατε·
κακῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἄπειρος οὖσ᾽ ἀκούσομαι.

MESSENGER

Both dead, and they who live deserve to die.

CHORUS

Who is the slayer, who the victim? speak.

MESSENGER

Haemon; his blood shed by no stranger hand.

CHORUS

What mean ye? by his father's or his own?

MESSENGER

His own; in anger for his father's crime.

CHORUS

O prophet, what thou spakest comes to pass!

MESSENGER

So stands the case; now 'tis for you to act.

CHORUS

Lo! from the palace gates I see approaching
Creon's unhappy wife, Eurydice.
Comes she by chance or learning her son's fate?

Enter EURYDICE.

EURYDICE.

Ye men of Thebes, I overheard your talk.
As I passed out to offer up my prayer
To Pallas, and was drawing back the bar
To open wide the door, upon my ears
There broke a wail that told of household woe.
Stricken with terror in my handmaids' arms
I fell and fainted. But repeat your tale
To one not unacquaint with misery.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐγώ, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ παρὼν ἐρῶ
κοὐδὲν παρήσω τῆς ἀληθείας ἔπος.
τί γάρ σε μαλθάσσοιμ' ἂν ὧν ἐς ὕστερον
ψεῦσται φανούμεθ'; ὀρθὸν ἀλήθει' ἀεί.
ἐγὼ δὲ σῷ ποδαγὸς ἑσπόμην πόσει
πεδίον ἐπ' ἄκρον, ἔνθ' ἔκειτο νηλεὲς
κυνοσπάρακτον σῶμα Πολυνείκους ἔτι·
καὶ τὸν μέν, αἰτήσαντες ἐνοδίαν θεὸν
Πλούτωνά τ' ὀργὰς εὐμενεῖς κατασχεθεῖν,
λούσαντες ἁγνὸν λουτρόν, ἐν νεοσπάσιν
θαλλοῖς ὃ δὴ 'λέλειπτο συγκατήθομεν,
καὶ τύμβον ὀρθόκρανον οἰκείας χθονὸς
χώσαντες αὖθις πρὸς λιθόστρωτον κόρης
νυμφεῖον Ἅιδου κοῖλον εἰσεβαίνομεν.
φωνῆς δ' ἄπωθεν ὀρθίων κωκυμάτων
κλύει τις ἀκτέριστον ἀμφὶ παστάδα,
καὶ δεσπότῃ Κρέοντι σημαίνει μολών·
τῷ δ' ἀθλίας ἄσημα περιβαίνει βοῆς
ἕρποντι μᾶλλον ἆσσον, οἰμώξας δ' ἔπος
ἵησι δυσθρήνητον· ὢ τάλας ἐγώ,
ἆρ' εἰμὶ μάντις; ἆρα δυστυχεστάτην
κέλευθον ἕρπω τῶν παρελθουσῶν ὁδῶν;
παιδός με σαίνει φθόγγος. ἀλλὰ πρόσπολοι,
ἴτ' ἆσσον ὠκεῖς καὶ παραστάντες τάφῳ
ἀθρήσαθ', ἁρμὸν χώματος λιθοσπαδῆ
δύντες πρὸς αὐτὸ στόμιον, εἰ τὸν Αἵμονος
φθόγγον συνίημ' ἢ θεοῖσι κλέπτομαι.
τάδ' ἐξ ἀθύμου δεσπότου κελευσμάτων[1]

[1] κελεύσμασιν MSS. Barton corr.

MESSENGER

Dear mistress, I was there and will relate
The perfect truth, omitting not one word.
Why should we gloze and flatter, to be proved
Liars hereafter? Truth is ever best.
Well, in attendance on my liege, your lord,
I crossed the plain to its utmost margin, where
The corse of Polyneices, gnawn and mauled,
Was lying yet. We offered first a prayer
To Pluto and the goddess of cross-ways,
With contrite hearts, to deprecate their ire.
Then laved with lustral waves the mangled corse,
Laid it on fresh-lopped branches, lit a pyre,
And to his memory piled a mighty mound
Of mother earth. Then to the caverned rock,
The bridal chamber of the maid and Death,
We sped, about to enter. But a guard
Heard from that godless shrine a far shrill wail,
And ran back to our lord to tell the news.
But as he nearer drew a hollow sound
Of lamentation to the King was borne.
He groaned and uttered then this bitter plaint:
"Am I a prophet? miserable me!
Is this the saddest path I ever trod?
'Tis my son's voice that calls me. On press on,
My henchmen, haste with double speed to the tomb
Where rocks down-torn have made a gap, look in
And tell me if in truth I recognise
The voice of Haemon or am heaven-deceived."
So at the bidding of our distraught lord

ἠθροῦμεν· ἐν δὲ λοισθίῳ τυμβεύματι
τὴν μὲν κρεμαστὴν αὐχένος κατείδομεν,
βρόχῳ μιτώδει σινδόνος καθημμένην,
τὸν δ' ἀμφὶ μέσσῃ περιπετῆ προσκείμενον,
εὐνῆς ἀποιμώζοντα τῆς κάτω φθορὰν
καὶ πατρὸς ἔργα καὶ τὸ δύστηνον λέχος.
ὁ δ' ὡς ὁρᾷ σφε, στυγνὸν οἰμώξας ἔσω
χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτὸν κἀνακωκύσας καλεῖ·
ὦ τλῆμον, οἷον ἔργον εἴργασαι· τίνα
νοῦν ἔσχες; ἐν τῷ συμφορᾶς διεφθάρης;
ἔξελθε, τέκνον, ἱκέσιός σε λίσσομαι.
τὸν δ' ἀγρίοις ὄσσοισι παπτήνας ὁ παῖς,
πτύσας προσώπῳ κοὐδὲν ἀντειπών, ξίφους
ἕλκει διπλοῦς κνώδοντας· ἐκ δ' ὁρμωμένου
πατρὸς φυγαῖσιν ἤμπλακ'· εἶθ' ὁ δύσμορος
αὑτῷ χολωθείς, ὥσπερ εἶχ', ἐπενταθεὶς
ἤρεισε πλευραῖς μέσσον ἔγχος, ἐς δ' ὑγρὸν
ἀγκῶν' ἔτ' ἔμφρων παρθένῳ προσπτύσσεται·
καὶ φυσιῶν ὀξεῖαν ἐκβάλλει ῥοὴν
λευκῇ παρειᾷ φοινίου σταλάγματος.
κεῖται δὲ νεκρὸς περὶ νεκρῷ, τὰ νυμφικὰ
τέλη λαχὼν δείλαιος εἰν Ἅιδου δόμοις,
δείξας ἐν ἀνθρώποισι τὴν ἀβουλίαν
ὅσῳ μέγιστον ἀνδρὶ πρόσκειται κακόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τοῦτ' ἂν εἰκάσειας; ἡ γυνὴ πάλιν
φρούδη, πρὶν εἰπεῖν ἐσθλὸν ἢ κακὸν λόγον.

We looked, and in the cavern's vaulted gloom
I saw the maiden lying strangled there,
A noose of linen twined about her neck;
And hard beside her, clasping her cold form,
Her lover lay bewailing his dead bride
Death-wedded, and his father's cruelty.
When the King saw him, with a terrible groan
He moved towards him, crying, "O my son
What hast thou done? What ailed thee? What mischance
Has reft thee of thy reason? O come forth,
Come forth, my son; thy father supplicates."
But the son glared at him with tiger eyes,
Spat in his face, and then, without a word,
Drew his two-hilted sword and smote, but missed
His father flying backwards Then the boy,
Wroth with himself, poor wretch, incontinent
Fell on his sword and drove it through his side
Home, but yet breathing clasped in his lax arms
The maid, her pallid cheek incarnadined
With his expiring gasps. So there they lay
Two corpses, one in death. His marriage rites
Are consummated in the halls of Death:
A witness that of ills whate'er befall
Mortals' unwisdom is the worst of all.

[*Exit* EURYDICE.

CHORUS

What makest thou of this? The Queen has gone
Without a word importing good or ill.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

καὐτὸς τεθάμβηκ'· ἐλπίσιν δὲ βόσκομαι
ἄχη τέκνου κλύουσαν ἐς πόλιν γόους
οὐκ ἀξιώσειν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ στέγης ἔσω
δμωαῖς προθήσειν πένθος οἰκεῖον στένειν.
γνώμης γὰρ οὐκ ἄπειρος, ὥσθ' ἁμαρτάνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐμοὶ δ' οὖν ἥ τ' ἄγαν σιγὴ βαρὺ
δοκεῖ προσεῖναι χὴ μάτην πολλὴ βοή.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἰσόμεσθα, μή τι καὶ κατάσχετον
κρυφῇ καλύπτει καρδίᾳ θυμουμένῃ,
δόμους παραστείχοντες· εὖ γὰρ οὖν λέγεις.
καὶ τῆς ἄγαν γάρ ἐστί που σιγῆς βάρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἄναξ αὐτὸς ἐφήκει
μνῆμ' ἐπίσημον διὰ χειρὸς ἔχων,
εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν, οὐκ ἀλλοτρίαν
ἄτην, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἁμαρτών.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἰὼ *στρ. α'*
φρενῶν δυσφρόνων ἁμαρτήματα
στερεὰ θανατόεντ',
ὦ κτανόντας τε καὶ
θανόντας βλέποντες ἐμφυλίους.
ὤμοι ἐμῶν ἄνολβα βουλευμάτων.
ἰὼ παῖ, νέος νέῳ ξὺν μόρῳ,
αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,
ἔθανες, ἀπελύθης,
ἐμαῖς οὐδὲ σαῖσι δυσβουλίαις.

MESSENGER

I marvel too, but entertain good hope.
'Tis that she shrinks in public to lament
Her son's sad ending, and in privacy
Would with her maidens mourn a private loss.
Trust me, she is discreet and will not err.

CHORUS

I know not, but strained silence, so I deem,
Is no less ominous than excessive grief.

MESSENGER

Well, let us to the house and solve our doubts,
Whether the tumult of her heart conceals
Some fell design. It may be thou art right:
Unnatural silence signifies no good.

CHORUS

Lo! the King himself appears.
Evidence he with him bears
'Gainst himself (ah me! I quake
'Gainst a king such charge to make)
But all must own,
The guilt is his and his alone.

CREON

Woe for sin of minds perverse, (*Str.* 1)
Deadly fraught with mortal curse.
Behold us slain and slayers, all akin.
Woe for my counsel dire, conceived in sin.
Alas, my son,
Life scarce begun,
Thou wast undone.
The fault was mine, mine only, O my son!

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμ' ὡς ἔοικας ὀψὲ τὴν δίκην ἰδεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἴμοι, στρ. β'
ἔχω μαθὼν δείλαιος· ἐν δ' ἐμῷ κάρᾳ
θεὸς τότ' ἄρα τότε μέγα βάρος μ' ἔχων
ἔπαισεν, ἐν δ' ἔσεισεν ἀγρίαις ὁδοῖς,
οἴμοι, λακπάτητον ἀντρέπων χαράν.
φεῦ φεῦ, ὦ πόνοι βροτῶν δύσπονοι.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ δέσποθ', ὡς ἔχων τε καὶ κεκτημένος,
τὰ μὲν πρὸ χειρῶν τάδε φέρων, τὰ δ' ἐν δόμοις
ἔοικας ἥκειν καὶ τάχ' ὄψεσθαι κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν αὖ κάκιον ἐκ κακῶν ἔτι;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

γυνὴ τέθνηκε, τοῦδε παμμήτωρ νεκροῦ,
δύστηνος, ἄρτι νεοτόμοισι πλήγμασιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἰώ. ἀντ. α'
ἰὼ δυσκάθαρτος Ἅιδου λιμήν,
τί μ' ἄρα τί μ' ὀλέκεις;
ὦ κακάγγελτά μοι
προπέμψας ἄχη, τίνα θροεῖς λόγον;
αἰαῖ, ὀλωλότ' ἄνδρ' ἐπεξειργάσω.
τι φής, παῖ; τίν' αὖ λέγεις μοι νέον,
αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,
σφάγιον ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ
γυναικεῖον ἀμφικεῖσθαι μόρον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁρᾶν πάρεστιν· οὐ γὰρ ἐν μυχοῖς ἔτι.

CHORUS

Too late thou seemest to perceive the truth.

CREON (*Str.* 2)

By sorrow schooled. Heavy the hand of God,
Thorny and rough the paths my feet have trod,
Humbled my pride, my pleasure turned to pain;
Poor mortals, how we labour all in vain!

SECOND MESSENGER

Sorrows are thine, my lord, and more to come,
One lying at thy feet, another yet
More grievous waits thee, when thou comest home.

CREON

What woe is lacking to my tale of woes?

MESSENGER

Thy wife, the mother of thy dead son here,
Lies stricken by a fresh inflicted blow.

CREON

How bottomless the pit! (*Ant.* 1)
Dost claim me too, O Death?
What is this word he saith,
This woeful messenger? Say, is it fit
To slay anew a man already slain?
Is Death at work again,
Stroke upon stroke, first son, then mother slain?

CHORUS

Look for thyself. She lies for all to view.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἴμοι, ἀντ. β′
κακὸν τόδ᾽ ἄλλο δεύτερον βλέπω τάλας.
τίς ἄρα, τίς με πότμος ἔτι περιμένει;
ἔχω μὲν ἐν χείρεσσιν ἀρτίως τέκνον,
τάλας, τὸν δ᾽ ἔναντα προσβλέπω νεκρόν.
φεῦ φεῦ μᾶτερ ἀθλία, φεῦ τέκνον.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡ δ᾽ ὀξυθήκτῳ βωμία περὶ ξίφει[1]
λύει κελαινὰ βλέφαρα, κωκύσασα μὲν
τοῦ πρὶν θανόντος Μεγαρέως κλεινὸν λάχος,
αὖθις δὲ τοῦδε, λοίσθιον δὲ σοὶ κακὰς
πράξεις ἐφυμνήσασα τῷ παιδοκτόνῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, στρ. γ′
ἀνέπταν φόβῳ. τί μ᾽ οὐκ ἀνταίαν
ἔπαισέν τις ἀμφιθήκτῳ ξίφει;
δείλαιος ἐγώ, αἰαῖ,
δειλαίᾳ δὲ συγκέκραμαι δύᾳ.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὡς αἰτίαν γε τῶνδε κἀκείνων ἔχων
πρὸς τῆς θανούσης τῆσδ᾽ ἐπεσκήπτου μόρων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ποίῳ δὲ κἀπελύσατ᾽ ἐν φοναῖς τρόπῳ;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

παίσασ᾽ ὑφ᾽ ἧπαρ αὐτόχειρ αὑτήν, ὅπως
παιδὸς τόδ᾽ ᾔσθετ᾽ ὀξυκώκυτον πάθος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὤμοι μοι, τάδ᾽ οὐκ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλον βροτῶν στρ. δ′
ἐμᾶς ἁρμόσει ποτ᾽ ἐξ αἰτίας.
ἐγὼ γάρ σ᾽ ἐγὼ ἔκανον, ὦ μέλεος,

[1] ἡ δ᾽ ὀξύθηκτος ἥδε βωμία πέριξ MSS. Arndt corr.

CREON

Alas! another added woe I see. (*Ant.* 2)
What more remains to crown my agony?
A minute past I clasped a lifeless son,
And now another victim Death hath won.
Unhappy mother, most unhappy son!

MESSENGER

Beside the altar on a keen-edged sword
She fell and closed her eyes in night, but erst
She mourned for Megareus who nobly died
Long since, then for her son; with her last breath
She cursèd thee, the slayer of her child.

CREON

I shudder with affright. (*Str.* 3)
O for a two-edged sword to slay outright
A wretch like me,
Made one with misery.

MESSENGER

'Tis true that thou wert charged by the dead Queen
As author of both deaths, hers and her son's.

CREON

In what wise was her self-destruction wrought?

MESSENGER

Hearing the loud lament above her son
With her own hand she stabbed herself to the heart.

CREON

I am the guilty cause. I did the deed, (*Str.* 4)
Thy murderer. Yea, I guilty plead.

ἐγώ, φάμ' ἔτυμον. ἰὼ πρόσπολοι,
ἄγετέ μ' ὅ τι τάχιστ', ἄγετέ μ' ἐκποδών,
τὸν οὐκ ὄντα μᾶλλον ἢ μηδένα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κέρδη παραινεῖς, εἴ τι κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς·
βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα τἀν ποσὶν κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἴτω ἴτω, ἀντ. γ'
φανήτω μόρων ὁ κάλλιστ' ἔχων[1]
ἐμοὶ τερμίαν ἄγων ἁμέραν
ὕπατος· ἴτω ἴτω,
ὅπως μηκέτ' ἆμαρ ἄλλ' εἰσίδω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλλοντα ταῦτα. τῶν προκειμένων τι χρὴ
πράσσειν· μέλει γὰρ τῶνδ' ὅτοισι χρὴ μέλειν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ' ὧν ἐρῶ, τοιαῦτα συγκατηυξάμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μή νυν προσεύχου μηδέν· ὡς πεπρωμένης
οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγή.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄγοιτ' ἂν μάταιον ἄνδρ' ἐκποδών, ἀντ. δ'
ὅς, ὦ παῖ, σέ τ' οὐχ ἑκὼν κάκτανον
σέ τ' αὖ τάνδ', ὤμοι μέλεος, οὐδ' ἔχω
ὅπᾳ πρὸς πότερα κλιθῶ· πάντα γὰρ
λέχρια τἀν χεροῖν, τὰ δ' ἐπὶ κρατί μοι
πότμος δυσκόμιστος εἰσήλατο.

[1] ἐμῶν MSS. Pallis corr.

My henchmen, lead me hence, away, away,
A cipher, less than nothing; no delay!

CHORUS

Well said, if in disaster aught is well:
Ills past endure demand the speediest cure.

CREON

Come, Fate, a friend at need, (*Ant.* 3)
Come with all speed!
Come, my best friend,
And speed my end!
Away, away!
Let me not look upon another day!

CHORUS

This for the morrow; to us are present needs
That they whom it concerns must take in hand.

CREON

I join your prayer that echoes my desire.

CHORUS

O pray not, prayers are idle; from the doom
Of fate for mortals refuge is there none.

CREON

Away with me, a worthless wretch who slew (*Ant.* 4)
Unwitting thee, my son, thy mother too.
Whither to turn I know not; every way
Leads but astray,
And on my head I feel the heavy weight
Of crushing Fate.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῷ τὸ φρονεῖν εὐδαιμονίας
πρῶτον ὑπάρχει· χρὴ δὲ τά γ' εἰς θεοὺς
μηδὲν ἀσεπτεῖν· μεγάλοι δὲ λόγοι
μεγάλας πληγὰς τῶν ὑπεραύχων
ἀποτίσαντες
γήρᾳ τὸ φρονεῖν ἐδίδαξαν.

ANTIGONE

CHORUS

Of happiness the chiefest part
    Is a wise heart:
And to defraud the gods in aught
    With peril's fraught.
Swelling words of high-flown might
Mightily the gods do smite.
Chastisement for errors past
Wisdom brings to age at last.

END OF VOL. I.

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